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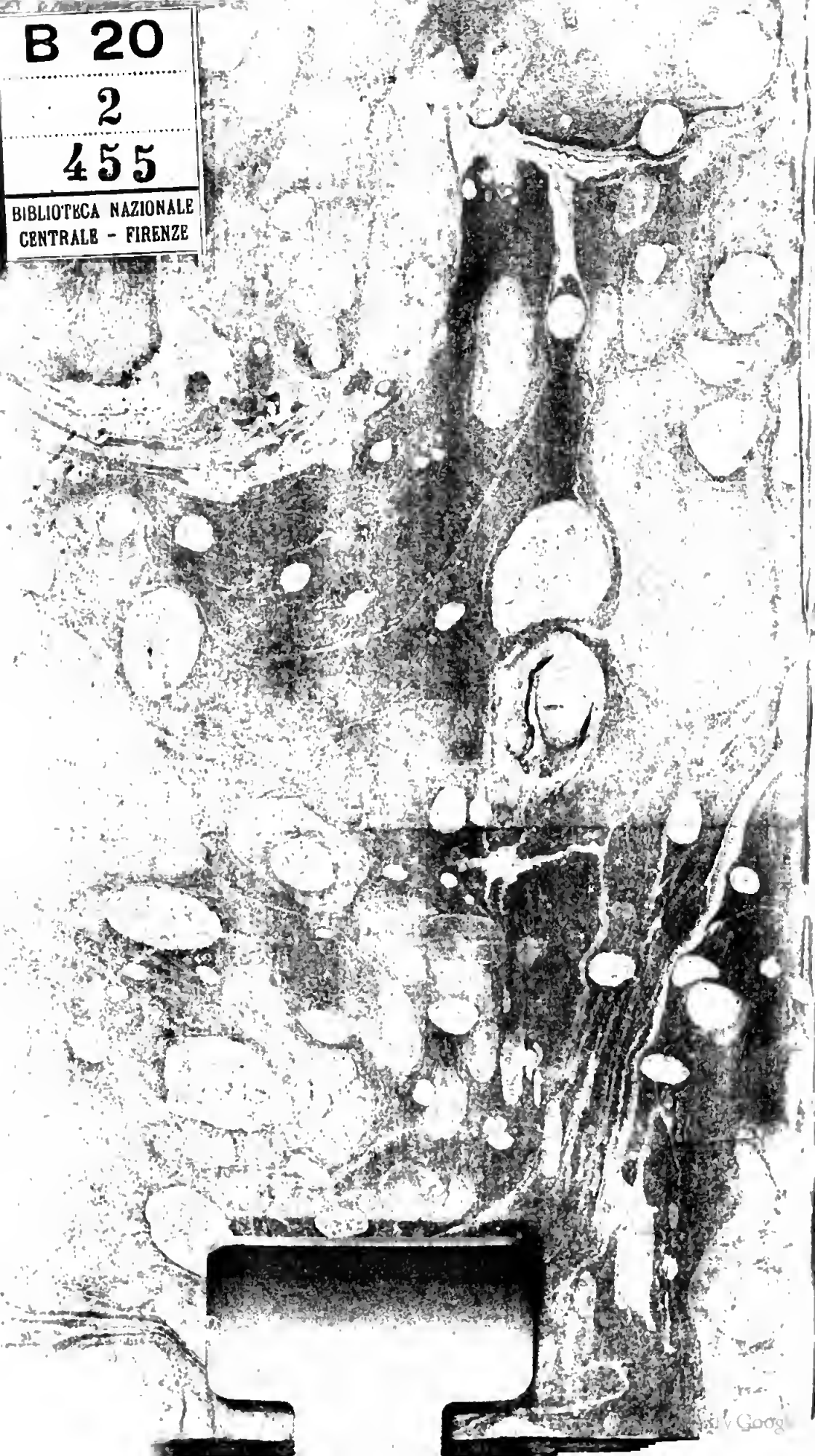

DIALOGUES
CONCERNING
EDUCATION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Πείσομεν ἀλλήλους τοῖς λόγοις, ϗ πλάττομεν τὴν ψυχὴν
τῶν ΝΕΩΝ πρὸς τὰ Βέλτιστα ἐκτυπῶντες. PLAT.

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DIALOGUES
CONCERNING
EDUCATION.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is about two years laſt April, ſince five of us ſet out early in the ſtage-coach from ****; ſo early that we could not diſtinguiſh one another's faces. For an hour or two we travelled in the dark; and there was but little inclination to talk among perſons ſtrangers to one another: a ſituation which put me in mind of the lot of humanity, that frequently caſt us into ſocieties and communities without our choice, and where we are entire ſtrangers to thoſe with whom, perhaps, we muſt aſſociate for life.

The morning dawned by degrees; and as the light approached, every one's curioſity increaſed to ſee thoſe with whom he or ſhe were to ſpend an agreeable or a tedious day. One feature appeared after another, till at length the full flow of morning-light diſcovered us to each other diſtinctly. We then commenced immediate acquaintance, and almoſt congratulated each other upon our new alliance. From the firſt diſtinct ſurvey we had of each other, we began to form more or leſs favourable ſentiments concerning

our ſeveral characters, as we fancied the complexion and turn of the face exhibited more or leſs amiable pictures of the temper and manners. Our recovery out of darkneſs gave us a viſible increaſe of ſpirits, and the chearful aſpect of human faces, from which we had been, for a while, ſecluded, made us more ſociable and better affected to one another.

There was an honeſt country gentleman in the coach with his wife. He had undergone a ſevere operation in town, and loſt a large quantity of blood; which made him look very thin and pale. Though he and his lady were at ſome pains to conceal themſelves, whether through an affectation of a certain faſhionable politeneſs, or from what other cauſe I cannot tell, yet their mutual fondneſs was every now and then ſallying forth at a thouſand unguarded avenues. The anxiety of the wife was ſtamped on her face, and betrayed itſelf in tender queſtions. The huſband, when he ſhould have addreſſed her by the reſpectful title of *Madam*, let ſlip, without thinking of it, the more tender one of *My Dear*, and would have recalled the kind expreſſion, when it was too late. Through this aukward diſguiſe there appeared a picture of conjugal tenderneſs, which ſhewed how difficult it is to act a borrowed character, or to diſguiſe the true one.

Our other fellow-travellers were, a grave elderly gentleman, and a young lady in all the bloom of life. The gentleman, though he ſeemed to be pretty far advanced in years, had a peculiar freſhneſs and healthfulneſs in his looks, which intimated that he had led a very ſober, regular life. There was a certain mixture of chearfulneſs and dignity in his countenance, which ſeemed to beſpeak an inward grandeur and ſerenity of mind. I ſoon diſcovered that the young

lady was in ſome ſort related to him, which indeed he could not forbear ſhewing by all the marks of care and complaiſance. He ſat directly oppoſite to her, and viewed her whole behaviour with an attentive pleaſure. The lady with a modeſt look, the emblem of conſcious virtue, and which diſcovered no ſenſibility to thoſe advantages of perſon ſhe was poſſeſſed of, ſeemed to refuſe, yet attracted the eſteem and reſpect of the whole company. She ſpoke little, but what ſhe ſaid was the picture of a moſt ingenuous mind, and, coming from her mouth, had a charm in it that ſtole upon the heart. She ſhewed a deference to all the company, and was attentive to every thing they were pleaſed to ſay. The old gentleman, as I ſoon found, was her guardian. But his authority was ſoftened by his affection, which rendered it rather amiable than awful. The young lady ſhewed a high reſpect for him, and could not have paid him greater veneration, had he been her father.

We were obſerving the agreeable verdure of the fields and delightful freſhneſs of the air at a diſtance from the ſmoke of the town; when the old gentleman, looking with a pleaſant ſtedfaſtneſs on his fair charge; My dear, ſaid he, you are going down into a ſweet part of the country, but where you muſt expect none of the gay diverſions of the town. You will find there leſs compliment and ceremony from your neighbours, but a friendly welcome and as much real kindneſs. You will meet with plain honeſt people, who affect neither gaudineſs in their dreſs, nor great refinement in their manners; homeſpun folks, who ſpeak as they think, and appear what they are. Fine fields you will ſee indeed, en-

joy freſh air and agreeable walks, and be entertained with nature in her genuine dreſs; but, adieu to balls, to plays, and all the gaiety, that attends them. O, Sir, ſaid the young lady, you cannot think that this will be ſuch a mighty diſappointment to me. I went ſometimes to thoſe diverſions, it is true, but without being at all in love with them; I found little other pleaſure at an aſſembly, than what the company of a few friends gave me. And I confeſs, that the chief entertainment I received at a play, was the repreſentations I there met with of life, and the leſſons I drew from the virtues or follies of others. If, as you tell me, I am chiefly to be entertained with nature in the country, I go thither moſt chearfully. For I am a profeſt admirer of whatever is natural, and hate all art that is allied to diſſimulation or falſehood.

The company had heard her with no ſmall attention, and her guardian with a peculiar pleaſure. I was a little ſurpriſed to hear the young lady talk ſo ſenſibly, though, under the ſimplicity of her appearance, I could diſcern an air of grandeur which beſpoke ſomething more than a perſon of ordinary rank. It is very well, replied the old gentleman, we ſhall have a fair trial of your taſte for the ſimplicity of nature, by ſeeing how you reliſh the plainneſs and uniformity of rural life.

I liſtened to the gentleman's words with great attention, and was pleaſed to think that we were to make ſo advantageous an exchange, by leaving the town for the country. But the young lady's ſentiments had a peculiar beauty in them, and made me quickly wiſh to become better acquainted with a mind ſo amiable.

Mean time, in the progreſs of our journey, I

found that the lady, whoſe ſenſe appeared ſo far ſuperior to age, had had a refined education under the eye and care of her guardian. He had himſelf inſtructed her in ſome parts of knowlege not uſually taught the fair ſex. Yet ſo diſcreetly had he done it, and ſo apt a ſcholar had ſhe been, that her ſentiments appeared the pure dictates of nature. I could diſcern no art or affectation in what ſhe ſaid or did; — ſcarce any thing that could lead me to think ſhe had read much, or had been improved by any extraordinary education. It was ſome time, before I came to be informed that ſhe was acquainted with the politeſt modern books, ſpoke the French and Italian very prettily; and, which was of more conſequence, was well acquainted with hiſtory, and had been particularly inſtructed, by an able tutor, in the conduct and decorums of life. — However, from what I then ſaw and heard, I was anxious to learn whether ſhe intended for the ſame place where I was, in the calm of retirement, to devote ſome time to my ſtudies; nor could I help diſcovering a little of the concern and emotion I felt. When I was ſomewhat compoſed, I ſaid, Pray, Madam, will you be ſo good as to indulge my curioſity, if I aſk how far you deſign to go? After the lady had, with unaffected frankneſs, anſwered my queſtion, I was not a little pleaſed to hear that we were both bound for the ſame place, and felt my face bluſh with ſecret joy. My next concern was to obtain the liberty of waiting on her in the country. I did not care for aſking that favour directly either of herſelf, or her guardian, as I was a ſtranger to both; but watched an opportunity of doing it handſomly. In the mean while, the old gentleman aſked me ſeveral queſtions

about my deſign of retiring into the country, the courſe of ſtudies and way of life hitherto, where I had lived in town, and the like. I anſwered his queſtions very frankly. As he had an uncommon ſagacity in his eye, I perceived he ſearched me with a very piercing look, and obſerved my anſwers and behaviour all along with no ſmall attention. In the courſe of our converſation, I found he was acquainted with ſome of my relations, and that he liked me no worſe on their account.

About noon we ſtopt at D * * * to dine. When we were ready to take coach again, a country girl of an honeſt but homely appearance aſked the liberty of a place in the coach to the next market town. It being very readily granted by the whole company, ſhe took the vacant ſeat, but was ſoon obſerved to turn very pale. Whereupon the young lady aſked her if ſhe was uneaſy with riding backwards. The girl replied, that as ſhe was not uſed to a coach, perhaps that, or the jolting of the coach, might be the reaſon ſhe was ſomewhat ſqueamiſh. Immediately the lady changed places with her, which the honeſt girl conſented to with a modeſt reluctance. She gave her a bottle of ſalts to revive her ſpirits, and ſhewed a great concern for her, all the while ſhe continued with us. We were all wonderfully pleaſed with the graceful and unaffected affability and kindneſs of the young lady's carriage to our plain ſtranger, and you may believe the old gentleman was behind none of us in the complacence with which he eyed his lovely ward. She aſked her ſeveral queſtions about her parents, her way of life, and the like, and was ſo well ſatisfied with the innocency and modeſty of her anſwers, that when the girl left

us, I ſaw her ſlip a half-crown privately into her hand.

Growing therefor more and more intimate as we travelled forward, and obſerving the old gentleman to be in a fine flow of good-humour upon the agreeable little incident that had happened, I took courage and reſolved to hazard the attempt I had ſo much at heart. Wherefor addreſſing my fair fellow-traveller, I ſaid, I am extremely glad, Madam, that my good fortune leads us both to the ſame place. I go to the country to ſtudy, but as my diſpoſition inclines me to ſociety as well as to books, it will add greatly to my proſpect of living agreeably there, if, Madam, I may be allowed to paſs an hour or two with you now and then. For I promiſe myſelf no ſmall improvement from the converſation of a lady of your ſentiments and taſte. Having thus ſaid, the lady looked at me with ſome mixture of confuſion, without ſeeming however either to grant or reject my requeſt, and then turned her eye towards her guardian, as if ſhe waited his determination, and had no will of her own. The old gentleman, ſmiling with a conſenting air, ſaid, I ſhould be very welcome to viſit his ward now and then in the country; but, added he, with a pleaſant kind of gravity, See, young man, that you uſe that liberty in the diſcreeteſt manner; otherwiſe I cannot be anſwerable to myſelf, or to this important charge that is lodged in my hands. The young lady, with a modeſt air, ſeemed to aſſent to his will, in ſuch a way as expreſſed her obedience to her guardian, rather than any complaiſance to me.

I now thought my happineſs complete. I humbly thanked the good man for the liberty he allowed me, which, if I ſhould abuſe, I ſaid, would juſtly

forfeit his and the lady's eſteem. I expreſſed my gratitude to the young lady rather by looks of joy than by any formal thanks.

Nothing remarkable happened the reſt of our journey: the roads were good, the weather favoured us. We got ſafe to our inn about ſeven; and after our ſhort-lived acquaintance of a day, were obliged to ſuſpend it, and bid one another adieu with ſome kind of regret, but not without a great deſire on my part, of ſeeing thoſe again for whom I had conceived an uncommon eſteem.

N * * * * is a pretty town, ſituated in a delightful country. The villages are ſown thick round about, and preſent you every where with the face of plenty. The ſoil is generally rich, and where it is otherwiſe, culture ſupplies the defect: Such is the influence of liberty, which imploys the moſt naked, and improves the moſt ſertile ſpots! The happy conſtitution of Britain may be traced in our blooming fields, as well as in the chearful faces of the inhabitants. A beautiful river waſhes the ſkirts of the town, and, winding itſelf through a delicious valley, diſperſes wealth and verdure with its bounteous ſtream. The town is environed on all hands with charming villas and orchards, which amuſe the eye with a delightful variety. At a diſtance is ſeen towering among the clouds a noble ridge of mountains, that give you an image of the grandeur and rude magnificence of nature.

The muſes ſeat, whither I was to retire, ſtands at a diſtance from the town on the riſing ground, whence we have a fine proſpect of the windings of the river, the contiguous valley, the green fields, and ſurrounding mountains. It has many ſhady walks and bowers about it, which favour retirement and

contemplation. A garden too with a fine bowling green belonging to it ſerve for ſtudy or amuſement. The academy is a pretty large ſtructure: various apartments for the ſtudents are diſpoſed round the court, having a proſpect into the garden. An ample hall on the one ſide ſerves for their public exerciſes. And oppoſite to it is one where the ſtudents dine. An antient venerable chappel lies between them, where we pay our morning and evening devotions, and in which there are ſometimes diſcourſes on ſubjects of the greateſt importance, where every one is obliged to be preſent, or to pay a fine which goes to a fund for charitable uſes. At ſix o'clock in the morning, the public bell ſummons every body to riſe, and again at ſeven to appear in the chappel, there to conſecrate the day by our homage to the ſupreme Parent and Governor of the world. The reſt of the morning is allotted to private ſtudy.

When I firſt entered this manſion of the muſes, I was very agreeably ſurprized with the ſight of ſo many young gentlemen, ſome of them of rank and fortune, who were come hither from all quarters to imbibe the principles of ſcience and virtue, in order to qualify them for the ſervice of their friends and country. They received me as a new gueſt, with that affection and ſincerity, which becomes the votaries of the muſes. I was at firſt a little out of countenance to ſee them flocking round me, wanting to view and hear me talk, and, from a natural curioſity, every one expreſſed a fondneſs to ſerve me: ſome of them conducted me into the parlour, while others ran to inform the maſter of the arrival of a new pupil. This kind contention among them, who ſhould be moſt civil to a ſtranger, gave me favourable impreſſions of them. I had not waited long

before EUPHRANOR came, for ſo I ſhall call him, who received me with open arms, and welcomed me to his houſe with all the tenderneſs of a parent. From the very firſt ſight, I felt a reverence for him; for, with a tall ſtately perſon, he has ſo commanding and compoſed a countenance, that he brought to my mind that dignity of aſpect ſo much celebrated by the antients. After a ſhort converſation, he appointed an apartment proper for my reception, and ordered his ſervants to attend me with all proper care.

DIALOGUE I.

SOON after my arrival I walked into the garden with Sophron, the only acquaintance I had in the academy before I came thither, and by whoſe advice I quitted the other places of education, both ſchools and academies, in which I had been hitherto trained, for the ſake of finiſhing my education under Euphranor.

Sophron is a young gentleman of the mildeſt aſpect, and a proportionable ſweetneſs of manners. He has naturally a rich vein of fancy, and a happy facility of expreſſion that will qualify him for being one of the fineſt ſpeakers in Great Britain. His great talent lies in hiſtory, poetry, and the fine arts, to which he joins a maſtery in claſſical learning, ſurpriſing for his age. His memory is large and tenacious And his knowlege is not hoarded up by him as an uſeleſs treaſure, but he can, with an admirable dexterity, apply the experience of antient and modern times to the uſe of life and entertainment of company; either confirming general obſervations by inſtances from hiſtory, or enlivening converſation with an account of real characters and manners Sophron has a heart ſuſceptible of the tendereſt paſſions, and, from ſeveral ſtrong ſymptoms, his friends are apt to ſuſpect him to be either naturally of an amorous caſt, or that he has met with ſome diſappoint-

ment in love. Sometimes he will fall a muſing in company, at others run from it for days, and for the moſt part loves ſolitude, and indulges contemplation, which, we do not imagine, is always upon ſcientific ſubjects: hence he frequently goes under the name of the Lover, a title he bears with great good-nature and pleaſantry.

After a few turns in the garden, I ſaid to him, Pray, Sophron, let me hear your real opinion of Euphranor, and of the genius and inſtitutions of that ſociety of which he is the head. From the firſt time I ſaw him, I was delighted and ſtruck with his appearance; for, though his aſpect has ſomething awful in it, I thought it tempered with a ſweetneſs and affability, that encourages the addreſſes of the moſt baſhful.

The character, replied Sophron, of the maſter, ſhall I call him, or father of our ſociety, does not, I aſſure you, belie his appearance. You have obſerved a dignity in his air and carriage, that commands deference and reſpect; but it is not the authority of the maſter that ſtrikes ſo much, as the real concern and benevolence of the friend, which appears in his minuteſt actions; the conſequence of which is, that though he be highly reverenced, he is ſtill more beloved by all his pupils. They liſten to his inſtructions as to oracles of wiſdom, and his advice is, in a manner, a law to them. He is a man of ſuperior talents, very learned withal, and underſtands moſt of the ancient and modern languages. To a profound ſkill in philoſophy and the mathematics he joins an elegant taſte in the claſſic writers.

I reckon it, ſaid I, the mark of a very happy genius, when one has a maſtery in things which require ſuch different talents, and which we find ſo rarely

united. A Barrow, a Newton, or a Clarke, are not the productions of every age.— But pray, Sir, go on.——

Were Euphranor, Sophron proceeded, diſpoſed to aſſume the character, he has the qualifications neceſſary for an able divine, being deeply verſed in ſcripture, and in eccleſiaſtic as well as profane hiſtory. And, which is no mean nor uſeleſs talent in any ſtation, he is likewiſe a maſter in life and manners, and can paint their varieties with great juſtneſs and ſpirit.— But though thus qualified for the ſacred office, he reckons he can do better ſervice, by laying the foundations of religion and virtue in a good education, and by tincturing the youth of his country with the trueſt principles of learning and good manners, and a deep ſenſe of the obligation of all ſocial and religious duties. But his chief excellency is, that his example contains more perſuaſive and emphatic leſſons than all his precepts. This procures him the true love and eſteem of all who know him. Theſe, my friend, are a few hints, and but very imperfect ones, of this good man's character. It would require a more maſterly hand than mine to draw him at full length, and do juſtice, at the ſame time, to the noble original. You muſt be intimate with him yourſelf, to know all his worth.

Few and imperfect as theſe hints are, replied I, I am already greatly in love with ſo fair a picture, and ſhall not enjoy myſelf much, till I am better acquainted with the amiable original.

That you may ſoon be, ſaid Sophron; for no one is eaſier of acceſs to all his pupils. It is a delight to him to ſee them courting his acquaintance.

But pray, Sophron, ſaid I, who are his aſſiſtants,

and what is their character and their buſineſs under him?

Beſides inferior uſhers, replied Sophron, he has one principal aſſiſtant, who is his ſecond in the higher parts of education; and is, in every reſpect, a very amiable and accompliſhed man.

I beg, Sir, ſaid I, you will let me more particularly into his character.

Know then, anſwered Sophron, that he is a gentleman of great probity, and truly qualified for educating youth in the moſt ſubſtantial parts of learning. He was, in the firſt part of his life, engaged in buſineſs, and well acquainted with the world; ſo that he has not more converſed with books than with men, to which I have heard him aſcribe his attaining a more uſeful knowlege than is acquired merely by reading. He has read the antients with great taſte, and is acquainted with the beſt modern books: but is particularly converſant with writers on morals and government, to which he adds an extenſive knowlege of hiſtory; he is an excellent accomptant, and a maſter in experimental philoſophy. As he travelled with a gentleman of fortune, he had the beſt opportunities to ſee foreign countries, and was no idle ſpectator of their manners. For he has made very ingenious and curious obſervations on many places, where he hath been, and has laid up a ſet of the wiſeſt maxims for the conduct of life. One thing remarkable in his character is, that though he hath converſed with men of ſuch different ſentiments and characters, as the ſeveral nations he has viſited produced, and might, therefor, be ſuppoſed to have acquired a ſpirit of eaſy conformity, pliable to all ſorts of principles, faſhions, and manners, yet he adheres ſo ſtrictly to truth, and is ſo preciſely honeſt in his con-

duct, that he will not ſtoop to ſay or do any one thing that ſeems in the leaſt to border on falſhood or diſingenuity: old-faſhioned in nothing elſe, but an antiquated kind of plainneſs and ſincerity, which allows him to ſpeak only what he thinks true, and to believe what he thinks right, whether it be faſhionable or not.

A character, indeed, ſaid I, interrupting Sophron, eſpecially in one, who hath ſeen the world, and who, it might be expected, ſhould have attained that high ſtrain of politeneſs, which ſubdues the ſcruples of a riged honeſty, and ſubſtitutes a certain decorum of behaviour in the room of principle. But pray go on. I beg pardon for interrupting you.

Nay, Simplicius, you are welcome to interrupt me, as oft as you pleaſe; the more freedom of that kind, the better. But I aſſure you, Philander, for that is the name he generally goes by among his friends, as denoting that ſingular humanity which is ſo natural to him; I ſay, is ſo far from having reached that ſublime pitch of politeneſs you talk of, that, on the contrary, he diſdains ſome of our modern refinements, and what we ſometimes call elegance of manners, he terms falſe breeding. In a word, *Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis*, is his character; and, in a manner his rule of action: and whatever will not ſquare with it, he reckons knavery, however it may be complimentd or dignified. He is peculiarly fond of young people, in whom he diſcerns any thirſt after knowlege, or the leaſt dawnings of ingenuity and goodneſs. He loves to form ſuch minds, enters into their ſtudies and views, and leads them on, ſtep by ſtep, in their enquiries. A knot of theſe in the academy, he uſes to call his little nurſery,

which he hath planted with his own hand. And, indeed, he takes great pains about them, opens their minds by degrees, and is delighted beyond meaſure, when any of the young plants put forth the buds of knowlege and virtue earlier than ordinary. He ſays it makes him bode well of the coming age, and hope for an uncommon harveſt of rich diſcoveries and virtuous actions. O, Simplicius! you cannot imagine how much he is beloved by us all.

I do not wonder that he is, ſaid I, with all thoſe amiable qualities about him. I am delighted with the proſpect of living and ſtudying under the direction of ſuch able teachers, and men, in every reſpect, ſo accompliſhed. Now, I ſhall be obliged to you, if you will inform me of their method of teaching, and of the orders of your ſociety.

The genius of your ſociety, returned Sophron, is the moſt free and philoſophical that can be; and we are taught more in the way of converſation than in a formal didactic manner. We generally know beforehand, what ſubjects are to be canvaſſed and debated at next meeting. That we may be the riper on theſe, Euphranor recommends to us the beſt books which treat of them. He urges and accuſtoms us to ſtart queſtions, and propoſe our difficulties in every ſubject he handles For he does not ſeem to be afraid, either of diminiſhing his authority, by his openneſs and familiarity with his ſcholars, or of expoſing his character, as a teacher, by allowing them to grapple with him in free debate. He often ſays, that a man may beſt diſcover his own ſtrength and dexterity in cloſe fight, and that he acquires more improvement and ſkill, in ſuch familiar conferences than in the moſt formal and ſet diſcourſes. Beſides, I have often heard him no leſs modeſtly, than inge-

nuouſly confeſs, that we, by our unexpected queſtions, and quick repartees, do ſometimes give him ſurprizing hints, and caſt an unuſual light on intricate ſubjects, or at leaſt put him upon a more accurate and thorough diſcuſſion of them, than he would otherwiſe have eſſayed. As he is a great admirer, he is no leſs a practitioner of the Socratic method of teaching, by putting queſtions to his pupils, and reaſoning with them from thoſe principles they already know. This he reckons the ſureſt method, becauſe it is gradual and ſlow, and they are ſenſible of every ſtep of the progreſs; and likewiſe the moſt delightful, becauſe they ſeem all the while to be inſtructing or confuting themſelves; a circumſtance that conceals, in a good meaſure, that appearance of ſuperiority which is generally diſcouraging in the directer methods of inſtruction. By thus putting us upon the exerciſe of our knowlege, he ſays, he frequently increaſes his own, and never attains ſuch a preciſion and maſtery of his ideas, as when he is obliged to range and digeſt them for our uſe, and has communicated them to us.

I am very much of Euphranor's opinion, ſaid I; for we are very apt to take up confuſed notions of things, or to fancy they are clear before we expreſs them to others; but when we come to that trial, we often find little or nothing, in what we thought of great importance, and therefore are afterwards obliged to aſcertain and diſtinguiſh our ideas more accurately.

When, proceeded Sophron, Euphranor gives us lectures in a more formal and continued ſtrain, he makes pauſes at proper diſtances, and, with an encouraging kind of look, aſks us if we have thoroughly

comprehended his meaning, or have any exceptions againſt what he has advanced; and endeavours, by all means, to engage us in making obſervations, and diſcourſing on the point in hand. It is expected of all the ſtudents, that they ſhould have diſcourſes now and then, before their maſter, or to a circle of their companions; but it is left to themſelves to chuſe the ſubject, and the time which ſuits them beſt. Sometimes you ſhall ſee one begin to read to a ſmall circle in the library, or perhaps in the garden, or wherever a cluſter happen to be got together; but ere he has done, he ſhall have drawn a whole croud about him, who make their remarks upon what they have heard, with great plainneſs and freedom. By degrees the debate grows warm, the company take party for or againſt the declaimer, opinions are weighed, and arguments formed on one ſide or the other, without regard to authority or party, according to the capacity or inclination of the ſeveral combatants. To ſee them, you would imagine you were tranſported into the old academy, or portico at Athens, where the philoſophers taught, or talked philoſophy in the moſt familiar and unaſſuming manner. Here you may ſee a reſemblance of their ſuſpenſe of judgment, of their freedom of enquiry, that patience of debate and contradiction, that caution not to be deceived, and that noble faculty of confeſſing and retracting, when one has been in the wrong. Here every one may follow his own genius, and that method of ſtudy he moſt approves of. He may be of this or that ſect of philoſophy he thinks the moſt rational, a Peripatetic or a Stoic, a follower of Deſcartes or Sir Iſaac Newton. The grand principle by which we profeſs to be governed in our enquiries, is to doubt till we are convinced, and to yield no de

gree of aſſent, ſuperior to the evidence or proof alledged. No regard is paid to names, or mere authority, however great, in philoſophy; we feel none of the reſtraints or biaſs of ſyſtems. No embargoes are laid upon any branch of knowlege; all monopolies are diſcouraged. The commerce of letters is alike open to all, every one may chuſe his ſide, or oppoſe juſt as he pleaſes. Hence it happens, that our ſociety is ſplit into ſeveral leſſer companies or clubs, who apply to ſome particular branches of literary commerce, to which their genius inclines them moſt. Some are dealers in words, weigh their force, ſignificance and beauty, and compute the value and property of the ſeveral idioms of language. Others ſeek improvment in mathematical knowlege, whoſe buſineſs it is to invent problems, to deduce theorems, to meaſure quantity, and analyze the laws of nature. Some deal in chymical, and other experimental operations, and by variouſly ſubduing and torturing matter, diſcover its ſeveral properties, relations and effects. There are other artiſts of a more viſionary turn, who ſpin ingenious cob-webs out of their own brain, ſketch out fables, and allegories, and viſions, and manufacture the ſeveral kinds of poetry. In their poetic and moral looms, many amuſing tales, poems, and rough draughts of plays, have been wrought, which are diſperſed with no ſmall approbation over the academy. Not a few are dealers in politics and hiſtory; nay, and take upon them, Simplicius, to model ſtates, and plan out Utopian laws for the good of their fellow-creatures. In fine, there is no branch of literature from which we are ſecluded, no kind of materials, which we do not work and poliſh for our own benefit, or that of others.

Then, I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, you are provided with proper tools and advantages, for thoſe ſeveral kinds of manufacture, and able workmen in each kind, to direct and aſſiſt the raw and unexperienced.

We are not ill provided with either, replied Sophron; we have a particular apartment for experimental lectures, and a neat apparatus of inſtruments for all the branches of natural philoſophy; it is there Philander gives a very ingenious ſet of lectures in the experimental way. We have a tolerable laboratory too for chymical experiments, where one Conſtant, of whom I may give you an account afterwards, performs, and is no mean operator. We have likewiſe a chamber for diſſection, where Euphranor himſelf frequently performs, and ſhews us ſome of the principal parts and functions of the animal ſyſtem, though he does not pretend to go through a complete courſe of anatomy. One of the uſhers teaches languages, and the claſſics; and, by that means, intereſts us in the moſt diſtant ſcenes of action: ſo that while a Demoſthenes thunders, or a Cicero charms, or a Livy paints, we enter into the characters of men, and intereſts of nations, we take part with the actors, ſift their counſels, ſhare their fortunes, and, in a manner *live o'er* the buſy ſcene. I am obliged ſometimes, how unequal ſoever to the taſk, to read lectures on hiſtory and antiquities. In ſhort, ſuch is the conſtitution of the academy, that no ſenior pupil is exempted from taking his turn of teaching, now and then, ſome of the inferior claſſes; but he may chuſe the ſubject of his diſcourſes.

I told Sophron, I admired this conſtitution exceedingly; as it induces a kind of neceſſity of application, and not only puts a man upon exploring the bent of his genius, but makes them read with great

ſeverity, and ſearch to the bottom of a ſubject, when he knows that his ſentiments will be canvaſſed by others with a rigid ſcrutiny.

However, ſaid Sophron, this Conſtitution has been thought ſo ſevere, that ſome have left our ſociety before their courſe was expired, that they might not be obliged to undertake a taſk, for which they knew themſelves ſo ill-qualified. I had like to have forgot mentioning one advantageous circumſtance, which, methinks, contributes not a little to our improvement; that gentlemen of the firſt rank, in the town and neighbourhood, do us often the honour to viſit our academy, and think it not beneath them to take a part in our free familiar converſations, and to give us their aſſiſtance and advice, particularly in making experiments. To their favour our maſter recommends us with a peculiar warmth and tenderneſs.

I doubt not, ſaid I, but, by the advatage of their converſation, you will contract a more liberal, ingenuous, and manly turn, both of mind and manners, and have your views conſiderably opened in many branches of literature, by the delicacy and juſtneſs of their ſentiments, which they communicate ſo frankly. This, Sophron, is a noble advantage indeed, much to be wiſhed for, but how rarely enjoyed by the youth! Either it ſhews a ſingular humanity in them, or that they have a very particular eſteem and veneration for Euphranor.

Your remark is juſt, ſaid Sophron; for, indeed, the good man is wonderfully beloved, nay, careſſed by all the gentry of the country, who look upon him as the common father and former of the youth, and one of the beſt ſupports of the ſinking virtue of our age. And methinks it is no mean proof of their

own merit, that they know ſo well to eſtimate Euphranor's, and condeſcend ſo generouſly to mix with his pupils, and aid their aſpiring deſigns in the road of learning and virtue — Beſides thoſe places already named, and the grand common hall, for the more ſolemn times of teaching, there are leſſer apartments for the ſeveral arts, either for converſing or hearing lectures upon them. One of them called the Oratory, where all matters of eloquence are debated. Another the Prytaneum, where morals, hiſtory, and politics, are fully handled. A third is allotted for poetry and the fine arts, thoſe eſpecially which require a hand. This is called the Chamber of deſign: it is filled with the beſt prints, ſeveral ſtatues and buſts. Another is reſerved for mathematical ſtudies, and for obſervations of all kinds with glaſſes. We call it the Obſervatory, and it is in the cupula of the houſe. There is one for mechanics, agriculture, and gardening, where are to be ſeen various models of machines and uſeful inſtruments. All have free acceſs, and at all times, to thoſe ſeveral apartments, and may converſe with the beſt maſters in each way, which our ſociety affords; but none are forced to go thither, or to enter upon a courſe of ſtudy which they do not reliſh. In the Oratory there is an open kind of pulpit, three or four feet higher than the floor, to which you may aſcend on all ſides. It is not incloſed round, ſo that the ſpeaker has nothing to obſtruct the motion of his arms, and is ſeen from head to foot. We mount it, when we are about to recite or declaim; and here too we perſonate ſome of the greateſt characters of antient and modern times, a Solon, a Timoleon, a Brutus, a Cato, a Pelopidas, and make extemporary replies to each other, thus inveſted in our bor-

rowed characters. We think this a beneficial practice, both to raiſe our ideas, to inflame our minds with an emulation of their virtues, and likewiſe to acquire a facility and copiouſneſs in ſpeaking. The open ſtructure and elevation of our pulpit is thought to conduce to our learning to ſtand with an erect poſture, and to ſpeak with a more eaſy diſengaged air. If any of the ſociety have a curious or important queſtion to purpoſe, it is hung up, for the conſideration of all, on one of the pillars, at the farther end of the library, for the ſpace of a month; during which time, any member may bring in his ſolution of the queſtion. If, after that time is elapſed, none have offered any anſwer, the queſtion is taken down, and the propoſer is obliged to read it in the preſence of the whole academy, and to give the beſt ſolution of it he is able. If his ſolution of it is approved by the majority, the queſtion is wrote down in the academical book, in the liſt of *Deſiderata Academica*. If it be thus approved, the propoſer has the ſame honours paid him as any other, who had reſolved the queſtion, with this addition, that his name is recorded in the book of queſtions. When ſeveral ſolutions are offered, they are all read in the ſame ſolemn manner, and the majority of votes determines who has given the beſt ſolution. Upon which, the propoſer ſets forth the merit of having ſolved the queſtion, and the perſon who has ſolved it, has peculiar honour paid him by the ſociety. The votes of the ſociety are taken by ballot, the names of the ſeveral candidates being inſcribed on ſeveral bits of paper. While I am upon this, I cannot forbear mentioning to you another uſage of our ſociety, which ſerves, not a little, to awaken our ambition and induſtry. Whoever has invented any theory, or made any diſ-

covery, that has the air of novelty, or contrived any model of an inſtrument, or machine, which is either new, or, in any reſpect, perfecter that it was before, hangs it up to view on the other pillar, at the upper end of the library, where it is likewiſe, for the ſpace of a month, expoſed to the inſpection, and particular examination of all. At the end of the month, the ſociety teſtify their approbation or diſlike of it by ballot, in the ſame way the royal ſociety admit or refuſe members. If the majority approve of it, it is enrolled in the book, which contains the *Inventa Academica*, and the inventor's name is affixed in letters of gold. Beſides other privileges which he obtains, he is allowed no ſmall honour, to preſent a book to the library with his coat of arms upon it. He has likewiſe beſtowed on him the prize of a copper medal caſt in the academy, with the model of the inſtrument, or a device ſutable to the ſubject on the one ſide, choſen by him who gains the prize, and a figure of the academy on the reverſe, with this inſcription, which is over the entry to the academy, PRO PATRIA. Sometimes Euphranor hangs up queſtions, in the ſame public manner to be reſolved by us; and, according to the importance of the queſtion, or the ingenuity of the ſolution, either rewards of the former kind are aſſigned, or Euphranor diſtributes medals, and chuſes what devices he thinks proper. Thoſe medals are valued at a high rate, being eſtimated, not by the worth of the metal, but by the impreſſion they bear, ſo honourable to the poſſeſſor; like thoſe crowns among the antients, which, though of ſlight material, imported ſome extraordinary merit in thoſe who won them; and, therefor, were accounted the moſt honourable badges any could wear.

I cannot, ſaid I, help looking on thoſe honours that are conferred on heroes of a peaceful and inventive ſtrain, as fairer and more laſting than all the crowns and wreaths of the moſt triumphant conquerors either won in war, or at their celebrated games; as the former are badges of ingenuity and art, the latter of ſtrength chiefly and valour; and as it is more honourable to have been the author of inventions, which are of univerſal and immortal benefit, or of beautiful theories, than to have ravaged nations, or conquered provinces.

Be that as it will, returned Sophron, thoſe prizes are immenſely valued, and have a mighty effect upon the minds of the pupils in kindling an uncommon ardour of ſtudy, and an ambition to excel, and deſerve ſuch diſtinguiſhed honours.

I muſt own, replied I, I cannot help admiring thoſe excellent inſtitutions of Euphranor, and doubt not but they muſt promote a very free, philoſophical, and generous ſpirit of enquiry. I think them particularly calculated to encourage and give fair ſcope to the natural efforts of genius, which can never riſe to any thing eminent or maſterly, if it be checked, or any wiſe diſcouraged in its firſt propenſities. But both the liberty which prevails here, and the rewards that accompany the generous exertions of genius, cannot fail to call forth its moſt latent ſeeds, and ripen them to a full growth. As I preſume, however, you do not ſpend your whole time in ſtudy, what exerciſes or diverſions do you uſe?

They are of various kinds, replied Sophron; but we ſeldom indulge them, till the main buſineſs of the day is over. The morning is entirely devoted to ſtudy, and it is looked upon as the mark of an indo-

lent diſpoſition, when any employ the hours of ſtudy at play. Our diverſions are bowling [for we have a fine large bowling-green in our garden] angling, fowling, hunting, billiards, and riding out, on parties of pleaſure, to ſome of the little towns or villas. When the weather will not permit us to go abroad, we amuſe ourſelves with draughts or cheſs, by which games we both relieve and employ the mind, and gain a habit of attention, which is reckoned no enemy to the ſuperior kinds of contemplation. Euphranor recommends all thoſe innocent amuſements, as proper to unbrace the mind, that it may act with more vigour, when it is bent again, but ſeverely forbids, and puniſhes all immoderate indulgence of them. For all the diverſions we uſe are never conſidered as any part of buſineſs, but as relaxations both neceſſary, and ſubſervient to our principal employments.

It is certainly, ſaid I, a great art in life to know how to mix its amuſements and buſineſs diſcreetly, ſo as to have no vacant hour, and to make the one relieve and prepare for the other. But pray, Sophron, have you any thing elſe to obſerve with regard to the inſtitutions of your ſociety?

Yes, my friend, replied Sophron, I have not yet mentioned what appears to me of principal importance, in its conſtitution; I mean, the tendency and joint concurrence of all its orders and regulations to form, not ſo much good ſcholars, as good men; ſo that our college is to be conſidered, rather as a ſchool of manners, than of literature, where the youth are trained, not merely for this or that particular profeſſion, but for being ſober, honeſt, and beneficent creatures, in any rank or ſtation of life, in which providence may place them. Therefor

Euphranor keeps a ſtrict eye over the morals of his pupils, and leads the way himſelf to the practice of every virtue, not by rigid precept or ſullen advice, but by the moſt inſinuating converſation and example. You cannot behold him, in his moſt ordinary actions, without a certain degree of veneration; he goes about them with ſuch an air of compoſure and manly dignity, wherein goodneſs, not ſtatelineſs, is the chief ingredient. He is ſtrictly ſober, and rather rigid in his own diet, and ſeverely practiſes that frequent abſtinence he ſo warmly recommends to us. And indeed our table is ſimple and frugal, without any luxury, or variety of diſhes; inclined more to the light diet of Pythagoras than to the groſs food of an Engliſh table, as being thought more friendly to ſtudy than the other. It is much if a perſon eſcapes the title of an Epicure, who cannot faſt at leaſt once a week.

What, ſaid I, whether his conſtitution will bear it or not?

Ay, Simplicius, unleſs the caſe be very ſingular; for a ſtrong conſtitution can never be hurt by it, and a weak one, it is preſumed, will be rather ſtrengthened than impaired by it. And when any have once tried the practice, it is a difficult matter to perſuade them out of it; they call it high luxury, and ſay, they have found it of as great benefit to the mind, as to the body, in the flow of ſpirits, eaſy gay conceptions, and light dreams, which have never failed to accompany it. He who can faſt longeſt, and does it oftneſt, is thought the beſt conſtituted for virtue, and publicſervice. Frequent and ſometimes ſevere exerciſes, particularly bathing in cold weather, digging, planting, and other buſineſs in gardening and huſbandry, felling and cleaving wood, working at

the turner's loom, or in the ſhops of artificers, and the like, are both recommended and uſed, as proper to form a ſtrong, hardy habit of body, and a ſound, firm temperament of mind. But Euphranor is, above all things, ſolicitous to inſpire his whole family; for he is particularly fond of calling us by this name, with the higheſt notions and ſtrongeſt feelings of a ſteady regard for the public, and of our connexion with ſociety. Accordingly, the whole genius and inſtitutions of our family breathe a ſocial genius and public ſpirit. Nay, the academy, in its foundation and principles, is in the very ſpirit and taſte of a Sparta, or old Rome. Beſides thoſe inſtances already mentioned, there are ſeveral others, in which each member of the community has a right to vote, determine, elect, and propoſe whatever he ſhall think conducive to the good of the whole. The freedom of ſpeech and debate, I ſaid, was univerſal; and the higheſt honours and preferments in the academy are alike open and free to all. Hence all come to have the notion of a public, or free conſtitution, are ſenſible of their relation to it, and of the rights and intereſts they ſhare as members of it. By this, and many other ſuch images, Euphranor is at immenſe pains to open and extend our views to the conception of a larger polity, that of our country; and the ſtill more comprehenſive one of mankind. Here I cannot help mentioning to you a ſolemn ceremony which you muſt be witneſſes to ere long, and in which you will be nearly concerned. It is the ceremony of admiſſion, or of initiation, as we ſometimes call it. But, I believe, I had better forbear deſcribing it at preſent, that it may have a more powerful effect, when it is performed.

Nay rather, ſaid I, let me hear a particular account

of it, that I may not be ſurpriſed, but come prepared to it.

Know then, ſubjoined Sophron, that it is performed in an apartment you have not yet ſeen, and which none are permitted to ſee before the day of initiation. At the upper end of the chamber is raiſed an open frame made of oak, to which you aſcend by ſeveral ſteps. It has the appearance of a throne. On the right ſide of the throne is placed a ſtatue of Virtue; on the left that of Liberty. Above them is this inſcription, ſet in letters of gold, PUBLIC VIRTUE AND LIBERTY. Next the ſtatue of virtue ſtand a few buſtos of ſome of the famous law givers of antiquity, Moſes, Charondas, Solon, Lycurgus, and others. On the ſide of liberty are placed its moſt eminent aſſertors — Pelopidas, Timoleon, Brutus, and ſeveral others. Next the law-givers you ſee a few of the inventors and improvers of uſeful arts and ſciences, among the antients and moderns. On the ſide of the friends to liberty, are ſet the heads of ſome of the moſt celebrated maſters of politics, antient and modern. Among others are Plato, Ariſtotle, Sir Thomas More, Harrington, Sidney. The candidate for admiſſion has a copy of the oath of initiation given him a week before he takes it; but it is left to his own choice, whether he will take it or no. For the obligation muſt be entirely voluntary. Upon the day of initiation, the whole ſociety aſſemble in the Admiſſion chamber. Euphranor places himſelf on the throne. Then is the candidate introduced by two of the ſenior pupils, and ſet down in a chair at the lower end of the floor. When he is ſeated, Euphranor informs him, with a peculiar ſolemnity of voice and manner, of the original deſign

of erecting the academy, namely, to inſtruct and form the youth for being good citizens, countrymen, and members of ſociety; that all its orders and inſtitutions were contrived expreſly with this view; — that all their ſtudies and exerciſes, nay, the whole circle of arts and ſciences, are only valuable and honourable, as they are ſubſervient to this grand purpoſe; — that, henceforth, he is to account himſelf as a part of the public, and made for the good of others; — that he is to conſider the train of education, upon which he is now to enter, as a courſe of inſtruction and diſcipline neceſſary to qualify him for ſerving the public; — and, finally, that he is a commoner of nature, and conſequently ſubjected to the laws and orders of the ſupreme adminiſtration; and is a freeman both in body and mind, and therefor under no controul, but that of reaſon, and authority founded upon it. After this ſolemn ſpeech, he is interrogated, whether he is willing to take the oath to be propoſed to him. If he declare his conſent, he is led forward, by the ſame pupils who introduce him, to the upper end of the chamber, where knelling on the loweſt ſtep of the throne, Euphranor adminiſters to him the following oath: 'I ſwear in 'the name of the all-ſeeing Deity, and before theſe 'witneſſes, that I will henceforth be a ſlave to no 'ſect or party of men; — that I will eſpouſe no 'principles, but ſuch as I believe true, and ſubmit 'myſelf only to reaſonable authority; — that I will 'always look upon myſelf as a part of the ſociety 'to which I belong, and therefore bound to pro'mote its moſt extenſive intereſt above all private 'or perſonal views; though ſtill in ſubordination to 'the two grand ſocieties of my country and man'kind. I likewiſe ſolemnly declare, that I conſider

'myſelf as a citizen of the intellectual world, and 'ſubject of its almighty Lawgiver and Judge; — 'that by him I am placed upon an honourable the- 'atre of action, to ſuſtain, in the ſight of mortal 'and immortal beings, that character and part which 'he ſhall aſſign me, in order to my being trained 'up for perfection and immortality; and ſhall, there- 'for, from this time forth devote my life to the ſer- 'vice of God, my country, and mankind. As I 'obſerve this oath, may I be acceptable to God.'— Such is the form of the oath! Here I aſked Sophron how he felt himſelf affected when he took this oath; for, added I, I do not queſtion but you took it.

You judge right, replied Sophron, and I can freely confeſs to you, I was greatly ſtruck with the ſolemnity and importance of it, as much as with any thing in my whole life. It had an effect upon me ſomething like that of inſpiration. I began to look upon myſelf as a nobler creature, than I had hitherto conceived, and called upon to act a more important part in life, than I had ever yet dreamt of. I felt an unuſual vigour added to my reſolutions. I conſidered my ſtudies in a different, and more public light, and purſued them with an ardor hitherto unknown to me. I enquired into truth with other kind of eyes, and now began to look upon ſcience as the leaſt part of my buſineſs in life. — After the oath, Euphranor deſcends from the throne, raiſes the Initiate, and with open arms welcomes him to the manſion of liberty and virtue; then he preſents him to the aſſembly, who all round embrace him. If he decline the oath, that part of the ceremony which regards it is omitted; but he is, notwithſtanding, informed of his public connexions, and the deſign of

the academy. But we have few inſtances of any that decline it, it is ſo generally well eſteemed, and reckoned one of the nobleſt badges of philoſophic freedom.—And indeed it has a fine effect upon the minds of the ſtudents, not only in inſpiring them with grand and noble ſentiments of the public, and of the fundamental rights and liberties of mankind; but in animating them with an irreconcileable averſion to every ſpecies and degree of bondage, whether intellectual or civil, and a moſt ſovereign contempt and ſcorn of every thing that looks like tameneſs, or a ſervile truckling to the opinions or conduct of others, whether in public or private life. There is ſomething magnanimous and of a public-ſpirited caſt in their diſpoſitions; ſo that I never ſaw a ſet of young men, who deal leſs in compliment, or who diſdain more to flatter either their own, or the vices and follies of others; but they inveigh, with a peculiar indignation, againſt all kinds of public vice and corruption, nor can they bear to ſanctify the fraud and knavery either of the corrupted, or the corruptors, with any of thoſe ſoft names by which they are often diſguiſed or palliated. For they reckon a public villain the worſt of villains, and no ſet of mortals more contemptibly little than thoſe men of rank or fortune, who betray their country for a bribe, and, after they have caſt off all public virtue themſelves, laugh at it as a mere chimaera in others.

Upon this, I told Sophron, I could not help approving a high ſenſe of virtue and public ſpirit in youth: but may not their minds be filled with too exalted ideas of human affairs, and with too many viſionary ſchemes relating to public life and action; and, in conſequence of this, be enflamed with a romantic heroiſm, which neither their fortune nor the

ſituation of things will ever afford them an opportunity to exert? Have we in our age many countries in which the true ſpirit of patriotiſm has full ſcope to exert itſelf? If we have not, might it not be more adviſeable to employ the juvenile ardour on leſs nice and controverted matters?

We have not now time, replied Sophron, to enter on ſo delicate a ſubject; but I can hardly think it poſſible to work up the minds of youth to too high a ſenſibility and taſte for virtue and public good, or to too ſtrong a diſreliſh of vice and proſtitution. Time and accidents will ſufficiently mellow that temper, and their heroiſm, being fixed in its proper ſtation, will act with a vigour proportionable to that ſtrain to which it was raiſed. This, as far as I can judge, ſeems to be the drift of thoſe academic inſtitutions, which tend to cheriſh this public and high-ſpirited caſt of mind. And, further to promote the benevolent temper, each ſtudent takes his turn in diſtributing certain fines which are put into the charity-box, and is obliged to give an account on what charitable uſes he has laid them out.

After the work of the day is over, the bell gathers us into the chappel, there to perform our evening devotions, which are never neglected, whether Euphranor be preſent or not. Whoever is abſent, without a ſufficient excuſe, forfeits ſixpence. If any diſcover a contempt of thoſe religious exerciſes, Euphranor expreſſes a peculiar indignation and diſpleaſure at them. For he uſes to ſay, that want of reverence to the Deity, eſpecially in youth, is one of the worſt ſymptoms of a degenerate mind; and that he who knowingly fails in his homage and gratitude to the Author of his life, is a barbarian, and might be eaſily tempted to ſtab his parent, or betray

his friend. Therefor is he, above all things, ſolicitous to impreſs our minds with a ſupreme reſpect and veneration of an inviſible and governing Power, who made us and all things. Theſe, Simplicius, are a few hints concerning our ſociety, and its inſtitutions; but you will be ſoon better acquainted with them yourſelf than I can inform you.

I am much pleaſed, Sophron, with the account you have given me. I ſhall be obliged to you, if you will indulge me with a ſhort detail of ſome of the principal characters in the academy; thoſe at leaſt you are moſt intimate with, that I may know thoſe with whom I am to live.

That, Simplicius, I muſt refer to another time, when I ſhall have more leiſure to ſatisfy your requeſt.

DIALOGUE II.

SIMPLICIUS and CLEORA.

SIMPLICIUS having gone to viſit Cleora, the following converſation paſt between them.

Simp. Well, Madam, how do you like the country? Do you find things anſwer the deſcription your friend gave of it? Do you meet with nature every where, without diſguiſe or colouring of art? Or have not the people in the country their manner too of covering their art and diſingenuity, which they reckon polite and genteel, as well as thoſe in town?

Cle. Why truly, Sir, I am afraid the town corrupts the country. For thither they bring their manners along with them, where they find too many diſpoſed to imitate what they reckon polite and faſhion-

able; a ſtamp the manners of the town are always ſuppoſed to carry with them. And I believe you will confeſs it is eaſy to paſs from admiring to imitate modes, how ridiculous ſoever.

Simp. But do not you think, Madam, that the people of the country are generally more open and ingenuous than thoſe who are bred in great towns?

Cle. Sir, I have not had, as yet, ſufficient acquaintance with them, to judge with any degree of certainty, of their real character. Perhaps they are blunter, and leſs aſſuming, than the town's people, whoſe wits are ſharpened by more frequent commerce.

Simp. But are you not of opinion, Madam, that their character is, in the main, more natural and unaffected, that their ſentiments come more from the heart; and their compliance, though leſs poliſhed, is more genuine, and may be more ſurely depended on.

Cle. I ſuſpect, Sir, if I want to ſee characters quite untainted by art, we muſt go farther from home, and ſeek them among the nations not infected by European converſe; among whom we ſhall find leſs indeed we of what call *manners*, but perhaps more of innocence, friendſhip, and ſincerity; qualities, in my opinion, far ſuperior to the moſt modiſh refinements. In ſhort, it is among them we may expect pure original nature, without the mixtures of art.

Simp. Nature is, doubtleſs, a lovely thing when cultivated and improved; but when naked and unadorned, it does not, methinks, make an engaging figure. She muſt be clothed, and perhaps mended too by art, to make her truly beautiful.

Cle. Well, however unpolite I may be thought, I frankly confeſs, I incline to give the prefer ence to

the genuine originals of nature, though ruder and ſimpler in their appearance, rather than to copies, that have ornament and ſhew, but leſs reality.

Simp. Do not you think, Madam, that there is a rudeneſs in its groſſer features, which ſhocks inſtead of pleaſing? I fancy, the rude courtſhip of one of your Indian originals would give you no very favourable opinion of the delicacy of nature. Nor would their manner of eating, drinking, or receiving one another at a viſit, afford agreeable ideas of that ſimplicity you ſeem ſo much to admire. Their immoderate laughing, extravagant ſhouts, coarſe addreſs, and all the booriſh effuſions of exceſſive mirth, would, I ſuſpect, ſpoil ſome of your prejudices, in favour of ſimple artleſs nature, and reconcile you more to our own European refinements.

Cle. You miſtake me much, if you imagine me an enemy to the improvements of art; for as much as I am in love with plain nature, yet I would have her wear a proper dreſs; let it only be eaſy and becoming. Let it not diſguiſe the natural beauties, nor try to ſupply a ſuppoſed want, by an affected tinſel or falſe varniſh.

Simp. I find, Madam, you are no leſs forward to condemn thoſe indiſcreet daubers of nature, than a favourite poet is to blame thoſe pretenders to wit, who,

> ——— *unſkil'd to trace*
> *The naked nature and the living grace,*
> *With gold and jewels cover every part,*
> *And hide with ornaments their want of art.*

But after all, Madam, would you have converſation without its ceremonials?

Cleo. By no means, Sir; no more than a fine lady appear in public in a diſhabille. There are decencies in life to be obſerved. You may call them improvements upon nature, but I ſhould think them nature itſelf, or that becoming dreſs which diſcovers her faireſt proportions, and ſhews her to greateſt advantage.

Simp. Would you have us then, Madam, ſay nothing in converſation but what we think, uſe no words but ſuch as convey our preciſe meaning, and muſt we avoid all compliments that expreſs more than we intend? Shall we not grow ſad unmannerly creatures, if we obſerve ſuch a punctilious honeſty, and muſt we not forgo all polite converſation, if we diſcard thoſe ordinary forms, that have obtained a right of preſcription, by long undiſputed poſſeſſion?

Cle. I really think, Sir, I ſhould incline to err on the ſcrupulous ſide. And however leſs agreeable I ſhould be on that account, to the injudicious many, I imagine I ſhould not be leſs regarded by the ſenſible few; nor would my profeſſions be deemed leſs ſincere, becauſe I was ſparing of them. I ſhall allow that honeſty does not oblige you to ſpeak every thing you think, but, methinks, it binds you to ſpeak more or otherwiſe than you think.

Simp. What treatment muſt he meet with from the ladies, who forbears all the pretty ſoothing things you are wont to be entertained with? How diſtaſteful would a converſation be, if ſtript of the flowers of ſpeech, and how ſullen would your beauties look upon us, if we did not addreſs you in the elegant formalities the mode has ſettled? One need not tell downright untruths, but may we not exaggerate a

little, where there is good foundation, embelliſh a feature, and throw out ſome pretty exclamations on a fine hand, or handſome face, when we are to be repaid with an approving ſmile or graceful bluſh?

Cle. It is very well, Sir! You are no ill practitioner, I find, in your polite way — But will you let me aſk you ſeriouſly, would you chuſe to talk in a ſtrain, that will deceive or impoſe on an innocent unwary neighbour, or flatter the vanity of a young creature, who has already a biaſs ſtrong enough that way, by your extravagant compliments? You do not ſeem to apprehend the dangerous conſequences of thoſe pretty things, nor how much they may miſlead the more unexperienced of our ſex, to imagine that your deſigns are more ſerious and deeper than you would care they ſhould be thought.

Simp. I confeſs, Madam! there is a diſtinction very neceſſary to be made in the caſe, as you put it, between raw young girls, who are unacquainted with the ways of the world, and would be apt to miſtake every ſoft thing ſaid to them, for a declaration of love, or ſerious piece of courtſhip; and thoſe ladies, who are thoroughly practiſed in the arts of gallantry, and have been accuſtomed to have a great deal of incenſe offered to them. I ſhould look upon it as a piece of horrid indiſcretion, if not of downright villany, to go about to impoſe on the former, by practiſing on their vanity or ignorance. Nor ſhould I have any peace of mind, if through my folly, I had contributed to a lady's having a paſſion for me, or imagining that I had one for her, when I had none. But with regard to thoſe other ladies, I can ſee no harm in coaxing or cajoling them a little; for in no other light do I conſider the compliments made

them: whatever high opinions they have of their own merit, there is no danger they will lay any great ſtreſs on things that come ſo cheap, and which are beſtowed with ſo little diſtinction, or choice.

Cle. I wiſh your ſex, Simplicius, were always as careful to obſerve that diſtinction in their conduct, as there is, perhaps, good ground to make it. But how plauſible ſoever your diſtinction may be, I do not think it will quite clear you gentlemen coaxers from all ſhare and blame. For though women of real ſenſe will deſpiſe your empty inſignificant haranguers, who would daub them over with common-place plaiſter, and then laugh at their credulity; yet many of our ſex are ſilly enough to be your dupes, and I am afraid few of us are able to reſiſt flattery, when it is artfully couched, and tempered with proper allays.

Simp. Far be it from me, Madam, to defend any kind of impoſition on your ſex; but, methinks, it were too rigid to weigh, with a critical exactneſs, every gay and complaiſant thing, that is ſaid by us in the company of the ladies. Converſation would languiſh, and looſe a little of its ſprightlineſs and poignancy, if the men were debarred thoſe agreeable cajoling ways, which are really expreſſive of a peculiar regard to the ſex, but are perhaps raiſed ſomewhat above the truth.

Cle. The end of converſation, as I take it, is to be underſtood, and to exchange ſentiments with one another for mutual inſtruction and pleaſure; but if we make it only a conveyance of lies, and circulation of fraud, we render it not only uſeleſs, but alſo hurtful. And pray, Sir! may we not be honeſt without being rude and offenſive? Nay, may

we not be polite and agreeable, without poliſhing ourſelves out of our old Britiſh plainneſs and ſincerity?

Simp. I grant, madam, that the end of converſation is ſuch as you have repreſented it, and think I am no friend to deceit; but may we not look upon the ordinary forms of civility, and polite phraſes, that are uſed by well-bred people, as no more than counters, which though they may glitter, and amuſe the eye as much as real gold, yet none but fools are amuſed with them? Their value is known, and they ſignify juſt as much, and no more, than they were at firſt intended to ſtand for.

Cle. I have heard it ſaid, that thoſe phraſes we commonly uſe, as *humble ſervant*, and the like, were once real badges or expreſſions of ſervitude, by which inferiors ſignified their dependence on their ſuperiors, in thoſe times when vaſſalage prevailed. If ſo, may there not be ſomething mean in continuing the uſe of them, when the cauſe is happily removed; and might it not be better to uſe thoſe which import leſs ſubjection, but more of that equality and friendſhip which ought to reign in ſociety? But it is not ſo much thoſe common forms of ſpeaking, which cuſtom has made univerſal, that I condemn, as thoſe courtly ſtrains of deceit, uſed by your ſex, to flatter and impoſe on ours.

Simp. I find, Madam, it will be no eaſy matter to pleaſe one of your delicacy; but I believe, whenever you come to try it, you will find it a knotty kind of buſineſs, either to diſſuade the men from giving into thoſe polite modes of complaiſance, or to perſuade the ladies to reject them as fallacious and inſignificant.

Cle. It may be ſo; mean while, I do not ſee what excuſe you can have for nouriſhing our vanity as you do.—But it is, it ſeems, the fate of our weak ſex, to be always treated like children—You throw us fine toys and gew-gaws, to amuſe us, and when you ſee us taken with the ſhining trifles, you carry us off in triumph, and reduce us under the orders of domeſtic diſcipline.

Simp. I am ſorry, you think our ſex pay ſo little regard to your ſenſe and merit, as to treat you like children—if the end of all our purſuits, is only to get poſſeſſion of you, it is a ſhrewd ſuſpicion, we eſteem you a treaſure richly worth having; which is, at bottom, no bad proof of the value we ſet upon you, let us talk what and how we will. But may I beg leave to aſk you, Madam, how it has come about, that you, who have been bred up at and near the town, and have been often at court, ſhould be ſuch a ſworn foe to the elegant forms of polite life, or to thoſe ways of addreſs, that are in vogue among people, who paſs for the beſt-bred?

Cle I would not have you imagine, Sir, from any thing I have ſaid, that I incline to give myſelf any nice airs, or to take a different road in life from others—but if I happen to have a different way of thinking in ſome things, I owe it chiefly to my guardian, and to my having lived moſtly with plain ſincere people, who never flattered me themſelves, and taught me to abhor it in others.

Simp. I have heard, Madam, that you have been much indebted to that gentleman, for the care he has had of you, and eſpecially of your education. His converſation plainly ſhews, that he is no great friend to any thing that looks like craft or diſingenuity.

Cle. And I aſſure you he is what he appears to be, a plain honeſt man, without guile or ſhew. He has often told me, that whatever ſwerves from truth, is beneath the dignity of the human kind;—that to indulge thoſe forms of ſpeech, which either ſignify nothing at all, or, if they have any meaning, treſpaſs in ſome degree on truth, though it may be in trivial matters, does not leſſen the reverence due to it, and beget a habit of ſlighting it in things of greater importance;—he farther informed me, that many of the polite forms of ordinary converſation, are only a more ſpecious kind of lies, and that they fetter the freedom and eaſineſs of friendly intercourſe, and ought therefor to be baniſhed out of a country, once juſtly celebrated for the plainneſs, and honeſt bluntneſs of its inhabitants, to thoſe politer regions which glory in wearing ſuch chains.

Simp I am much of your friend's opinion, and heartily agree with you, Madam, in thinking it wiſeſt, and moſt humane too, to err on the honeſt ſide, though the gay part of the world ſhould call it bluntneſs, or affectation: for I had rather be called a ſcrupulous ſimpleton, than a polite diſſembler. But after all, if we are too rigorous in our maxims, what, Madam, will become of thoſe decencies of life, that regulate the converſation and practice of the politeſt part of the world? Shall we not be reckoned aukward, antiquated creatures, and even ſomewhat unſociable, if we deſpiſe or tranſgreſs them? Shall we offer no ſacrifice to thoſe inferior graces

Cle. You muſt not expect, Sir, the ſatisfaction of your doubts from me. I ſhall only tell you a diſtinction, which my guardian has taught me to make, and which you may apply as you will. There

are certain decencies in every country, which take their riſe from ſomething peculiar in the genius, manners, or circumſtances of the reſpective people. Theſe, added he, are arbitrary, variable, and often different in one country from thoſe of another; becauſe they are derived from no general or unchangeable principle. But, continued he, there are other modes of ſpeaking and acting, which are founded on nature, at once becoming and expreſſive of its dignity in general, or ſuitable to the particular character, office, or circumſtances of the ſpeaker or actor. Theſe, ſaid he, conſtitute decencies, which have an innate charm, and are approved by us, antecedent to civil modes and inſtitutions, and which are invariable, while thoſe circumſtances continue. To condemn, or refuſe complying with the former, when they imply nothing contrary to the latter, were no leſs folly than ill-manners. Whereas, added he, to offend againſt the laſt, is, in ſome degree immortal, and betrays a mind either unconſcious of its own dignity, or little concerned to ſupport it.

Simp. I believe, Madam, there is a juſt foundation for your friend's diſtinction, and I ſhould think it an uſeful part of prudence, and of real importance in the conduct of life, to be able to diſtinguiſh thoſe decencies aright; becauſe it would prevent our falling into the ridicule of violent prepoſſeſſions for, and againſt trifles, and making too valuable ſacrifices to the tyranny of cuſtom.

Cle. Indeed, my tutor ſeems to have been of that opinion. For I have heard him frequently ſay, that it is an eſſential point in the education of women, to make them acquainted with thoſe decorums of a higher order, that are the growth of nature; ſuch, eſpecially, as belong to the female character and allo-

ments in life, and are grafted upon the innate honour, modeſty, ſoftneſs, and other virtues peculiar to the ſex. Therefor, he has been at great pains, to point out to me the proper rank and dignity of women, and the part they are deſtined to act, and to inſpire me with ſentiments every way ſuited to theſe. The leaſt deviation from them, he told me, was an inlet to diſorder, by removing the guards placed in our conſtitution, and throwing down the fences, which nature, for our protection, hath planted around us, in our very form, voice, air and manner. He ſaid, when theſe are once thrown down, ruin and infamy are ready to invade them.

Simp. To me, indeed, the ſex appear admirably formed by nature for thoſe amiable decorums both of converſation and behaviour, that are proper to engage the hearts of men, and unbend our moſt ſtubborn natures for the ſofter cares, as well as ſweets of private and domeſtic life. And, therefor, Madam, I am much of your guardian's opinion, that it muſt be of great conſequence in the education of women, to direct their notions of decency, as it reſpects their ſituation and conduct in life, rather than thoſe little modes, that differ in every country, and undergo frequent changes in the ſame; to point out to their ſprightly apprehenſions, thoſe objects, which merit their chief attention and regard; and to engage them in ſpheres of action, the moſt adapted to thoſe lovely talents, with which nature has furniſhed them.

DIALOGUE III.

SOPHRON, SIMPLICIUS.

Simp. I COME now, my friend, to put you in mind of the promiſe you made me, the other day, to give me ſome account of the gentlemen of our academy. I hope you are now at leiſure to gratify my curioſity.

Soph. I muſt frankly confeſs to you, Simplicius, my acquaintance in our ſociety is very narrow; for though I love to converſe ſometimes with moſt of my fellow-pupils, there are but a few with whom I have formed a particular friendſhip. But indeed, I have often conſidered our academy as the world in miniature, and thought I could diſcern in the genius and early purſuits of the ſtudents, no unlikely prognoſtics of their future character. Thus, methought, I could ſee the careleſs gentleman in the negligence and deſhabille of the ſcholar; or in the affected primneſs of another, the ſhrewd ſymptoms of a beau. From the ſpruceneſs and ſtudied conceits of one, I prognoſticated the quaint orator, and I imagined I perceived the zealous patriot growing out of the public ſpirit, the ardour and inflexible honeſty of another. The ſerious, anxious look and demeanour foretel the grave plodding citizen; the obſequious air, and ſmooth addreſs, give no uncertain preſages of the courtier. In fine, I have frequently diverted myſelf with tracing, in the mien and aſpect, ſtudies and amuſements of my fellow-ſtudents, the ſtateſman, the phyſician, the ſcholar,

the ſoldier—or their counterfeits, the ſham-politician, the quack, the pedant, the bully.

Simp. It muſt, doubtleſs, be an entertainment pleaſant enough, to obſerve nature in her firſt efforts, ſketching, if I may ſay ſo, the outlines of a man, and exhibiting in little, thoſe features of underſtanding and action, which ſhe afterwards enlarges to her full ſize and juſt dimenſions. I cannot think it would be a bad piece of moral hiſtory, to trace the natural ſeeds of a man's genius and temper, from their earlieſt origin, through their gradual progreſs and ſucceſſive revolutions, to their maturity and perfection.

Soph. I do not queſtion, but it would be a very uſeful part of moral knowlege; but it would be no eaſy matter to compile ſuch a hiſtory. Few would be at pains to attend to the ſlow progreſs of nature in others, and were any to attempt it with regard to themſelves, they muſt begin to watch her, when they are but ill qualified for the taſk; and though they were better than we can well ſuppoſe them, it would be very difficult to place themſelves at ſuch a diſtance, as to ſurvey ſo intereſting an object with candour and impartiality.

Simp. Yet I have known ſome analize the principles of their character with great accuracy, and trace back their preſent temper and manners to ſome of their original ſeeds, and to the moſt material of thoſe circumſtances in their education and manner of life, which had conſpired to form them. An experiment of this kind cannot fail to be of private benefit at leaſt, ſince it muſt conduce to a better acquaintance with one's ſelf, and with thoſe cauſes, which had a good or bad influence on one's charac-

ter. But pray, Sir, go on with the account you was entered upon.

Soph. Before I inform you of the character of my particular friends, (and I do not pretend to make you acquainted with any others,) I would take notice to you, that, when I came into the country, though I was fully reſolved to employ my time chiefly in ſtudy, I did not apprehend, that the converſation of young enquirers like myſelf, would be any hindrance to this deſign. I was rather of opinion, that I ſhould be able to gratify my thirſt of knowlege more effectually, if I could procure a few ingenious companions, with whom I might communicate my ſentiments, and debate freely on ſubjects of learning and ingenuity.

Simp. I am much of your opinion, and ſhall be very ready to follow your example, in ſeeking out proper companions of my ſtudies. For I know not how it happens, the mind is more ſprightly and active in company, than alone, the images croud in faſter, and humour flows in a freer vein. I doubt not but you have often obſerved this.

Soph. I confeſs, I have, but cannot ſo eaſily gueſs at the reaſon. Whether it is, that the aſpect of humanity awakens and enlivens our faculties, or that the ſocial paſſions we exert in company are, by ſome ſecret connection, a powerful ſpur to ſet the imagination to work; or whether emulation, and a ſenſe of honour, and love of praiſe call not forth, and brighten our ſentiments: Whatever be the cauſe, certain it is, that amidſt the concuſſions of friendly debate, ſurpriſing light is ſometimes ſtruck out. In company, a ſubject has the beſt chance to be canvaſſed on every ſide; it is a great hazard but truth darts from the diverſity of ſentiments, and though

it ſhould not, the views of each muſt be enlarged by having the diſcoveries of all imparted to them. This made me reſolve to look out for a few ſelect friends to be my fellow-travellers in the paths of ſcience. While I was buſy in this ſearch, and was enquiring with care, into the characters of my fellow-pupils, my good genius directed me to a little knot of them, every way ſuited to anſwer the end of my enquiry.

Simp. I congratulate you on your good fortune. I think I have heard you mention their names, but I want to know their characters.

Soph. You ſhall both know their characters, and be made acquainted with them; and, I hope too, be admitted a member of their club.

The firſt I ſhall mention, is Eugenio, a young gentleman of diſtinction, and heir to a conſiderable eſtate, naturally gay and ſprightly, of a genteel addreſs, and amiable aſpect. His independent fortune has, you may believe, added to his ſpirit; but having been always in the beſt company, his vivacity is not petulant or over-bearing, but is generally tempered with good manners, and an obliging carriage. He has ſtrong natural parts: his genius inclines him chiefly to the politer ſtudies, and though he is not altogether unacquainted with the principles of the ſciences, yet, what knowlege he has, is drawn moſtly from obſervations on life, and the reſult rather of natural, than improved parts; I mean, improved by reading. He is a great admirer of the fair ſex, and loves much to make a handſome appearance in a circle of ladies. Nicely ſenſible of honour, and fond of applauſe, he ſtudies to mould himſelf ſo thoroughly into the ſentiments of his company, and accommodates himſelf with ſuch an eaſy condeſcenſion to their humour, that he is apt to ſtep aſide from his real

character, and to profeſs ſentiments which he has not.

Simp. The character, Sophron, you draw of your friend, is, I think, in the main, very amiable; and the ſhade you have obſerved in it, is very apt to ſtick to thoſe who have been much in the world. Has he ever travelled?

Soph. Not much. He has been abroad, but he was in France moſt of the time. We are apt to allege, he has contracted ſome kind of favour for French manners, and improved his taſte for gallantry in that polite ſchool. But after all, I take him to be a true Engliſhman at bottom.

Simp. Who are the other gentlemen of your acquaintance?

Soph. Conſtant, another of my companions, is pretty much his reverſe, being a rigid admirer of truth, and a profeſſed enemy to all manner of deceit and diſſimulation, under what name or ſhape ſoever it may appear. He loves exceedingly the character of a plain dealer, and never dreads ſpeaking his ſentiments roundly, and without diſguiſe, let who will take it amiſs. He has a great daſh of the humouriſt in him. Eugenio's good-nature he calls a *vitious complaiſance*, and when it falls in his way, never fails to laſh him ſoundly for it. Eugenio calls his plain-dealing *ſurlineſs* and *ill-manners*, and ſays, he covers a ſourneſs of temper with the ſpecious name of freedom of ſpeech. Conſtant is a violent Republican in his principles, and a ſworn foe to all tyranny, whether in church or ſtate. So thoroughly has he imbibed the notions of Harrington and Sidney, that you would take him for another

Cato. He often repeats theſe lines of Sidney, with a particular pleaſure;

———Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
Enſe petit placidam, ſub Libertate, *quietem.*

Liberty is his motto, and idol. Hence he goes frequently under the name of the Patriot. For he uſes great freedom ſometimes with the people in power, and declaims loudly againſt the growth of corruption, and a general ſervility, both in principles and manners. Eugenio, on the other hand, is of a more courtly turn, and whether it ariſes from that complaiſance and eaſineſs of temper, which is natural to him, or from his connexions with ſome of the great, to whom he is related, and his having heard moſtly what is ſaid on one ſide; I ſay, whatever be the cauſe, he generally takes the defenſive ſide, and ſays, that things are greatly exaggerated by a ſpirit of party and oppoſition. For this reaſon, however, among others, we are wont to call him, the Courtier.

Simp. I doubt not but this diverſity of taſte and ſentiments muſt open a fine vein of humour in your converſation with them. For I ſuppoſe they will generally take oppoſite ſides in any queſtion.

Soph. It happens as you obſerve; they ſeldom agree in any debate, and they differ too in their manner of ſpeaking. For Eugenio talks more like a man of the world, in a courtlier and more florid ſtrain. Whereas, Conſtant ſpeaks more like a ſcholar, is rather laconic and pithy in his ſtile, eſpecially when he delivers oracles of Patriotiſm; though ſometimes he affects the more pompous phraſe of Eugenio, the better to expoſe it. Conſtant, in ſhort, is of an even ſteady temper, has an acute underſtand

ing, and ready, though dry elocution: is deeply verſed in mathematical, and has, at the ſame time, a ſtrong turn for moral and political knowlege. He can diſtinguiſh nicely, and explain a knotty point with great judgment and perſpicuity. It is but ſeldom he appears in company, eſpecially of the gayer kind; for he cannot bear what he calls the froth and levity of it. I have ſeen him ſometimes eat up with the ſpleen, upon leaving a circle of females, into which he happened to ſtumble, and have been much diverted with his ſtrange faces. I ſhall conclude his character, by telling you, that in order to conceive a juſt idea of Conſtant, you muſt figure to yourſelf a ſevere, recluſe ſcholar, rather than a man of the world; ſomewhat rude and unpoliſhed in his manners, of a dogmatic turn, and who is fonder of converſing with his books, than with the ladies.

Simp. I like your friend much. Methinks he makes no unamiable figure, with all his roughneſs and plain-dealing about him; is an admirable contraſt to Eugenio; and when placed together in company, they cannot fail to enliven and ſet off each other.

Soph. Very agreeably, I aſſure you ſometimes, to the no ſmall mirth and entertainment of the company.

Hiero is another member of our little club, a youth of a ſerious and devout turn; very apt to draw us into a grave converſation, and who will improve the ſlighteſt occaſion to hint ſome religious ſentiment. He obſerves ſuch temperance, or rather ſeverity in his regimen, that he might paſs for an Aſcetic of the ſtricteſt order. I never ſaw a man ſo raiſed above the world, ſo little concerned in thoſe petty

intereſts and parties that agitate mortals, one ſo little governed by the common maxims of faſhion. This has procured him the reputation of that impartiality and diſintereſtedneſs, that the whole academy do commonly appeal to him, as their umpire, in all controverſies and debates whatſoever. His aſpect is generally grave, but it is mixed with a chearful compoſure, that renders the ſerenity of his mind viſible. He has a large ſtock of various knowlege, but ſays, he has derived it chiefly from the ſacred ſcriptures, which he ſtudies much in the originals. He has looked little into creeds or confeſſions of faith, uſes to call the bible his creed, and minds but little the diſtinctions that prevail among chriſtians. He profeſſes a veneration for the fathers of the primitive church, as to cuſtoms and diſcipline, but lays no ſtreſs on their bare authority, in matters of faith. He is afraid of dipping into theological ſyſtems, leſt they ſhould lay a falſe bias on his judgment, and fill him with the ſhadows of ſcience, rather than the ſubſtance of it. Nor does he willingly ſtudy any of the prevailing controverſies in divinity, leſt they ſhould give him a controverſial diſputatious caſt, or ſour his ſpirit againſt thoſe who think differently from him. For he ſets too high a value on the tranquillity of his mind, and ſweetneſs of his temper, to riſque the ſpoiling of either, by his ſkill in polemical divinity. He deals only in commentators of the ſtrictly critical and hiſtorical kind, is careful in comparing the different verſions and various readings, and above all, uſes hiſtory as the grand help to explain and illuſtrate the ſcriptures. He reads much, or rather ſtudies to imbibe the very ſpirit of the divineſt moraliſts, ancient and modern; ſo that you would think the ſoul of a Plato, or Antoninus,

were transfuſed into him; and, for the unconfined benevolence of his temper, you would take him for a citizen of the world, no leſs than a member of a particular community or country. I muſt not omit another ſtroke in his character, that, as he glories in being a chriſtian, he is a ſtrict follower of his maſter and Saviour, loves to inculcate his religion, as beneficent and ſalutary to mankind, and breathes the ſpirit of a primitive diſciple. He conſiders this life as connected with, and introductory to another, and thinks our aims and actions ought always to be referred to that future and immortal exiſtence. Such a reference, he ſays, muſt give an elevation and generoſity to our views, that will lift us above ſordid intereſt and ambition, and render our whole conduct both humane and heavenly. You may eaſily believe, that from this character, and turn of ſtudies, Hiero obtains among us, the title of the Divine.

Simp. I love the man exceedingly, and think he deſerves that title, in a very ſuperior and diſtinguiſhed ſenſe; but I much doubt, whether, with ſuch a character and talents, and ſuch a ſingular application of them, he is in a hopeful way of being preferred. One ſo little attentive to the intereſts and cabals ſet on foot here below, muſt not expect to riſe into great power, or make a fortune. Beſides, I am afraid he is too honeſt to be a tool, and has not zeal enough to be a party man

Soph. I find, Simplicius, you are diſpoſed to be merry on preferment. But be that as it will, Hiero ſeems to have higher views than any preferment, whether civil or eccleſiaſtical, and is of a temper, that, I dare ſay, will never allow him to ſacrifice

the intereſts of truth or virtue, to any conſideration whatſoever. I had not been long acquainted with theſe young gentlemen, when we conceived the deſign of forming ourſelves into a club, and having regular times of meeting, for the ſake of converſation. Whether our liberty, or climate, be the reaſon, I cannot tell; but I found the obſervation true, that we are, of all nations, the moſt forward to run into clubs, parties and ſocieties, which, by the by, is no ill proof of the ſociable turn of our temper, whatever foreigners may ſay of our ſullenneſs and reſerve. This humour runs through the whole nation, and diffuſes itſelf among all characters of men. We have clubs for trade, muſical clubs, clubs for mathematical and philoſophical reſearches, clubs for improvement in the fine arts, clubs for pure diverſion and merriment. I have heard of religious clubs likewiſe, where honeſt citizens, over their pot of ale, and ſmoaking their pipe, canvaſs the ſublimeſt myſteries of our holy religion, diſpute the knottieſt points in controverſy among chriſtians, and combat even Jews and free-thinkers with all ſorts of weapons. We ſettle offices, elect members, and, in ſhort, the buſineſs of our metropolis is carried on in the club-way.

Simp. The obſervation is certainly juſt, and ſufficiently notorious; nor can I help thinking, that it is no unhopeful way of going to work, if this maxim be true, that mens wit united, is better than when apart, and that the joint endeavours of two or three, laying their heads together, will do more to the contrivance and execution of any ſcheme, than double that number, when divided. There is a certain ſpirit of emulation, a ſocial heat of invention, that pervades all theſe little confederacies of

men, which ſharpens their wits more, and ripens their projects ſooner, than is to be found any where elſe. But, pray, Sophron, does not your club conſiſt of too ſmall a number to anſwer your deſign?

Soph. We thought it large enough to ſet out with at firſt, and within the bounds of the ancient maxim, which forbids a company to exceed the number of the muſes, or to fall ſhort of that of the graces. Beſides, we did not confine ourſelves to that number, but left ourſelves at liberty to receive any future candidate that ſhould be agreeable to the ſociety.

Simp. Do you never admit any occaſional viſitant?

Soph. Sometimes, though rarely—but we are cautious of encreaſing our number. Only, when Philander, the gentleman I formerly mentioned to you, deigns to favour us with his company, he is always welcomed with pleaſure and gratitude. We call him the Preſident extraordinary.

Simp. He muſt undoubtedly be a very agreeable addition to your number. Have you any rules for the regulation of your ſociety?

Soph. In imitation of the laudable practice of other clubs, we likewiſe did, with the aſſiſtance and advice of Philander, lay down a few laws for the better regulation of our's, ſuch as we judged would be moſt conducive to our mutual improvement, and to the maintaining a proper order and decency in our converſations.

Simp. I ſhall be glad to hear what they are.

Soph. They are very ſimple, and few. To prevent reflections, and avoid occaſion of offence, we propoſed to meet by turns in one another's chambers, rather than in a public tavern.

The firſt law is, That it ſhall be lawful for any member of the club, to ſtart what ſubject of diſcourſe he pleaſes; but if the majority do not approve of it, it ſhall be immediately dropt.

The ſecond law is, That any member may talk on either ſide of the queſtion, and deliver his ſentiments with perfect freedom, without ſuſpicion or fear of controul.

The third law. No perſon ſhall interrupt another, while he is ſpeaking, without leave aſked, and given by the ſpeaker: and, in caſe of ſuch offence, ſhall be rebuked by the preſident.

The fourth law. No perſon ſhall be importuned to drink more, or oftener, than he likes.

The fifth law. No occaſional viſitant, or new member, ſhall be admitted, without the general conſent.

The ſixth law. A chairman ſhall be elected, who ſhall not preſide above a week: and each member ſhall afterwards take his turn in the chair. Philander ſhall always preſide, when preſent. The preſident's office ſhall be to adjuſt all points relating to form.

The ſeventh law. All points of form are to yield to the conveniency of the members.

The eighth law. No new laws ſhall be enacted, without the conſent of the whole club; but little differences may be determined by the majority.

The ninth law. Eleven o'clock at night ſhall be the ordinary hour of parting; and in extraordinary caſes, the time of ſitting ſhall not exceed twelve. Theſe are all, or the moſt material of our laws, as far as I remember. No ſtated times of meeting are fixed, but are left to be ſettled by circumſtances of conveniency, and the humour of the company.

Simp. Perhaps they are matters of form; but ſome forms may be neceſſary, even in the converſation of friends, were it for nothing elſe, but to prevent diſputes, and make things proceed with more order. Sometimes the ardour of converſation, and contention of ſpirits runs high among us; but our mutual friendſhip and eſteem preſerves a perfect equality, ſo that none offers to dictate to the reſt. Such is the free turn of our ſociety, that any one may propoſe what paradox he pleaſes, provided he do it with decency, and defend it with coolneſs and modeſty. And any one may contradict the cleareſt maxim, provided he neither make perſonal attacks, nor pretend to take too much upon him.

Simp. Well, Sophron, I really think the converſation of a ſet of ingenious men, truly well-bred, and who have a ſincere eſteem for each other, is one of the greateſt enjoyments in life. Among ſuch, the diſcourſe muſt be managed with life and ſpirit, while they are animated by each other's preſence, and feel the joint influence of mutual aſpect, voice, geſture, and every friendly emotion. They will ſpeak their ſentiments roundly, and not diſpute. If they differ with the others, they will propoſe their reaſons with candour, and rather yield, than puſh an argument with ſtiffneſs. They will not take advantage of an adverſary's weakneſs, and much leſs triumph over him becauſe they have got the aſcendant of him in argument. In ſhort, the converſation of ſuch men will be natural and eaſy, ariſing from the ſubject itſelf, and not forcing its way, but flowing in that ſmooth channel, which the circumſtances or humour of the company cut out for it.

Soph. I would not have you imagine, my friend, that we are juſt ſuch a ſet of men as you have been

deſcribing. We are not thoſe wiſe, conſiderate perſons you ſeem to ſuppoſe. We have not gained ſuch experience of the world, as to throw out oracles of wiſdom at every opening of the mouth. We do not diſcourſe of trade, or public affairs, nor meddle with ſtate or love-intrigues, nor do we preſume to ſettle the intereſts of the nation, and adjuſt the balance of Europe, nor to handle any of thoſe topics that intereſt the buſy part of mankind. Much leſs do the revolutions of the mode, or any of thoſe ſubjects, that amuſe the idle and gay part of the world, fall within the compaſs of our diſcourſe. We are not ſufficiently acquainted with the characters and artifices of mankind, to qualify us for being correctors of life or manners. We only amuſe ourſelves with talking on ſuch ſubjects, as occur to us in our daily ſtudies, or remarking on thoſe books and characters that fall within the reach of our narrow obſervation. But though we do not canvaſs the high affairs of ſtate, the intereſts of parties, the balance of trade or of power, we deal in queſtions which we think import us more to know; namely, " How men are formed? by what methods " their intereſts are beſt ſecured? how theſe are im- " paired? how the balance of our paſſions and af- " fections may be kept? how the diſorders of this " domeſtic government are to be rectified? and by " what means the conduct may be formed to de- " cency and virtue?

Simp. Theſe are queſtions, *Sophron*, of the utmoſt importance, and which muſt afford ample matter for the moſt rational and entertaining diſcourſe.

Soph. But I would have you always remember, that we converſe not like men of the world, but like ſcholars, with a formal kind of air and manner.

You muſt conſider us too as young men, who love to diſplay their talents, and who, when they have got a glance of any bright conceit, flouriſh upon it, and delight in ſhewing it on all ſides. Beſides, you muſt allow ſomewhat of a diſputing humour, and ſpirit of contradiction, to academics, who, like young wreſtlers, juſt inſtructed in the principles of the gymnaſtic art, long to try their ſkill, and meaſure the length of their arms, and ſolidity of their fiſts, with their antagoniſts; and when they are once fairly engaged, lay about them with all their might. If a fellow-combatant give us any advantage, we ſeize it immediately, and uſe all our dexterity to foil him. And though once down, we are not diſcouraged, but often renew the conflict with equal ardour, till, having ſpent all our ſtrength, the doughtieſt champions among us ſit down breathleſs, and are compelled to aſk and give mutual quarter. Yet, after all, we are neither aſhamed of a defeat, nor very proud of a victory. We contend for truth, and on whatever ſide ſhe is found, readily embrace her; being more ſolicitous about ſharing the prize in common, than having the honour of firſt diſcovering her.—Do not therefor, my friend, by dreſſing us out in a mock-excellence, rob us of what really belongs to us. Perhaps you will find us ſometimes reaſon, but like young ſpeakers, as often declaim, and, it may be, expatiate longer on an argument than is conſiſtent with the rules of ordinary converſation.

Simp. Were you to do otherwiſe, you would, perhaps, act out of character. Great allowance muſt be made to a ſociety inſtituted on ſuch a plan as yours, who meet for improvement in the literary

way, and debate on both ſides of a queſtion, the better to find out the truth.

Soph. That indeed, Simplicius, is the principal merit we pretend to, the maintaining the character of honeſt enquirers, who doubt till they ſee ground to be convinced; and even then, interrogate or believe, rather than dogmatize. In a word, we reaſon for our own improvement, not to teach others; and laugh, without meaning the leaſt harm to any perſon, frequently by raiſing the laugh firſt againſt ourſelves.

Simp. Methinks it is no ſmall degree of merit you pretend to; and if, in good earneſt, you ſupport thoſe pretenſions by your fairneſs and impartiality, you are entitled to no ſmall regard from all who conſider how difficult it is to lay aſide prejudices, and welcome truth wherever they find it, how oppoſite however to their former prepoſſeſſions, or future intereſts.

Soph. You will judge beſt how well our pretenſions are ſupported, when you come to be acquainted with us, and our manner of converſing.

Simp. But, pray, Sophron, does your ſociety talk off hand, as we ſay, upon whatever ſubject happens to be ſtarted by any of the company? Or do you come prepared, as having had ſome previous gueſs or notice of what is to be propoſed as matter of debate?

Soph. Sometimes, before our more ſolemn debates, we have ſuch previous advertiſement, and frequently mention, at one meeting, what we are to be upon the next. And then we take care to lay in and digeſt ſome materials, that we may be the readier to ſpeak on the ſubject. Or perhaps, in the interval of meeting, one gives notice to the reſt,

that he intends to ſtart ſuch a queſtion at the firſt meeting. But as frequently we have no ſuch warning given us, but talk of whatever happens to be firſt ſuggeſted, and either give our opinion or not, as we pleaſe, and in as looſe and deſultory a manner as we pleaſe, or elſe, enter more deeply into the ſubject, reaſon in form, and liſt ourſelves on the affirmative or negative ſide of the queſtion, according to our preſent humour.

Simp. Are there any other clubs in the academy?

Soph. The whole academy is ſplit into different kinds of them. One is called the Poetical club; another, the Mathematical; a third, the club of politicians; a fourth, the Virtuoſo club; and ſeveral more, who are denominated from thoſe arts and ſciences, about which they chiefly converſe, Our's commonly paſſes for the Philoſophical club.

Simp. Does Euphranor ever ſuper intend or direct any of the clubs?

Soph. No, Simplicius, he never meddles with any of them, nor interferes with any of their regulations, leſt he ſhould damp the freedom of genius and unlimited ſpirit of enquiry, which he wiſhes to prevail there. You may perhaps remember how much eaſe and freedom of converſation reigned in that club, which was afterwards formed into the French academy, when they met privately, and had none to direct or controul their philoſophical debates; but how they were afterwards manacled in their attempts, and into what a ſpirit of adulation and ſervility they ſunk, when the political Cardinal deigned to honour them with his protection, and modelled them into an academy. Euphranor therefor leaves

us at perfect liberty to aſſociate and converſe upon any bottom we pleaſe. He encourages no ſpies or informers to give him notice of what paſſes there; he preſcribes no bounds to our reſearches, and combats any new opinions, that are broached, with no other weapons, but thoſe of argument and reaſon. Accordingly, every club is a picture of the academy in miniature. The ſame largeneſs of enquiry, the ſame doubting humour, and freedom of debate, prevail in the one as in the other.

Simp. I think, Euphranor diſcovers a true vein of ſenſe and diſcretion in this conduct, as well as in his other inſtitutions. For where converſation is under any foreign awe or check, it can never exert itſelf with vigour, nor produce any thing original or maſterly. I confeſs, Sophron, you have raiſed in me a wonderful curioſity to be a witneſs to ſome of your free converſations; I ſhall therefor take it as a very great favour, if you will introduce me now and then, as an occaſional viſitant, to your ſociety.

Soph. I hope, my good friend, I ſhall be able to obtain your admiſſion, as a member of our ſociety, and therefor intend, at our firſt meeting, to propoſe you as a candidate.

Simp. Your friendſhip, Sophron, always prevents my wiſhes. I begin already to anticipate my felicity.

DIALOGUE IV.

AS Sophron and I were walking out the other morning, to take a little air, we wandered along the meadow that lies on the ſouth ſide of the town, near the windings of the river, under the ſhade of ſome venerable oaks, which form a very agreeable walk. I had been thanking him for the honour he and the other gentleman had done me, of admitting me a member of their ſociety; and was obſerving, that when I firſt entered it, I was not without apprehenſions leſt a ſet of young gentlemen, whom I repreſented to my ſelf as ſo many philoſophers, ſhould aſſume too ſevere a mien, or talk on too obſtruſe ſubjects for ordinary life and plain ſenſe; and ſhould diſpute in a metaphyſical ſtrain.—And how agreeably I was diſappointed, when I found that there is ſcarce a ſociety of a freer and more unaffected caſt, or who enter into things with ſuch plainneſs and ſimplicity, and frequenty with ſo much humour and pleaſantry. You do not ſeem, added I, to talk from oſtentation, or a ſpirit of contradiction, but only to receive mutual information.

I am glad, replied Sophron, that you find us a more facetious and converſable ſort of people than you apprehended. Indeed, we generaly differ from each other, and often debate, perhaps too metaphyſically; but it is not merely for the ſake of debating, but only to canvaſs a ſubject more fully, and view it in all lights. It is expected, indeed, but we do not require it by any law, that every one ſhould deliver his ſentiments on the ſubject of debate, much

leſs do we think ourſelves obliged to come to a deciſion. For frequently, we leave the queſtion open and undetermined as we found it, allowing every one to determine for himſelf, as he ſees reaſon. We have no ſuperiour judge, to whoſe authority we appeal; though we pay a great deference to Philander's opinion, yet not becauſe it is his, but becauſe it is generally well ſupported. We doubt till we are in a condition to judge; and never talk of yielding, but to the appearance of ſuperiour evidence.

After we had, for ſome time, walked up and down the meadow, we turned round the incloſure, which was on the outſide of the trees, and there, to be in the ſhade, we threw ourſelves down on the graſs. We had not ſat long there, before we were alarmed by a confuſed murmur of voices at ſome diſtance, which, as they approached nearer us, we could hear more diſtinctly. Sophron, having liſtened to them with ſome attention, ſaid, it was the gay Eugenio, engaged in cloſs debate with Amelia, one of the greateſt beauties and coquets of N****. At length, they came and ſat down on a bench, which was on the other ſide the incloſure. Their nearneſs to us tempted us to ſit ſtill and liſten, with an impertinent curioſity to the ſprightly pair.

Well, Sir, ſaid Amelia, you ſhall never convince me, that it is poſſible for any of you gay young ſparks to feel a real paſſion, or to be conſtant in it, if you ſhould.

What! replied Eugenio, you think, I ſuppoſe, Madam, that the philoſophy we learn at ſchools, fortifies us againſt the charms of the fair ſex, and makes us proof againſt the ſoft deceiver, *love*.

I neither know nor care, returned Amelia, what feats your philoſophy performs, nor what armour

ſhe forges for your uſe—but I verily believe, your hearts are ſteeled with a natural inſenſibility, which renders them impenetrable to the influence of the faireſt maid.

I am ſure, ſaid Eugenio, we had need of all the inſenſibility we can receive from nature, or art, to enable us to combat, upon any tolerable terms, with our fair enemies, and to ward off even the random arrows they often let fly at us.

Women, replied Amelia, are ſuch feeble inoffenſive creatures, that ſurely you philoſophers of all others, have the leaſt reaſon to apprehend any danger from our quarter, or to be at ſuch pains to provide defenſive arms againſt creatures, who are themſelves defenceleſs.

Need I then, Madam, anſwered Eugenio, inform you where your ſtrength lies, or tell you that, like the Porcupine, you are covered all over with offenſive darts, and are then moſt formidable and deſtructive, when you leaſt hide yourſelves? Nature has provided other creatures with various weapons for ſelf-defence, ſuited to their frame and ſtate. Your beauty is not only your defence and ſecurity, but the moſt dangerous weapon that was ever formed againſt the human race. Man, who has tamed every other animal, has never been able to reſiſt the united force of female charms.

Perhaps, ſaid Amelia, the whining part of your ſex have been ſilly enough to languiſh at the feet of a proud ſtubborn beauty, and to acknowlege, with humble airs, that they were ſubdued by her reſiſtleſs arms. But what! are you maſters of reaſon, you heroes of reſolution and bravery, unable to cope with a weak ſilly woman, armed with all thoſe de-

ſtructive weapons you pretend ſhe has about her? As ſoon ſhould I believe that a conqueror ſhould exchange his triumphant crown, for the chains of the ſlaves who follow his chariot, as that you would reſign your liberty to the fineſt woman that ever marched forth to conquer.—I cannot believe it, no not I, ſay what you will.

You may believe it or not, as you pleaſe, replied Eugenio, but no philoſophy that I ever heard of has been ſufficient to philoſophize men into ſtocks or ſtones. Princes, heroes, the greateſt captains and graveſt philoſophers, have been diſarmed, by your ſex, of all their inſenſibility and courage. They have ſunk, irretrieveably *ſunk into the ſoft captivity;* and by doing ſo, have deſcended to the rate of ordinary mortals. How unjuſtly then do you complain of nature, that ſhe has left you weak and defenceleſs! She has been palpably partial in your favour; and, by the ſuperiority ſhe has given you over man, hath ſet you at the head of the creation.

We could perceive through the quick-ſet, by the ſide-view we had, that Amelia liſtened with no ſmall pleaſure to Eugenio; but, affecting an air of coldneſs and diſdain, ſhe made anſwer, I warrant, Eugenio, for all your fine ſpeeches, you would laugh heartily at the ſimplicity of that girl, who ſhould fall into the nooſe, and, believing you ſincere, ſhould imagine herſelf poſſeſt of all thoſe fatal weapons, killing darts, and what not, which you talk of. I am reſolved, however, you ſhall not impoſe upon me; I know your ſeducing arts, and am armed againſt your eloquence, by the infidelity of your ſex, and the indifference of my own.

Upon this, ſhe rapt her fan, and turned aſide with a kind of ſcornful ſmile.

Dear Madam! returned Eugenio, I wiſh any thing I could ſay or do, could ſecure me againſt that captivating charm, which dwells in the looks of a fine woman, and ſpeaks ſo movingly in every air and geſture. My heart is neither rock nor adamant; I feel it made of pure fleſh, fleſh of the tendereſt kind. And when the blind miſchievous boy draws his ſhafts from Amelia's quiver, and aims them here (pointing to his breaſt) books cannot ſhield me, philoſophy's a dream, and whether I run into ſolitude or ſociety, the dart accompanies me, ſticking faſt in my heart.

Phoo! replied Amelia, ſtill with an air of indifference, which did not, however, quite hide the pleaſure that ſparkled in her eyes; now you talk quite out of character: ſcholars, the profeſt lovers of learning, ſhould never affect the modiſh rant of beaus and pretty fellows. Beſides, who need mind this common-place ſtuff you ſcatter profuſely, and without diſtinction, to every handſome girl that comes in your way?

O Madam! returned Eugenio, it is not every handſome girl that would extort ſuch confeſſions from me; but when a man feel a real paſſion, he muſt talk in a ſtrain that may reſemble, perhaps, but which will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed by a judge in thoſe matters, from the ordinary, inſipid compliments of unfeeling prattlers. Love dictates——

Meer ſtuff! Eugenio, ſaid Amelia, interrupting him; you ought to talk of no other love, but that of knowlege; nor of other beauties, but thoſe refined ones I have heard of, truth and virtue——Leave vain compliment, and all the common cant of love and darts and wounds, to boys and girls that juſt begin to read romances. Get you home to your

book, know yourſelf, and what is expected of your character. Are you not aſhamed to owe your inſtruction to a woman? Saying ſo, ſhe tapped him on the ſhoulder with her fan, and ſtarted up with a graceful kind of diſorder, and a certain air of triumph, while Eugenio looked ſomewhat diſconcerted, little expecting ſo grave a lecture from ſuch a gay lady.

We were not a little diverted, to ſee Amelia thus diſſembling with Eugenio. As there was to be a meeting of the club in the evening, Sophron ſaid, he intended to rally him upon his morning adventure, and make a little merry at his friend's expence.

I ſaid, I thought that might be an affair of ſome delicacy, and poſſibly, before company, might put Eugenio too much to the bluſh. However, you, Sir, added I, are the beſt judge what freedoms you may uſe with him.

Sophron anſwered, that Eugenio was not eaſily put out of countenance on ſuch ſubjects, and that ſuch freedoms were no unuſual thing among them.

Accordingly, in the evening, when Eugenio appeared at the club in a gayer dreſs, and with a ſprightlier air than uſual; after a little indifferent converſation, Sophron ſaid, So, Eugenio, I will lay a wager you have been ſipping tea with ſome nymph or other, and have been ſhewing away with your uſual gaiety; you ſeem to tread ſo light, and wear that ſprightly air and humour, with which the preſence of the ladies is apt to inſpire our ſex; thoſe eſpecially, who are their profeſt admirers. Now will I engage to hit off ſome of the topics, on which you have been diſplaying your eloquence.

That, replied he, I fairly defy you to do. You imagine, I ſuppoſe, that, like ſome ſilly fellow of

the town, I have been canting on love, and exhauſting the thread-bare common-places of modern gallantry.

I do not pretend to judge, ſaid Sophron, what are other people's common-places, but I think I can ſhrewdly gueſs at yours. Confeſs ingenuouſly, have you not been haranguing ſome fair lady on the charms of beauty, its mighty energy?—how weak and ill-provided men are againſt the wondrous eloquence of a fair face, a winning air, and eaſy ſhape;

Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs?

Have you not completely armed the ladies againſt us, ſurrounded them with darts, inſtruments of conqueſt, and all the weapons of deſtruction? Nay, my friend, if you ſtill deſerve that name, have you not ſupplanted man, robbed him of his confeſt ſuperiority over the creation, and graced woman with the ſpoils? As for philoſophy and reaſon, thoſe privileges of our manhood, theſe, I ſuppoſe, have been given up as empty names, inſufficient to defend us againſt ſoft glances and ſeducing ſmiles. Be ingenuous; have you not, within theſe two hours, confeſſed love, and made an offer of a bleeding heart?

Eugenio, for all his aſſurance, was in ſome meaſure diſconcerted by ſo unexpected an attack. He could not help remembering the large encomiums he had made ſo lately on beauty and female power, nor durſt he flatly deny the rapturous ſtrains into which the ſprightly Amelia had ſo artfully led him.——Putting, however, the beſt face he could on the matter, he replied; I wonder, Sophron, how you come to ſuſpect me of ſuch high degrees of complaiſance to the fair, as, by a new kind of treachery, to ſurrender the intereſts of philoſophy, our beſt friend and guardian, into the hands of our declared

enemies? Whatever my attachment may be to the other ſex, charity begins at home, and ſelf-love is the ſupreme paſſion, which reaſon directs us to gratify in the firſt place.

Talk not, my friend, returned Sophron ſmiling, of reaſon, in affairs where love and the fair ſex are concerned. By virtue of the ancient prerogatives of this elegant paſſion, reaſon is excluded: the paſſion is, like the power which ſovereign princes aſſume, to be accountable to none; and all ranks, from the hero down to the peaſant, ſtoop to its degrees without reſiſtance. Beſides, Eugenio, your heart is none of the adamantine kind—it is all ſoft and penetrable,—the very butt of Cupid, and ſtuck thick with his darts.——Neither books, nor philoſophy are any defence or refuge to you.

Well, I confeſs frankly, ſaid Eugenio, I have been fool enough to talk ſometimes at this romantic rate; but pray indulge me, my good friend; am I betrayed by the cunning, the inſinuating ****; has ſhe expoſed my folly, and laughed at all my fondneſs?

No indeed, Sir, replied Sophron, but by yourſelf. Aſk me no more queſtions, only take a friend's advice; govern yourſelf with more diſcretion and ſecrecy for the future——take care who overhears your ſublime rants, and know well the character of thoſe on whom you laviſh your tenderneſs and complaiſance.

The company were not a little diverted with this pleaſant dialogue, and could ſcarce forbear laughing at the confuſion and ſimplicity which appeared in Eugenio's looks. He had, however, the preſence of mind to thank Sophron for his kind advice; and added, with ſome indignation, I muſt take care, I

find, how I ever truſt coquets and conceited girls with even unmeaning declarations of a paſſion, who may either fooliſhly miſtake our aim, or ſlily draw us only to laugh at us.

Do not blame, replied Sophron, your fair companion, but remember where the ſcene of your gallantry lay, and thank your ſtars that you fell into the hands of friends, who, without expoſing, can make merry with your gallant excurſions.

Hereupon Hiero aſked, how it comes about that flattery and falſhood are ſo faſhionable and prevailing between the ſexes? That honeſty is generally reckoned ruſticity, and truth is frequently accounted rudeneſs and ill manners? That he is generally eſteemed the man of the moſt accompliſhed character, who can act beſt the part of a polite hypocrite, who can diſguiſe his real ſentiments moſt artfully, and expreſs with moſt appearance of ſincerity thoſe he has not?

Conſtant ſaid bluntly, that it was owing either to the folly or knavery of the men. For ſome are caught with mere ſhow, and imagine that a fine complexion, or a handſome ſet of features, include every virtue and perfection. But to ſpeak plainly, gentlemen, I would rather aſcribe it to the artifice of thoſe who love to flatter women with ſoothing ſpeeches, and pompous titles, and entertain them with the frothy ſtuff of flames, daggers, poiſon, and the reſt of that inſipid cant, that, by thus applying to their weakneſs, they may the more effectually accompliſh their own wicked deſigns. I pity the women that fall into the hands of ſuch artful knaves. But I do not know, whether the women are quite blameleſs in the affair. Some of them, I am afraid too many, may imagine that their ſuperi-

ority conſiſt in their outſide, and therefor eaſily ſwallow any ridiculous tale, which flatters their chief excellence. For that flattery takes always the ſureſt aim, and pierceſt deepeſt, which points at the quality we moſt value ourſelves upon. Thus the cunning of the men, and credulity of the women, tally to one another, and give riſe to a perpetual round of falſhood and impoſture. Surely it leaſt of all becomes philoſophers to contribute to the deception of the innocent but vain.

Eugenio thinking himſelf aimed at by this laſt remark, was going to make ſome reply with a little warmth, when Hiero mildly interpoſed between them, and obſerved, that he really believed many might aſſiſt in that deception, without any bad intentions, and merely to pleaſe thoſe they converſe with —that he thought the fault complained of was chiefly owing to the reading of romances, novels and plays, which are generally ſtuffed with unnatural conceits, fantaſtic characters, bombaſt compliment, and extravagant love. Theſe, added he, are put early into the hands of the youth of both ſexes, which, for want of better entertainment, they greedily catch at and admire, as the quinteſſence of politeneſs. Their heads are quite filled with wonderful adventures, love-ſcenes, pure diſintereſted paſſions, and all the wild viſions of romance. So that the youngſters grow admirable proficients in the unmeaning jargon of a thing they call *gallantry*, learn to liſp out the language of love before they feel the real paſſion, and feign wonder and extacy, to which they are perfect ſtrangers. Theſe are the falſe incentives of nature, which, by raiſing unnatural fancies and deſires, ſupplant the genuine paſſions, diſguiſe our original feelings, and teach a language

foreign to humau nature. Happy had it been for mankind, that thoſe ſilly diſtorted productions of the brain, the ſpawn of ancient romance, and modern gallantry, had never been written; ſince they tend ſo much to corrupt the minds of the youth, and fill them with chimera and affectation, inſtead of uſeful knowlege, juſt pictures of life and moral entertainment: converſation had not then been ſtuffed with ſo much falſe politeneſs and hollow ſophiſtry, nor both ſexes contributed ſo heartily to deceive and be deceived by each other.

Eugenio, who ſeemed impatient to ſpeak all the time Hiero was talking, when he ſaw he had done, ſaid with ſome ſharpneſs; Gentlemen, I am a little ſurprized, firſt, at your preſent queſtion, which caſts an odious reflection on both ſexes; particularly on the ladies, whoſe character I think myſelf, in honour, bound to maintain, eſpecially in their abſence: and next, at your ſtrain of reaſoning upon it. You put me in mind of a certain ſpecies of philoſophers I have heard of, who taking facts for granted, and begging their principles, make admirable deductions from them, and ſhow wondrous ingenuity in reconciling facts to their theories. In like manner, gentlemen, you have firſt ſuppoſed the fact, that flattery and falſehood is the faſhionable method of intercourſe between the ſexes,—and that the greateſt knave is the moſt accompliſhed, and conſequently the moſt acceptable character: then, having taken it for granted, that the gallantry which prevails among the gay part of the world, is nothing elſe but the art of feigning or diſguiſing one's paſſions, you conclude, with full aſſurance, that, it is an unmeaning and fantaſtic, or a moſt pernicious

thing. It were no hard matter, by ſuch a vague way of reaſoning, to praiſe or cenſure any thing. But I hope, gentlemen, you will not allow yourſelves to be miſled by a general clamour. You muſt permit me, at leaſt, to doubt of the fact. For tho' ſome giddy girls are ſilly enough to delight in panegyric and high-ſtrained compliments, yet all women of ſenſe do moſt heartily deſpiſe the wanton effuſions of an indiſcreet and exceſſive complaiſance. And whoever is much in the world, will find, that moſt ladies are more apt to regard the men of plain ſenſe and unaffected behaviour, who ſpeak as they think, and appear juſt what they are, than the moſt ſpecious inſinuating hypocrite, or the moſt noiſy pretender. For they no leſs abhor and dread that converſation or conduct which ſavours of artifice and diſſimulation, how gilded ſoever with voluble ſpeeches and a ſmooth addreſs, than they are pleaſed with the ſober expreſſions of a genuine eſteem. The artificial polite ſeducer may perhaps take for a few afternoons, but better acquaintance unmaſks him, and he ſoon becomes conſpicuous through thoſe thin covers he wears about him—and then he is hated, if he is not deſpiſed.

I am wonderfully delighted, ſaid Conſtant, to hear ſuch a remark made by Eugenio, who ſhould know the truth of the matter; and wiſh, for the honour of the ſex, it were beyond doubt. But my unacquaintedneſs with what you call the *beau-monde*, is the reaſon perhaps that I ſtill retain ſome grains of infidelity about me; therefor I ſhould be glad to be aſſured by him in ſober ſerioufneſs and good earneſt, that your fine ladies like the ſincere, better than they do the fine gentleman, and wiſh

to have true rather than ſmooth things ſaid to them. Is it really ſo, Eugenio?

I am afraid, replied Eugenio, it would be a vain attempt for me to endeavour to remove my friend's remaining grains of infidelity, who has not the moſt advantageous prepoſſeſſions in favour of the fair-ſex. I would only appeal to what I think a very ſubſtantial proof of the real and ſerious opinion of the ladies, as well as of their affection; namely, that though the fine gentleman, as Conſtant calls him, or ſmooth ſpeaker, may poſſibly be thought the moſt agreeable for a little tea-table talk, or the propereſt partner at a ball; yet we find they generally prefer the man of worth, the ſenſible and true friend, when they think of chuſing a companion for life.

Well, ſubjoined Conſtant, I am content to yield to Eugenio's better acquaintance with the inclinations of the ladies.—But I proteſt, I hardly thought their taſte had been ſo juſt, but that it was more modiſh to prize the gaudy and refined above the plain and ſimple. I ſhall begin to think I may, by and by, get into the mode myſelf. But will Eugenio be ſo good, as to explain this ſame gallantry of his, that I may know whether I have any chance for improving in it too?

I find, ſaid Eugenio, my friend inclines to be pleaſant. But were I to defend this gallantry of mine, as he is pleaſed to call it, I ſhould not chuſe to appeal to the deciſion of ſo unfeeling a judge as Conſtant; much leſs ſhould I reckon myſelf obliged to defend romances, or that kind of gallantry with which they are ſo plentifully ſtored. I am for a more natural kind of it. But I do not know any thing

that has been more miſtaken, or leſs underſtood than this affair. For after all that has been ſaid for and againſt it, what, in the name of wonder, is gallantry but the amiable correſpondence of minds, carried on between the two ſexes by the intervention of kind language, looks, air and geſture? If any other creature, ſurely man was made for ſociety; and if for any, certainly above all others, for that ſweeteſt, and moſt endearing one with woman. To cultivate this, he is prompted by the moſt powerful and tender inſtincts of his nature, which Conſtant may diſown if he will, but which he may poſſibly feel to his coſt one time or other. For nature is a ſtubborn thing. It may indeed be concealed or diſguiſed, but rarely maſtered by art. Its inſtincts are, in a manner, irreſiſtible; and though our paſſions may be eluded for ſome time, they will return upon us with ſo much the greater violence, for having been checked in their natural courſe. But why diſavow paſſions, which are at once ſo natural, and whoſe influence is ſo chearing and beneficial? Does not man find, in the indulgence of thoſe ſocial affections, the ſweeteſt repoſe, after he is fatigued with the neceſſary toils and buſineſs of life? And does not the very exerciſe of them tend to humanize his mind, and refine his manners? Shall the manly and generous commerce of ſentiments, which ſubſiſts among a few ſelect friends, be deemed natural, and becoming the human dignity; and ſhall that milder and more ſoftened union and intercourſe between the two ſexes, which ſprings from conſenting features and paſſions, be thought romantic and unnatural, or beneath the gravity of either our manly or philoſophic character? But perhaps, gentlemen, you will ſay, you do not deny that the paſſion which

is the foundation of gallantry, is juſt and natural; only you think the ways uſually taken to expreſs it, are inſincere, and often deluſive, or at leaſt extravagant and abſurd. But pray tell me what dictates a proper language for the paſſions? Is it not nature herſelf? And are not the generality open to the various impreſſions of nature; and do they not ſpeak as they are prompted from within? Art may indeed counterfeit, or perhaps refine upon the language of nature; but it will never have that powerful and perſuaſive charm, which ſeldom fails to accompany nature. It will ſtill betray the conſtraint and affectation from which it proceeds. If we mean to reach the heart, our language, be it of the eyes or voice, muſt come directly from it. Now I aſk, what an inſipid thing were human life, if not ſeaſoned with the elegant refinements of love and gallantry, and all thoſe tender delicacies of converſation which are inſpired by female ſoftneſs, and directed by good manners? How naked and unadorned the coarſer indulgences of paſſion, if ſtript of all the charms borrowed from mutual eſteem, ſympathy and kind endearment? I am afraid, gentlemen, without theſe we ſhould degenerate into perfect ſavages, and be overgrown with claws and naſtineſs. I refer you for farther ſatisfaction in this matter, to the hiſtory of the Amazons, ſo humorouſly told by the Spectator.

I find, ſaid Hiero, that Eugenio has, with a good deal of zeal, and no leſs art, endeavoured to vindicate modern gallantry. I ſhall not deny, that with proper reſtrictions, and in a certain way of explaining it, the thing may bear a meaning ſoft enough; but I much doubt whether, with all his ingenious

caſuiſtry, he can defend it as it is generally practiſed, and in the ordinary acceptation of the word. For is it not either a concerted ſyſtem of fraud and diſguiſe, to ruin the innocent? or an artful application to the vanity and pride of the ſex, to delude them into the belief of a counterfeited paſſion in us, or to enſnare them into a real one themſelves? or ſhould it be leſs criminal, is it not, ſuppoſing the beſt of it, a low and promiſcuous proſtitution of praiſe, without regard of merit, or the circumſtances of time, place or perſons? This is commonly termed good breeding, and he is called a polite gallant man, who can, with moſt addreſs, adminiſter this intoxicating draught; but if it lead the other ſex, of whoſe innocence and virtue we ought to be patrons, to an overweaning conceit of themſelves, or to a reliſh of unjuſt applauſe, I ſhould chuſe to be reckoned unmannerly and ungallant, rather than contribute to ſuch a hurtful deluſion or wrong taſte. But how much more criminal muſt it be, by a train of little artifices, or, if you will, fine compliments and tender proteſtations of friendſhip, or love, it is no matter which, to ſteal upon an innocent unguarded creature, and rob her of a heart, whoſe perſon you never meant to poſſeſs!

Would you then, interpoſed Eugenio, never ſay a pretty thing to a lady, unleſs you felt a real paſſion, nor carry on a gallant correſpondence with a female friend, in which you both found mutual pleaſure and improvement, without thinking yourſelf obliged to court her in form?

I would never, anſwered Hiero, ſay a thing I did not think, nor would I even ſay all I thought, if I ſuſpected I ſhould thereby nouriſh that vanity I ought rather to ſtarve; much leſs would I profeſs

a friendſhip, which might eaſily be interpreted into a paſſion. It is dangerous, my friend, to practiſe upon honeſt unſuſpecting hearts, and highly ungenerous in us, whom nature hath appointed the guardians of the fair ſex, to attempt, by the artful refinements of a real or affected friendſhip, to undermine the affections of thoſe to whom we never intend a full return. The inſatiable abandoned rover, who prowls day and night to prey upon the honour of the ſex, is not, in my opinion, ſo cool and complete a villain as the ſupple inſinuating gallant, who invades their inſullied and defenceleſs minds. The one openly profeſſes his deſigns, and, by a direct attack, endeavours to ruin their perſons and reputation, which may poſſibly be retrieved by their future behaviour. The other debauches their principles, and by his wiley arts, preys upon their tender hearts, robs them of their peace and freedom, and perhaps after all, with a ſavage unfeeling mind, abandons them to the pangs of a cruel jealouſy, or diſappointed paſſion.

Far be it from me, replied Eugenio, to vindicate a gallantry that draws ſo deep: but do not the moſt ordinary rules of good manners impoſe a kind of neceſſity upon us, of ſaying as well as doing a great many agreeable things to the ladies, which cannot be warranted by the ſtricteſt veracity? How ſhocking would the ſociety even of men be, with one another, were they to diſplay all that pride, ſelfiſhneſs, arrogance, peeviſhneſs and contempt of others, which they often feel? Politeneſs therefor requires, that they hide thoſe paſſions as diſcreetly as they can, and put on the appearances of ſuch as are moſt contrary. The greater advantage or ſuperiority one man has over another by birth, rank, fortune, or

any accompliſhments of body or mind, good-breeding obliges him to leſſen that diſtance by a ſuperiour affability, and more obſequious airs of complaiſance. This is ſtill more decent and neceſſary with regard to the fair-ſex. We can hardly ſhew them too much reſpect, or pay them too great a deference, that we may conceal, and in ſome degree compenſate to them the ſuperiority which nature hath given us over them. We could not otherwiſe converſe on equal terms, but ſhould be offenſive or formidable to thoſe, to whom nature intended we ſhould be the moſt agreeable. And while we are ſtudying to make ourſelves thus agreeable, how is it poſſible to check our fancy, and weigh every word with a ſcrupulous nicety; eſpecially when we are animated with all that tenderneſs and effuſion of heart, with which we are inſpired by their fair preſence?

I cannot help thinking, returned Hiero, that we may be abundantly affable and complaiſant, without being falſe or hypocritical. We may ſhew a juſt and decent reſpect to others without any ſervile abaſement of ourſelves, or diſingenuous flattery of them. But did real politeneſs, and ſome degree of falſehood, run up into one another, and become, in any inſtance, inſeparable, which I do not think is ever the caſe; I ſhould, without demur, appeal from what is well-bred and faſhionable, to what is honeſt and right. No wiſe man would chuſe to be ſingular in trifles; every good man will dare to be ſo, where he thinks the laws of truth, and happineſs of mankind are concerned. But good breeding which is only a more refined humanity, can never oblige us to tranſgreſs the one, or ſacrifice the other.

Sophron, who had not interpoſed in the debate, perceiving it was now at an end, ſaid, he agreed

with Eugenio, in thinking that the ſource of the evil which Hiero complained of, was to be traced from ſome powerful diſpoſition or inſtinct, interwoven with our very nature. I do not ſay, added he, that nature leads us to falſehood and deceit, or ever intended there ſhould be an intercourſe of lying between the ſexes: but I believe nature has ſoftened the rough male heart, with ſuch a tenderneſs towards the other ſex, as is apt to heighten their excellencies in our eye, and betray us into many agreeable deluſions in their favour. Our mutual ſympathy eaſily runs up to paſſion: and where paſſion has once the aſcendant, it ſoon brings over the judgment to its party. We naturally ſpeak in the language of the prevailing paſſion: be it really felt, or only affected, the diſcourſe will accompany it, and be of a colour. In the former caſe indeed, the language will be natural, and, amidſt all the flow of fondneſs and folly, will ſtill wear the appearance of truth. But in proportion as nature is exaggerated or perverted, our language will appear falſe and unnatural. Beauty lends its prevailing aid to carry on the deception, and moral charms, or the appearance of them, add wonderful force to the natural tenderneſs. Good manners too concur to poliſh and refine the paſſion, and ſhow it in the moſt agreeable lights, according to the reigning mode. No wonder then, if ſuch a mixture frequently works up the paſſions of mankind to a height of extravagance, vents itſelf in high-ſtrained praiſes, and luxuriant compliments. However, we ought to guard againſt the bias of nature and faſhion, wherever they would miſlead us, and never be tempted by any conſideration whatſoever, to act againſt the ſtricteſt rules of honour or humanity.

DIALOGUE V.

PHILANDER, honouring us with his company laſt night, told us he had been at * * * for ſome days, where he had ſeen a man of a very extraordinary character, whoſe chief excellence lay in the knowlege of books, among which he was buried alive. As he is, proceeded he, a profound admirer of antiquity, it is only the volumes of the ancients, or thoſe which were publiſhed in the firſt age, after the revival of learning, that he will deign to look into. He profeſſes a perfect contempt of the later moderns, whom he uſes to call the muſhrooms of a day; and ſays, it is only thoſe high ſpirits that have been mellowed by time, and ſtood the teſt of ages, that are worth taſting. The firſt time I happened to be in his company, not being well acquainted with his character, but having only heard that he was a man of learning, I aſked him, if he had read Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Man; he told me, Sir, you may ſpare yourſelf the trouble of aſking me ſuch queſtions. I read no modern books, but thoſe authors only of the laſt age, who have ſignalized themſelves by collecting and unfolding to us the ineſtimable treaſures of antiquity. The moderns are all waſps or drones. Their whole buſineſs is to ſting one another, or to ſuck the honey of the laborious and generous bees of ancient times, which they pretend to diſtribute as their own. If you take from their compoſitions thoſe exalted ſpirits they have derived from thence, what remains is only a *caput mortuum*. Robbers, who thus load themſelves with the ſpoils of the honeſt and induſtrious part of man-

kind, ought to be baniſhed the Republic of Letters, and publickly condemned as thieves. Commend me to Homer, a Plato, or an Ariſtotle, thoſe parents of learning, who, with immenſe ſagacity and labour, ranſacked every corner of nature, gathered from every flower and plant, their precious ſtores, and then imparted them to the whole world, with a generoſity equal to their vaſt erudition. Theſe, Sir, are the books I uſe to read,

——*Juvat integros accedere fontes,*
Atque haurire :——

I aſked pardon for preſuming to trouble him with queſtions about any thing he did not like——and decently retired.

I will lay any wager, ſaid Eugenio, this muſty mortal knows no more of men than he does of modern books, and is as great a ſtranger to the faſhions of modern life, as he is a connoiſſeur in the modes and forms of the ancient world. I will engage, he can adjuſt the plaits of a Roman toga, better than he can thoſe of his own gown, if he wears one; and will tell you the value of a mina or Attic drachm, better than of a moydore, or piece of eight.

You judge very truly, replied Philander, he is a mere book-worm,——perfectly ignorant of the moſt common decencies of life. His odd aſpect and uncouth addreſs, as well as the little converſation I had with him, made me enquire more particularly into his character. I found him, Eugenio, to be ſuch as you imagine in every reſpect. He never reads any news, and knows nothing of what is doing in the world about him. The revolutions of Europe give him no concern; to him they are mere trifles. I am not certain if he knows what form of government he lives under, but he can trace the Grecian

and Roman republics from their origin, through all the ſteps of their progreſs and various revolutions, to their decay. He can harangue to you whole hours of all the great characters of antiquity; but a Lord Chancellor, or a Prime Miniſter of Great Britain, are too puny objects to attract his notice. When he appears in company, you ſee ſomething ſingular and oddly antique in his dreſs. A wig is too modern an invention for him, and he would fain introduce the looſe robes of antiquity, which, he ſays, are at once majeſtic, and ſalutary to the human conſtitution, inſtead of the thick ſhort clothes of the Gothic cut. If, at any time, he ſtumble into a company of ladies, they are quite frighted at his aukward appearance, and aſk one another, from what mouldy cell this wonder has crept. He talks to them of cuſtoms they never heard of, and in a ſtyle as antique as his manner, quotes ſcraps of ancient ſtory, and brings Sanchoniathon, or Diodorus Siculus, and Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis for his vouchers; and informs them of the faſhions worn by Aſpaſia, or Cleopatra, and other celebrated toaſts of antiquity. Ten to one if ſome piece of his dreſs is not awry, or indecently unbuttoned. But the ladies make ample repriſals upon him, when they talk of balls, maſquerades and *ridotto's*, *tetes* and *robe de chambre's*, an idiom as barbarous and unknown to him, as his Greek is to them.

The company were both ſurprized and entertained, to hear of ſuch an oddity in our times, when every body's taſte is ſo much modernized.

Sophron ſaid, What pity is it to ſee ſo much learning miſapplied, and rendered, in a manner, uſeleſs in life, through the perverted taſte of its poſſeſſor? How much farther will a little grain of good ſenſe

go, in the way of buſineſs and practice of the world, than whole loads of uſeleſs erudition? I doubt not, but this good man, with the help of a little more judgment, or by having his ſtudies directed in a right channel, might have roſe to ſomething conſiderable in the world: whereas now he grows mouldy and ſuperannuated in his cloſet, or perhaps riſes no higher than the character of an able grammarian, or laborious lexicographer. What a different creature is he from thoſe great ſcholars and ancients he ſo much admires! Homer, we are told by one of his ingenious hiſtoriographers, was a welcome gueſt at the tables of the great. Princes courted the ſtrolling bard, and he ſhone in the company of the ladies, who liſtened to him with ſilent wonder, while he painted the charms of a Helen, or ſung the melodious hymns of Minerva and Venus. He was thoroughly acquainted with their modes of dreſs, and could entertain them with all the pretty trinkets that go to the coeffure of a fine lady. A Plato, even a divine Plato, and his exalted maſter, the parent of practical and moral philoſophy, condeſcended to ſtoop to the apprehenſions of the meaneſt artiſan, and to talk in plain Greek, of the moſt common affairs of life. Is it not prepoſterous then, to admire antiquity ſo much, and yet not imitate that part of it which is the moſt commendable? To profeſs ſuch a veneration for its moſt illuſtrious men, yet be the very reverſe of their character? And yet are not ſuch inconſiſtencies too often to be met with among men of learning? Nay, are not the profoundeſt ſcholars frequently the moſt ignorant of the world, and the worſt qualified for buſineſs, or making a figure where they ought to appear with moſt luſtre and advantage?

I confeſs, ſaid Eugenio, if you will allow me to ſay ſo, I have often been diverted with the aukward figure the generality of ſcholars, or mere college-bred people make. If, at any time, they are drawn out of their cells into the world, and appear in polite company, they look like the inhabitants of another world, as perfect ſtrangers as Philander's acquaintance, to the manners and faſhions of this. Their concern is viſible to all about them; like ſolitary animals, who have lived in caves and deſarts, they ſeem to be afraid of company, and cannot bear to have the eyes of others fixed upon them. How have I bluſhed to ſee the poor creatures, with all their duſt and mouldineſs about them, ſweating for want of knowing what to ſay, diſconcerted by every queſtion put to them, utterly at a loſs what to do with their hands, or how to diſpoſe of their limbs! I have ſeen the ſilence of the company put them in an agony, and make them redden like a bluſhing girl. What a reproach does it caſt on learning, to ſee its friends wearing ſo mean and ridiculous a garb? If it unfits a man for the commerce of the world, or unqualifies him for buſineſs, methinks he had better be without ſo unprofitable, I may ſay ſo hurtful an accompliſhment.

Philander ſubjoined, It is with deap regret, Eugenio, that I obſerve your remark is generally too true. And I am afraid this is one reaſon why learning has been ſo often baniſhed from company and the world, into ſchools and the monkiſh retreats of ſolitary mortals, as if it were incompatible with politeneſs of manners and elegant eaſy converſation. One kind of knowlege has been thought neceſſary to furniſh a *learned head*, and quite another to form a *gentleman*. People preſume, without examining,

becauſe ſome men, reputed learned, have been mere ſimpletons in the common affairs of life, that therefor *all* men of learning muſt be ſo. They take it for granted, that a man who has a deal of book-lumber about him, is, on that very account, unqualified for the practice of the world. Formerly, the divorce between ſcience and capacity for buſineſs, between politeneſs and learning, was not ſo common a ſight as, I am afraid, it has been in later times. How many great men in ancient ages have united the character of the ſcholar and the gentleman? Some of the ableſt philoſophers of antiquity were men of action as well as ſtudy: they ſhone in the courts of princes no leſs than in the walks of philoſophers, and were as eminent in camps as in academies.

The celebrated Sages of Greece were all, but one, governors in their reſpective cities; and that one, I mean Thales, you know, gentlemen, founded a famous ſchool, to which he gave laws full as durable and extenſive as thoſe the others framed, by the oracles of wiſdom which he uttered. And if we conſider their ſucceſſors in wiſdom, we ſhall find them no wiſe inferior in reputation. Plato, for inſtance, whom Sophron juſt now mentioned, was a man of the world, as well as a profound ſcholar, a great traveller, and withal a laborious ſtudent, courted by princes, and converſant among thoſe of the firſt rank and figure both at home and abroad. His noble competitor, and rival in philoſophy, was no leſs a fine gentleman and great captain than a philoſopher of the firſt order. And no man ever knew better how to practiſe the deepeſt maxims of philoſophy on the moſt trying and important occaſions.

Ariſtotle, another of the Socratic family, was a man of immenſe learning and unwearied application to the ſciences, yet tutor to a prince, verſed and active in ſtate affairs, joining the elegance of a court to the depth of a ſcholar. Thucydides diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſervice of his country, both as a great general and an eminent citizen, and hath left behind him an immortal monument of his reach and capacity in either character.

In the amiable Polybius we ſee the polite gentleman, the generous patriot, the able ſtateſman, the univerſal traveller and ſcholar.

Nor were the Roman worthies inferiour to the illuſtrious models from whom they drew. Was not Cato the Cenſor, whom Livy characterizes as ſo accompliſhed an *architect* of his own fortune, an excellent lawyer, and able ſpeaker; a noble general, and withal deeply ſkilled in all the learning of his times? The *Younger* of that name joined the ſevereſt practice to the moſt rigid precepts of philoſophy, and was no leſs eminent for his dignity and heroic ſpirit, as a magiſtrate, than for his reach as a ſcholar.

I cannot help thinking, ſaid Eugenio, that both his practice and philoſophy were alike too moroſe and unfriendly for ſociety, eſpecially in a ſtate where conduct was as neceſſary as courage to defeat villany, and where virtue wanted the ſeaſonings of art to render it palateable to a corrupt people.

Perhaps, replied Philander, Cato urged things with too impetuous a career, and poſſibly his virtue was of too blunt an edge to cut through ſuch knotty and knaviſh times; but, natural temper is a ſtubborn thing to deal with, eſpecially if the principles of philoſophy co-operate with it. But I hope, Eugenio, you have not the ſame objection againſt his

eminent contemporary Cicero, in whom the orator, ſtateſman and philoſopher combined to form a very illuſtrious character. His vaſt erudition was no prejudice to his political capacity. It was all applied to public good, or perſonal glory. His experience and practice of the world added luſtre to his philoſophical character, and gave noble heightenings to his learning.

I wiſh, ſaid Conſtant, your orator had not fallen into the very reverſe of that fault but juſt now condemned in Cato: I mean a ſupple verſatility of manners, which made him truckle to the reigning party, flatter and careſs thoſe men he hated, and do many things beneath the dignity of a Roman citizen, and much more of a profeſt philoſopher. For my part, I had rather imitate the blunt, intrepid honeſty of the ſurly Stoic, and in doing ſo, continue always of a piece with myſelf, than by ſlily trimming to perſons and times, become a very *Proteus* in my character, or through a ſilly ambition to be agreeable to knaves and fools forfeit my dignity as a man.

You certainly make a right choice, Conſtant, replied Philander; and yet I am perſuaded there is a juſt mean between the inflexible ſtatelineſs and Cynical honeſty of the Stoic, and the too pliable turn and ſmooth artificial addreſs of the Academic. But, methinks, you are ſomewhat too ſevere upon this truly great man, who, by the confeſſion of his enemies, was a hearty lover of his country, and who, if ever he diſguiſed or departed from his real character, did it the more effectually to promote the beſt of intereſts, thoſe of liberty and public happineſs.—But he needs no teſtimony of mine to vouch or vindicate his reputation. Let his actions and im-

mortal writings do it for him. It will at leaſt be owned, that his character is ſufficient authority to prove the point for which I produced it. I might name many others for the ſame purpoſe; Paulus Æmilius, Scipio Africanus, Lucullus, and particularly Caeſar, in whom we admire the fine ſcholar, as much as the well-bred gentleman, the elegant orator, the accompliſhed politician, the unrivalled commander, and only regret that ſuch ſuperior talents ſhould have been employed, I mean abuſed, to the execrable deſign of enſlaving his country.—But there is no occaſion to produce examples to prove that genuine learning, and the brighteſt active accompliſhments, are not incompatible. I will not ſay that modern times do not afford many inſtances of the ſame truth. But I believe they are rarer. Many eminent ſtateſmen, captains, and men in the higheſt ſtations of a late date, have been able ſcholars. And I could name ſeveral great characters, now in public life and luſtre, who excel in the arts and ſciences. But theſe men have added to the culture, received in the eſtabliſhed ſeats of literature, farther improvement from private inſtruction, and an extenſive intercourſe with the world. But, turn the medal. How few of your profeſt ſcholars, if taken from their deep ſpeculations, and produced upon the theatre of the world, or ſent abroad on an embaſſy, to command an army, or govern a province, would make any tolerable figure, and not rather bring diſgrace or contempt on ſcholar-craft? I am afraid it is either learning of a different kind, that has been too often taken up with now a-days, or ſomething in the manner of communicating it, that has given it ſuch an unfriendly aſpect on buſineſs

and the world, and raiſed, I am ſorry to ſay, too many prejudices againſt it.

When Hiero ſaw that Philander had made an end, he gravely ſaid, Is it not too evident, gentlemen, that learning has been hitherto uſed by the generality, as a ſcaffold to preferment? Certain exerciſes were to be learned, and a ſet of forms gone through: a man was obliged to perform his quarentine for a term of years, in the outer court of the muſes, and then he was admitted to the inner court, where he was either crowned with nominal honours, or rewarded for his attendance and oſtentation of a little common-place learning, with a ſubſtantial poſt or penſion. When he had thus raiſed his building, and obtained a ſeat among the learned order, then down with the ſcaffolds as of no farther uſe. He had finiſhed his work, and might then reſt from his labours. If any minds of a nobler mould, true lovers of knowlege, applied for more liberal inſtruction to the profeſt maſters of ſcience, their ſtarched garb, and forbidding look, were apt to frighten the beginner; but if ſome, eager to be introduced to the company of the muſes, happened to preſs forward into the venerable manſion, they were entertained there with an antiquated kind of ſophiſtry, and metaphyſical jargon of entities, categories and predicaments, and were inſtituted in the chimes of mode and figure, by which they laid in materials; for what? A capacity to wrangle and debate. If at any time they allowed them to look into authors of another character, the illuſtrious Greeks and Romans, or moderns of the ſame ſtamp; inſtead of entering into the ſpirit of a work, pointing out the beauties of compoſition, forming their pupils to a reliſh of noble characters and ſentiments, or inſtructing them in the conduct

of life; taſks indeed, for which they themſelves were ill qualified: they initiated them, perhaps, into the rules of proſody and verbal criticiſm, ſhewed them the various readings, inſpired them with a high veneration for authority and degrees, but above all, an inviolable attachment to eſtabliſhed forms and ſtatutes.

Many of the raw diſciples, the implicit admirers of their teachers, were caught with this ſolemn parade of ſcience, and believed that to be wondrous deep and learned, which their ſhort underſtandings could not fathom. Thus, they learned ſound inſtead of ſenſe, imagined they knew every thing, while they were ignorant of the very firſt elements of knowlege; and preſumed themſelves qualified to act any part in life, yet, when it came to the trial, were found good for nothing. Others of a nicer taſte and higher ſpirit, being fed with thoſe ſcraps and cruſts of ſcience, were ſoon diſguſted, and, tired with ſuch fruitleſs dry ſtudy, threw off all farther thoughts of learning. They quitted a chace which afforded ſo little game, and either tried the purſuits of ambition and intereſt, or took refuge in the gayer amuſements of the men of pleaſure. If any one had the good fortune, by the ſtrength of natural parts, or conduct of ſome happy genius, to eſcape thoſe thorny labyrinths, and get into a ſmoother tract; then fairer proſpects opened to view, and the connection between life and learning having clearly appeared, in that caſe, knowlege of a more legitimate kind began to dawn upon him: the ſeveral quarters of ſcience diſplayed themſelves to his ſight, and the aſcent to the ſeat of the muſes became inviting and eaſy.

But ſo long as learning was made an affair of in-

tereſt and tool of ambition, or was managed by thoſe who are unqualified for the work, and who were engaged by ſome perſonal or party intereſt to infuſe an adulterate kind of it into the minds of the youth, the progreſs of ſcience was very ſlow, and its beſt friends deſpaired to ſee it the ſtudy of gentlemen. And ſhould ever the ſame ſtate of things return again, I am afraid the Republic of Letters, inſtead of flouriſhing, will decay every day, and ſeldom or never produce men of genius or capacity for the grand employments of life. But let ſtudents be once inſtituted in the rudiments of a practical, genuine knowlege, I believe learning will be found to be one of the fineſt accompliſhments of a gentleman. It will not be ſo rare a ſight as it has been till of late, to ſee ſcholars come forth from ſchools and colleges into the world, fit to appear in courts and ſhine in ſenates, men qualified for the higheſt offices whether civil or military.

I am afraid, ſubjoined Conſtant, ere we can expect an entire revolution in the commonwealth of learning, ſuch as we wiſh for, and is begun of late, we muſt firſt find teachers of another ſtamp than thoſe who have generally preſided over the education of youth. With ſuch maſters as the ancients had, we would not have wanted ſcholars of genius to make as notable a figure as they did. In ancient times, maſters formed their pupils for action with no leſs care, than they inſtructed them in arts and eloquence. Homer tells us, that Peleus ſent Phoenix along with his ſon Achilles, to the Trojan war, to be his tutor both in ſpeaking and acting. I ſhall give you my authority, if you will not reckon me juſt ſuch another as Philander's learned acquaintance.

Τοὔνεκα με προὔκκε διδασκέμεναι τάδε πάντα
Μύθων τε Ρητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρά τε Ἔργων.

Plato taught Dion of Syracuſe the ingenious arts, and likewiſe rouzed him in defence of his country. Ariſtotle did not only ſpur his royal pupil to glory and renown, but guided his career, and taught him both to ſpeak and act. So did Lyſis, Epaminondas, the greateſt man in Greece. Iſocrates inſtructed the warlike and learned Timotheus, ſon to the brave Conon. And Xenophon formed, both by his precepts and example, Ageſilaus, a prince illuſtrious for every accompliſhment and virtue. Pericles, who excelled both in eloquence and action, in ſo much that perſuaſion was ſaid to dwell upon his lips, and who governed Athens forty years, was trained up under Anaxagoras, a man of univerſal learning. I might offer more inſtances of the ſame kind, were it neceſſary. I ſhall only add, that even thoſe who were of the higheſt order of prieſts, were not only conſulted as oracles in matters of religion, but were of admirable uſe to the youth by their advice and inſtructions in civil affairs, and ſhone both in the ſenate and forum. Witneſs, Publius Craſſus, T. Coruncanus, Scaevola, and many others. If therefor ſuch were the tutors, no wonder the ſcholars became ſo eminent in their ſeveral capacities and profeſſions. Had our modern tutors been better qualified than they were, we might then have expected to ſee a genuine and uſeful ſort of learning more univerſally taught, and our youth formed for an active life, as well as one that was purely deſigned to be contemplative.

DIALOGUE VI.

THE other night, Eugenio, who is no dogmatiſt, but loves to wear his opinions as he does his clothes, with an air of negligence and eaſe, and alters them almoſt as often as the faſhions, advanced a paradox at the club, which at firſt propoſing, ſurprized us a little.

Gentlemen, ſaid he, with his uſual gaiety, what a mighty pother is made by you and a great many others, about the affair of Education! What a noiſe about inſtilling principles into the minds of youth, forming their tempers by an early culture, teaching them the opinions of this and that party, crouding their heads with a number of names and notions and dead languages, and anticipating their genius and choice by the reſtraints of a ſevere diſcipline! I do not know whether it would not be much better to leave the mind open and untinctured with the prejudices of education, to truſt to the genuine dictates of nature and good ſenſe, which will teach a truer and more uſeful knowlege than moſt maſters have themſelves. After the rudiments of language are attained, what is learned in moſt ſchools and colleges, but a ſet of hard words, with an inſignificant parade of knowlege, or a vain conceit, that we have imbibed the very *arcana* of ſcience, joined with a thorough contempt of all others whom we fancy leſs knowing? Or if ſuperiour ſenſe teach us to deſpiſe the falſe glare of learning, with which old fools amuſe young ones, it is ten to one, if we do not at leaſt bring away with us from thoſe ſeminaries, a ſpirit of party, and attachment to narrow princi-

ples, founded on intereſt, which we never afterwards get rid of. Does it not happen from hence, that one half of our life is ſpent in unlearning the prejudices and popular errors we acquired in the other part of it; not thoſe only for which we are indebted to our nurſes, but thoſe we learned in ſchools, which are more difficult to be rooted up, as they were planted with ſo much care and appearance of wiſdom?

Pray, Eugenio, ſaid Conſtant, what is this nice method you would propoſe to keep the mind impenetrable to prejudices and miſtakes, and to acquaint it with philoſophy and ſcience, without obliging it to go through the ordinary tedious proceſs, by which it is attained? The invention of ſuch an expeditious method will entitle you to a large premium from the public, and ſave the nation an infinite deal of trouble.

Why truly, replied Eugenio, my method is neither nice nor far-fetched; but quite ſimple, and ſuch as nature itſelf dictates. Inſtead of putting the mind into a mould, and hampering it with the trammels of education, in my opinion it would be better to give unlimited ſcope to nature, to lay no bias on judgment and genius, to infuſe no poſitive opinions; but to let the young adventurer, like the induſtrious bee, wander about in queſt of intellectual food, riffle every precious flower and bloſſom, and, after he has picked up materials from every quarter, range and digeſt them into a well-compacted and uſeful body. Such a conduct would, I doubt not, produce more original geniuſes than we generally meet with; it would promote invention, and enable the mind, unbeaten and unſubdued by art, to take amazing flights in regions hitherto un-

explored. That this is no chimera of my invention, or an impracticable ſcheme, may eaſily appear from the daring efforts of genius in thoſe who have been no wiſe, or but little, cultivated by art, and not imbibed the principles of learning at ſecond hand. Thus, had Homer's genius been formed and chaſtiſed by the rigid rules of art, his imagination would never have run with ſuch a ſwift and unbounded career, through every region of nature; had he lived in more poliſhed times, and undergone the diſcipline of ſchools and colleges, and *there* been inſtituted in the rules of criticiſm, and the whole mechaniſm of poetry, as it has been opened in modern times; I dare ſay, he would never have attained that perfection of poetry, or painted men and manners with that truth, and expreſſive variety, for which he has been ſo juſtly celebrated in all ages. Nay, had the originals themſelves, from which this great maſter drew, been faſhioned by art, or what we call learning and ſchool-breeding, I am convinced, that they would neither have reached thoſe heights of prudence and valour they did, nor have afforded ſuch entertaining pictures, though Homer himſelf had finiſhed them. And do you imagine, gentlemen, that our countryman Shakeſpear, the grand mimic of modern times, would have exerted ſuch immenſe fruitfulneſs of invention, drawn almoſt every paſſion and habit of nature in ſuch inimitable colours, and animated his pieces with ſuch a bold and original ſpirit, had his mind been fettered with a ſchool education, or the native ſpring of his genius cramped with opinions, ſyſtems, and a load of learning? I was led into this train of thinking, by an inſtance I lately ſaw of an ingenious artiſt in a neighbouring county, who,

without any education, by the mere dint of genius, has acquired an aſtoniſhing ſkill in mechanics, contrived ſome curious engines for drawing water, and made conſiderable improvements upon ſeveral machines for the uſe of life, ſo that he has been frequently taken for a conjurer by the common people. I could mention ſeveral other inſtances of tradeſmen and mechanics, who, by the native vigour of their own genius and application, without the inſtruction of maſters, have made a ſurprizing progreſs in the arts and ſciences. Had theſe men been taught the common rules of their trade, and been led on in the ſame beaten track of their maſters, to whoſe practice and experience they had been confined, I am confident they would never have ſhown any thing maſterly or inventive in their way I might produce other inſtances in mathematics, optics, nay and in philoſophy and divinity. But I believe, gentlemen, ſuch inſtances are familiar to you. To confirm what I have ſaid, I will tell you the practice of a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a ſuperior genius and univerſal learning, who educates his ſon upon the plan I have here propoſed. He has indeed ſent him to ſchool to learn to read and write, but not for ſome years after the time thoſe things are uſually taught—But he does not inſtruct him in the peculiarities of any trade or profeſſion, nor in the badges and ſingularities of any party. He lets his mind open by degrees, does not overlay the natural fire of genius either with leſſons or rigid reſtraints. He introduces him into all company, and forbids only too familiar commerce with nurſes and ſervants; and indeed the boy ſhews a ſurprizing ſagacity in moſt things; his obſervations are quite natural, his anſwers quick and pertinent, and

I have heard him make remarks, which appeared much above his years. If it be ſaid that ſuch a genius, or thoſe others that have ſhone ſo bright without the aid of culture, had they enjoyed the advantage of a regular education, would have been ſtill more eminent in their ſeveral accompliſhments; this is difficult to prove, and to me more difficult to believe. For had thoſe ſoaring minds been encumbered with rules, and inured to the ſame common track of ſtudy; I mean, accuſtomed to think and inveſtigate every thing in the ſame road with their teachers; I doubt much if they would ever have emerged from obſcurity, or got above the prejudices, and low and narrow practice of the trade or profeſſion to which they applied themſelves.

I hope, ſaid Conſtant, with ſome warmth, Eugenio will forgive me, if I differ from him in a point of ſuch importance, as the Education or Non-Education of youth. For that ſeems to be the point in queſtion. He wants to ſet all things looſe. Let us once get free of all principles and reſtraints, and then our practice may take its full ſwing. This is faſhionable doctrine, and palateable to the preſent age; for it favours of licentiouſneſs: but let us weigh it in the ſcale of reaſon. For my part, I have been always of opinion, that it was of the utmoſt conſequence to ſeaſon young minds with an early tincture of knowlege, as well as virtue; and, for all our ſceptical friend has ſaid to the contrary, I ſee no reaſon to alter my opinion. Let us conſider what would be the natural effects of that untutored uncultivated ſtate, Eugenio ſo warmly recommends to us. Let us ſuppoſe an infant expoſed in the woods, let him run looſe there with the native ſa-

vages, learn their arts and oeconomy, be of a party with them in their nocturnal excurſions, and make his obſervations on the brow of a mountain, or in the ſhady valley. Here, I hope, no art has entered to ſubdue the native vigour of genius; he has not been taught any of thoſe prejudices that pervert, or thoſe rules that fetter the mind, nor has he been inſtituted in any of the diſciplinary forms and habits of artful life. Take now your untaught ſavage from his ſolitary haunts, introduce him into company, I ſay nothing of his hair or claws; I allow him to be gifted with language by ſome ſupernatural means; what figure, think you, Eugenio, will he make among his kindred race? What ſurpriſing inventions will he bring from the woods? What efforts of genius or new diſcoveries will he ſhew? Will he greatly excel his fellow mortals, who have been initiated in every art, and had the ſinews of genius hamſtringed by the culture of ſchools and academies? Muſt not this gaping unformed creature be taught the very firſt principles of human knowlege, and the arts of civility, with which even a ploughman or porter is acquainted, before we can diſtinguiſh him, otherwiſe than by his ſhape and features, from his companions of the woods? Has he not a vaſt ſtretch to make, before he can exchange his native barbarity and ignorance, for the immenſe capacity of a Newton, or the ingenious acquiſitions of a Boyle? But you will ſay, this is making the moſt unfavourable ſuppoſition that can be. Well, let it be ſo, though I think it ſhews clearly the extravagance of my friend's ſcheme. I ſhall put the caſe a little lower, and ſuppoſe him in the midſt of ſociety, having the advantage of converſing with men of all characters, and reading all ſorts of books; but as Eugenio would

have it, let him follow the conduct of his own genius, and owe his improvement partly to that, and partly to the influence of favourable circumstances. We are told by philosophers, of no small note, that the mind is at first a kind of *tabula rasa*, or like a piece of blank paper, that it bears no original inscriptions, when we come into the world,—that we owe all the characters afterwards drawn upon it, to the impressions made upon our senses; to education, custom, and the like. Be that as it will, certain it is, that a human creature, untaught by art, and undisciplined by habit, does, of all other creatures, lie the most open to impressions from without, and is the most susceptible of every form, habit and passion. Such a creature is perceptive, and withal credulous; curious, yet easily imposed on. We have an innate, and almost insuperable propensity to imitation, and imbibe manners as easily as we do opinions. Leave therefor a young mind as open as you please, let no culture be applied, let nature do all, will it form no opinions, contract no habits? Some company he will see, some books must fall into his hands, and he will be conversant with a variety of objects. In such a state, will he remain long uninfluenced by any prejudices or passions? Will nothing stick, of all he sees, or hears, or reads, so as to lead him into false opinions and popular errors? How is it possible to prevent this, unless you exclude him all human commerce? Here then you have this alternative to chuse; either to leave him to himself, to suck in such notions, and contract such habits, as his circumstances, and the uncertain accidents of life shall throw in his way; or to cultivate his mind with care, sow the seeds of knowlege and virtue in it early,

and improve his natural talents by all the proper arts of a liberal education. For my part, had I a ſon to educate, I ſhould not once heſitate in my choice. When objects once preſent themſelves to the intellectual eye, it will not remain long undetermined, but judge of their forms, relations and proportions, as quickly as the bodily organ does of things which fall under its obſervation. For it is with opinions, as with our choice of different objects, the mind is uneaſy till it hath taken ſome ſide. If then you do not prepoſſeſs it with true opinions, it will as readily embrace falſe ones; nay, there is a greater chance for its doing ſo, as error is infinitely diverſified, whereas truth is ſimple and uniform; and therefor there is more likelihood of its falling in with the former, than with the latter. It is the ſame with manners. If you do not accuſtom your pupil to good habits, bad ones will be contracted. For the mind muſt take ſome form; and according to the mould of example, company and fortune, into which it is caſt, ſuch will that form be. From theſe principles, had I not already, gentlemen! incroached upon your patience, I could deduce ſeveral uſeful reflections. Give me leave to mention but one: That it is of the utmoſt conſequence, what teachers youth have, what books they read, and what company they keep; becauſe generally upon theſe depend their ſentiments, character, and the whole colour of their future life.

I can hardly think, ſaid Philander, that Eugenio meant to carry the point ſo far as to aſſert, that education and culture were entirely unneceſſary, or pernicious to youth. I ſhould only believe he deſigned to expoſe ſome of the ordinary methods of education, as too narrow and unſuitable to the free

expanſive genius of nature. As little would I agree with theſe philoſophers Conſtant mentioned, that the mind reſembles a leaf of white paper. I would rather compare it to a ſeed, which contains all the ſtamina of the future plant, and all thoſe principles of perfection, to which it aſpires in its after-growth, and regularly arrives by gradual ſtages, unleſs it is obſtructed in its progreſs by external violence. Our minds, in like manner, are completely organized, if I may ſay ſo, at firſt; they want no powers, no capacities of perception, no inſtincts or affections that are eſſential to their nature; but theſe are, in a manner locked up, and are purpoſely left rude and unfiniſhed, that prudence, induſtry and virtue, may have full ſcope in unfolding, raiſing them up, and bringing them to maturity. It is the buſineſs of education, therefor, like a ſecond creation, to improve nature, to give form, and proportion, and comelineſs to thoſe unwrought materials. And, in my opinion, we have as much need of the hand of culture to call forth our latent powers, to direct their exerciſe; in fine, to ſhape and poliſh us into men, as the unformed block has of the carver or ſtatuary's ſkill, to draw it out of that rude ſtate, into the form and proportions of a Venus of Medicis, or an Olympian Jupiter. But he had need to be a very nice and ſkilful artificer, who would undertake this creating, this forming taſk, and hope to ſucceed in it. It is an eaſy matter to ſay, you muſt prepoſſeſs the mind with right opinions, and accuſtom it to good habits. But the difficulty lies in doing it on a rational foundation; that is to ſay, in giving it juſt opinions without weakening its capacity of thinking, and inuring it to the beſt of habits, without impairing its vigour of acting. Now

it is certain, that opinions which the mind receives from others, upon their bare authority, without perceiving their reaſons and connections, may take faſt hold of the judgment, eſpecially of the young and unexperienced; but all ſuch opinions fill the mind without enlightening it, they give no exerciſe to the mental faculties, but rather teach them to rely on the activity of others, and conſequently lull the mind into a ſtupid indolence, and inapplication of its own powers; a ſtate, the moſt dangerous, and unproductive of real improvement, we can well ſuppoſe. Opinions, ſo infuſed, are eaſily imbibed in the open and unſuſpicious ſeaſon of life; but let them have once taken root, and been naturalized to the ſoil, no effort ſhall make them quit their hold ever after. What ſhall we do then? Shall the mind be left to the tutorage of chance, or to pick up its opinions, while it is incapable of judging for itſelf? By no means Would you not form its judgment then, and ſeaſon it with right principles, to fortify it againſt the infection of the bad? Doubtleſs. But take care how you proceed in this ſeaſoning buſineſs, leſt while you ſeek an antidote, you prepare poiſon, and render it more ſuſceptible of errors, by making it lean upon a guide which may poſſibly, and we find often does, lead it into them; I mean the judgment and authority of others. In the whole of this affair therefor, I would not anticipate, but follow nature. No diſcreet nurſe would give a child nouriſhment till it craved it, nor continue cramming it, when its hunger was allayed; but patiently wait the return of appetite. The mind too has its cravings and capacities. I would not give it intellectual food, till it ſhowed ſome deſire of it, nor bid it judge, till it diſcovered a capacity of

judging. We find that the appetites and capacities always go together; ſo that nature never ſtings with the former, till it has beſtowed the latter. Whenever, therefor, curioſity and the love of enquiry begin to diſcloſe themſelves, it is a natural indication that reaſon is now in a capacity to act and digeſt ſuch nouriſhment as is proper for it. Wherefor, to teach the pupil words, to which he can affix no ideas, or to prepoſſeſs him with opinions, of which he is incapable to judge, is to cram him with food which cannot nouriſh, but may, nay muſt, turn into crudities and ill humours. But ſay ſome, firſt teach him the things, he will underſtand the reaſons afterwards. Can that be called knowlege, where the mind diſcerns no connection, or agreement of ideas? and if no knowlege is conveyed, what is taught but words? If ſo, how much wiſer is your pupil made than a parrot? But how is it poſſible to communicate truth to the open and credulous mind, without ſecretly and inſenſibly influencing its judgment, by the authority of the teacher? Nothing more practicable or eaſy, if you will let it teach itſelf. Strange chimera! What, teach itſelf, before it has got any principles, and become at once its own tutor and pupil! The mind ſoon begins to compare things, and in proportion to the extent of its obſervation, judges wherein they differ or agree; it deduces one thing from another, and ſeldom makes a wrong concluſion, if the premiſes are fairly ſet before it. Let therefor ſuch objects, as are proportioned to the ſtretch of the intellectual eye, be preſented to it, and placed in the proper point of view, and it will, by a ſudden and inſtantaneous glance, comprehend them truly. All therefor we have to do, or which is fit to do, is to furniſh materials

and ſtore the mind with plenty of ideas; it will range and combine them itſelf, and by a natural kind of inſtinct, cleave to truth, while it rejects error. Whereas, if you anticipate its judgment, lay down principles for it, and draw concluſions from thence, though ever ſo juſtly, between which it has perceived no connection, the mind in all this proceſs, having exerted no act of its own, ſees nothing, judges nothing, and like one led in the dark or blindfold, truſts only its guide. Now, gentlemen, I appeal to you, whether it bids faireſt for going right, by thus blindly following the conduct of every guide, whom chance throws in its way; or by taking nothing upon truſt, but by ſeeing and examining itſelf with all the ſagacity it is maſter of. Such exerciſe muſt naturally ſtrengthen the mind, and enable it to ſee farther, and judge more ſurely of things; but the ſervile way of authority hoodwinks the mind, enervates the powers of thinking, and makes one the dupe of every impoſture, who has art or impudence enough to ſet up his judgment, as the ſtandard of truth, and impoſe his opinions, as the unerring dictates of reaſon. It is eaſy to ſee that it is only the principles and opinions, which he has imbibed in the rational way, whoſe foundations and connections he has ſeen, or which he has, in a manner, diſcovered himſelf, that can ſecure him effectually againſt the ſeductions of error, and prejudices of company and books. For thoſe opinions which he owes to authority, may be eaſily ſupplanted by other, or greater authority; and where he has no other ſtandard by which to judge, he muſt for ever fluctuate amidſt contending authorities, without any ſtable bottom on which to reſt. It might be eaſy to ſhow in like manner, that it is with

habits as with opinions; unleſs they are raiſed upon a rational and juſt foundation, and cemented with the original principles of our conſtitution, they will never acquire a proper firmneſs and ſtability, or be ſecure againſt the counter-workings of contrary habits and impreſſions. I mean, gentlemen, that unleſs the mind ſees the reaſons of its actions, and be accuſtomed to obſerve the nature and tendency of the courſe to which it is habituated, and unleſs that courſe be agreeable to its original feelings and affections, it will never act with vigour and complacence, and though it may contract a ſtrong propenſity to a certain object, or ſcheme of action, yet the habit, wanting its main baſis and ſupport, will be eaſily diſplaced, when the particular influence, whether of example, or of bribes or terrors, ceaſes to act: or when a better ſcheme of conduct, which approves itſelf to its genuine and uncorrupted feelings, is propoſed.

Therefor, gentlemen, though I agree with Conſtant, that culture and education are abſolutely neceſſary to draw the unformed mind out of its natural rudeneſs, ignorance and barbarity, and to unfold and refine the various powers and features of humanity; yet I muſt join iſſue with Eugenio, that the more open and diſentangled it is left, and the leſs it is embaraſſed with rules, ſubdued by authority, and habituated to one track of thinking, it will exert its natural ſpring with more vigour, and riſe to greater heights of knowlege and virtue than it would have otherwiſe attained.

I ſhould think, ſaid Simplicius, that as the progreſs of the mind in infancy and childhood is exceeding low, and the fields of knowlege are of a vaſt extent, the ſhorteſt and directeſt way were to teach

it by ſyſtem; ſuch an eaſy and compendious one, as ſhould contain the chief elements of knowlege, neceſſary to be underſtood in that early period. If your pupil be left to form his own opinions, and collect ſcattered ſcraps of knowlege, as he beſt can, from his own experience and obſervation, and in the ſlow operoſe method of deduction, to trace every thing to firſt principles; I am afraid he will advance heavily in his taſk, and never acquire any juſt or well-connected ſeries of notions. Whereas a ſyſtem ſhews a ſet of principles deduced to one's hand, in a regular order, and united into one entire well-proportioned body. Teaching in this way therefor, and leading him on ſtep by ſtep, convincing him of each principle as he goes along, muſt not only ſhorten his work in the acquiſition of knowlege, but accuſtom him to a coherent way of thinking on every ſubject. It has been a method always in vogue, nor would a diſcreet teacher chuſe to innovate, unleſs a better one were firſt ſubſtituted in its place. It would be particularly dangerous in the affair of religion, to leave the mind acceſſible to error as well as truth, and to let it form a ſyſtem of faith to itſelf out of the many diſcordant opinions of chriſtians; in doing which, it might be ſo eaſily led aſtray by the artifice of ſeducers, or love of ſingularity and novelty. But let it be firſt principled with a ſound and ſober ſyſtem, this will be the nobleſt antidote againſt hereſy of every kind; and when the pupil is once maſter of that, he may venture to walk alone with more ſafety, in the thorny paths of controverſy, or aſcend the ſublimer ſtages of ſcience.

I confeſs, ſaid Hiero, looking ſomewhat demurely, we are much indebted to Simplicius for his admirable method of inſtructing the youth by ſyſtem. It is,

without queſtion, a brief way, and ſhortens one's labours greatly to have ſuch vaſt funds of literature diſpoſed in exact ſymmetry and order, all done up to one's hand in ſo ſmall a bundle. And it is well if it be a ſmall one. All the difficulty is, to hit upon a good one, unanimouſly approved by the beſt judges of the ſeveral kinds. For I find a great number of them, ſome recommended to us by authority, others without that ſanction. Every country, nay, each different club and party of a country, have got their peculiar ſyſtems. There is none of them without their reſpective claims. They all pretend to contain the very ſum and ſubſtance of all morals and theology. Now if, amidſt thoſe rival ſyſtems, one ſhould happen to make a bad choice, and, inſtead of a true orthodox one, ſtumble upon a mine of error and hereſy; one muſt go ſo much the farther wrong, for being deluded by ſolemn ſophiſtry, dreſſed up in the pomp of ſyſtem, and diſguiſed with the air of truth and ſcience. To whom therefor ſhall we addreſs ourſelves for information which is the ſafeſt and ſoundeſt ſyſtem, and in which the elements of all neceſſary knowlege are deduced in the plaineſt and moſt unſophiſticated manner? And what is the proper poſture and point of view, in which one muſt ſtand to take the faireſt ſurvey of the ſeveral ſyſtems, and their contending claims?

Were an Indian, who had never converſed with any rank or denomination of Chriſtians, to paſs into a Chriſtian country, where there was a free toleration of the different ſects and parties of Chriſtians, where all had full liberty to oppoſe and defend their ſeveral opinions, and were indulged in their reſpective forms of worſhip and government; let him

converſe with thoſe different parties, hear their diſtinct pretenſions, and thoſe arguments with which they ſupport their cauſe, without having any intereſt or particular attachment to bias him in favour of any one of them more than another; do not we think him like to form a more impartial judgment of the equity of their ſeveral claims, and the true merits of the cauſe in general, than a chriſtian who has been enliſted in a party from his infancy, who was taught the *Shibboleth* as ſoon as he could liſp, and has ſince been engaged in the heats of controverſy? Or, ſuppoſe the authentic charter of the whole community put into his hands, the ſenſe of which, each corporation or independent company pretended only to underſtand and appropriated to themſelves, while he continued ignorant of the particular pretenſions of each, and did not ſo much as know the names of the different claimants; would he not be deemed the moſt candid interpreter of the original charter, and be appealed by all as the faireſt arbitrator of their interfering claims? But let us extend the ſuppoſition a little farther, and imagine, that an inhabitant of ſome neighbouring planet ſhould pay a viſit to our world, and traverſe the different regions of the globe, where there are the moſt remarkable ſyſtems of faith: were he to examine the Jewiſh and Chriſtian Teſtaments, the Coran of Mahommed, or the doctrines of Confucius and Burah; and were he to compare the arguments with which the ſeveral believers ſnpport the divine miſſion and authority of their reſpective prophets; I dare ſay, this diſintereſted ſtranger would be univerſally allowed to be the moſt impartial judge of their different pleas: and when all were fairly laid before him, his deciſion muſt be deemed the moſt equitable, whe-

ther he pronounced in favour of Jews or Chriſtians, Muſſulmen, Chineſe, or other Eaſt-Indians. For neither education, intereſt, nor any party-views, can be ſuppoſed to lay an undue bias on his mind. Without ſome impartiality of this kind, how can one depend on the judgment he forms of the contradictory claims of the different ſects of chriſtians, or the high pretenſions of other nations, who boldly call *them* infidels, and who all aſſert the divine authority of their national religions? But as we can hardly ſuppoſe children brought up in any country, without imbibing the religious principles in vogue there, nay, as it would be unfit not to lay the impetuoſity of youth under a religious influence, I cannot help thinking it the beſt way to keep them as much ſtrangers, as poſſible, to the diſtinguiſhing marks of parties, the names and tenets, and little particularities of contending ſects, that no hoſtile prejudices may be formed, no antipathies nouriſhed againſt any particular ſet of men; that humanity and benevolence may have full ſcope, and a man may be valued and loved, not becauſe he has got his head crouded with this, or the other ſet of notions, but for the honeſty of his heart, and the goodneſs of his life and manners. I muſt add, that no perſon will do juſtice to himſelf, or his religion, who does not, as much as he can, put himſelf in the place of the Mahometan or Planetarian inhabitant before mentioned; and, from that diſtant eminence, take a wide and impartial ſurvey of the party he has choſen, and the principles he has embraced. He muſt convaſs every notion, under what ſpecious appearance ſoever it has been admitted; ſee upon what

bottom his faith ſtands, though guarded with the moſt awful ſanctions, and moſt ſolemn ceremonies. For in moſt countries *theſe* are to be found. He muſt therefor trace back the ſeveral progreſſive ſteps of his education, to the earlieſt dawn of reaſon. Nay, if he be in good earneſt in queſt of truth, he muſt caſt off the very regards to a party, if inconſiſtent with higher obligations, and follow the conduct of honeſty and reaſon, whitherſoever they lead him, be the conſequences what they will. Parties may perhaps be neceſſary, and unavoidable in church as well as ſtate; but I think the leſs a child knows of either, and the leſs he is tinctured with the peculiarities of either, his judgment will be more unbiaſſed, and conſequently he will have the faireſt chance to find out the truth, whenever he applies himſelf to the ſearch. I do not pretend, that ſuch a courſe will form one a zealous party-man, of any denomination, or an eaſy tool; but I preſume it will bid fairer, than the methods ſometimes taken, for making an honeſt or good natured man; qualities, in my opinion, full as valuable as the niceſt refinements of the head.

Since ſome of you, gentlemen! ſaid Sophron, ſeem to apprehend ſuch danger from a narrow education, I do not know whether the method propoſed by Hiero be ſo proper to obviate thoſe dangers, and give it that full and liberal caſt it ought to have.

I am afraid the keeping one's pupil purpoſely ignorant of the diſtinctions and parties that prevail, and the reſpective badges by which they are known, might lead him into too blind an attachment and veneration for that claſs among whom he is educated, and conſequently into as blind and ſupercilious a contempt of all others. Or ſhould he diſcover that any thing

was artfully concealed from him, he might apprehend there was ſomething very ſingular, and well worth his knowing, in what was deſignedly hid; and thus might be tempted to indulge a curioſity, fatal to thoſe principles he had already imbibed. I would offer an expedient therefor, that ſhall give education more freedom and compaſs, and be leſs liable to the inconveniencies which are dreaded. Let your pupil be made acquainted as much as may be, with the hiſtory of the world, the ſtate and revolutions of human affairs in different ages, and nations; and then little party names, diſtinctions and intereſts will appear mean and deſpicable to a mind enlarged with ſuch extenſive views. It is only our confinement to a narrow ſpot of ground, and our view of ſuch objects only as lie within its compaſs, that is apt to raiſe our admiration, and beget fond prejudices or partial attachments. A tradeſman, in a country town, fancies the affairs of his borough or village, of the utmoſt importance to all the world beſides; thinks it the mart of trade, and that the welfare of the kingdom muſt riſe or fall, as its intereſts flouriſh or decay. A mechanic in the metropolis takes in a larger circle, obſerves how his corporation or company is connected with the larger community, what weight it bears, and is well acquainted with the different intereſts and characters of the parties into which it is ſplit. A merchant moves in a wider ſphere, and comprehends a larger intereſt; he looks into the cauſes of the fall or riſe of trade, and the influence of one branch upon another. But private regards to his company, or in favour perhaps of his particular branch of trade, ſhall frequently engroſs all his thoughts, and entirely govern his conduct, without any view to the public good, or

the general intereſts of mankind. A miniſter of ſtate, provided he be of a public ſpirit, and entirely conſults the common weal, and has withal travelled, and ſtudied the genius and policy of different nations, is maſter of a much wider field of obſervation. For he not only diſcerns the wheels, upon which the whole frame of government moves, the intereſts of parties, the balance of property, the connections of the landed and commercial intereſts; but perceives the influence of foreign upon domeſtic affairs, the balance of power, and various political connexions and dependencies of ſtates and kingdoms. We may eaſily imagine, that one of ſuch extenſive views will judge more ſoundly of men and things, and be leſs ſwayed by private or party views and prejudices, than perſons of narrower obſervation and experience. The caſe is much the ſame with reſpect to a narrow or liberal education. A narrow ſet of principles, or a confined view of men and things cramps the mind, greatens little objects, and makes us violent in our prepoſſeſſions for and againſt matters of no great moment. A larger comprehenſion diſpels the enchantment, diſcovers the true ſhapes and proportions of objects, and teaches us to meaſure our eſteem according to their intrinſic value. With regard therefor to ſyſtems and parties, were it poſſible to make your pupil acquainted with the ſeveral denominations of Chriſtians in this, and former ages, the different creeds which have been compoſed, whether by authority or without it, the broils and religious controverſies that have employed the tongues and pens of the ableſt diſputants, with their ſprings and leaders; nay, were he to be inſtructed in the doctrines of the Coran, and expoſitions of Hali, or the tenets of Confucius; or were he to dip into the

arcana of Pagan theology, the myſteries of Ceres, the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, or the commentaries of the Jewiſh rabbins, I apprehend no danger from this unlimited view of religions, ſects, myſteries, creeds, controverſies, were it poſſible to take ſuch a range with one's pupil; but this is perhaps impracticable. The more, however, he knows, the leſs will he be dazzled with party-notions, ſyſtematical or national prejudices, and the leſs apt will he be to take things upon truſt.

I know nothing that more opens and enlarges the mind, than a knowlege of men and public affairs. The hiſtory of our own and paſt ages is not the worſt treaſury whence this is to be fetched. There is one advantage belonging to the ſtudy of it, namely, that it keeps the mind clear of that rock which ſome of my friends, who ſpoke before me, thought ſo dangerous; a narrowneſs of principle and partiality of ſpirit. It generally expoſes plain facts before us, and allows us to deduce the conſequences, and ſets men to view, in every light, by delineating their paſſions, intereſts and actions. It calls back paſt ages to inſtruct and entertain you, and though the grandeur of thoſe ſcenes may awaken and intereſt you, they ſeem to be too remote, and unconnected with any immediate concern you have in them, to lay an unfair bias upon your judgment. What is it to you, whether the Athenians or Lacedemonians had the ſovereignty of Greece? whether Carthage or Rome obtained the empire of the world? whether Marius or Sylla played the tyrants? Caeſar or Pompey reigned? While ages and nations paſs, as it were, in review before you, while the mightieſt empires riſe from ſuch obſcure beginnings, advance, by ſwift or ſlow ſteps, to ſuch enormous bulks, and

dwindle down again ſo faſt, till they are loſt in their original obſcurity, while you gaze at the fleeting ſcenes of human grandeur, the triumphs and overthrows of ambition, the mighty efforts of virtue, the conteſts and ravages of honour, the ſtruggles of parties, the removes of people, the tranſlations of empire and trade: after the view of ſuch viciſſitudes and revolutions, what is there in human life to ſurprize and aſtoniſh? How little will the parties, controverſies, ſects and names appear, that men make ſuch a mighty buſtle about! How little will the mind be under the influence of partial views, and narrow attachments, that is grown familiar with all that is grand, conſpicuous, and intereſting in the circle of human affairs! It will not be apt to admire eaſily, nor to contract ſudden antipathies againſt any thing, but judge cautiouſly and coolly of men and things.

In oppoſition to what Sophron had advanced, it was ſaid, that his expedient would not quite remove the dangers dreaded from a narrow education, ſince it ſeemed to be ſubject to thoſe very difficulties he meant to obviate—that hiſtory, without doubt, is a noble and pleaſant field to expatiate in, as it opens a ſcene of freſh wonders to entertain the ſcholar's curioſity, and keep his attention awake—nay, that it is a ſhort and eaſy road to knowlege and wiſdom, ſince it lends us the experience of former times, to direct our conduct in almoſt every circumſtance of life. But how Sophron would inſure us againſt being miſlead by it into partiality of ſpirit and principle, was not ſo eaſy a matter to comprehend. For what hiſtorian ſhall we find, that is not biaſſed by ſome party or intereſt, ſome national or private prejudice? Look into the Roman hiſtorians,

do not their hiſtories wear the air of panegyrics, rather than of ſtrict narrations, when they ſpeak of their country and it's exploits? But when they deſcribe others, do not they reſemble ſatiriſts who write invectives? Who elſe but the candid Polybius does juſtice both to the Romans and their rivals the Carthaginians? Were we to enter into the detail of their hiſtorians, what differences ſhould we find, according as they ſtood affected, and were of the Patrician or Plebeian party? What odious colours does the deſcriptive Appian lay upon the braveſt ſtruggles of liberty and virtue, and how artfully does he vilify the patrons of liberty, and defenders of their country, to compliment the race of the Caeſars? With what addreſs does the elegant and falſe Paterculus change the names and appearances of things, and ſlur over vices with the varniſh of virtue, to make his court to the tyrant? Who does not ſee the dexterity with which Caeſar, the ſubverter of Rome, palliates his ambition, and the injuſtice of his cauſe, and ſeeks to grace his victories with the ſpoils of truth and virtue? And is it not too viſible, that the Patrician pride and ſpirit did conſiderably leaven the compoſitions of other hiſtorians of note, who are too apt to overcharge the ſeditions, diſcontents and tumults of the people, while they place, in the moſt favourable light, the arrogance and oppreſſion of the nobles? The ſame remark might be made of the Greek hiſtorians, who were generally friends to the ariſtocracy, and profeſſed foes to a popular form of government. It would be doing too much honour to mention that low proſtitute, that fawning court-tool Dion Caſſius, with any thing but contempt. But were we to deſcend ſo low as our own hiſtory, is it not too apparent, that a party-ſpirit animates many of our hi-

ſtorians, eſpecially when they approach near their own age, or thoſe ages in which they fancy they are as much intereſted? Do not many of our hiſtories ſeem to be written rather to defend a favourite cauſe; vindications of the moſt deſtructive court-meaſures; nay artful defences of the moſt ſlaviſh principles; and odious miſrepreſentations of men of the greateſt characters who oppoſed them? In ſhort, among hiſtorians, how few ſhall we find, who, diveſted of party and country prejudices, have made truth their ſole aim, have drawn characters, and given us a detail of actions, without perſonal pique or favour, and neither heightened nor leſſened things, to flatter others or ſerve themſelves? Therefor I cannot help thinking even hiſtory a dangerous ſtudy, and ſo much the more apt to miſlead the unwary mind, that the actions it relates are great and intereſting. The pleaſure of the narration is a kind of opium to lull the mind aſleep, while the writer is laying on falſe colours to diſguiſe and deceive. So that in reading hiſtory, it is neceſſary to proceed with the utmoſt caution; to know the characters, principles and views of the writer; to compare facts and different repreſentations; and, from the whole to deduce the greateſt appearance of probability and truth. Are there not other as noble and elevating ſubjects to employ a young mind, and that are ſtill more remote from party, and every partial notion? May not mathematics and philoſophy be juſtly reckoned among theſe? For inſtance, the principles of geometry are abſtracted truths that draw to no party, interfere with no intereſts, and are connected with no ſecular or religious ſyſtems. While they accuſtom the mind to a cloſe method of reaſoning, they open and enlarge its views. Here truth gains

upon us by its native charms, unaided by the daubings of art, and needs no bribe to captivate our regard. Every new diſcovery is a new acquiſition, and fully repays the labour of the ſearch. When by the help of this nurſe of the ſciences, we ſtretch our views beyond the narrow limits of our world, trace the laws of the univerſe, and ſoar into the planetary and celeſtial ſyſtems, that are wide ſpread through the abyſs of ſpace, how little does our canton appear! How contemptible thoſe parties that are formed, and the buſtle that is made on ſome of its puny ſpots! The more we are converſant with ſuch magnificent objects, the mind riſes in proportion to their grandeur; the more we grow acquainted with the laws and ſtructure of the ſtupendous frame, we are leſs ſubject to the ſervitude of prejudices and vain panics; our imagination, which uſed to be ſpent on trifles, is now loſt in the immenſity of nature; and, with that ſuperiority of mind which knowlege beſtows, we can look down on thoſe common objects, that ſurprize and amuſe our fellow-mortals. To ſee a plan laid out for univerſal happineſs, conducted with an amazing ſimplicity, and unchangeable order; leſſer ſyſtems connected into one, this encircled with larger ones, riſing above each other, in infinite progreſſion; and all theſe cluſters of ſyſtems and worlds chained together, and balancing each other, and compoſing a perfect and harmonious univerſe, is one of the largeſt ideas that can fill a human mind; a ſentiment not to be felt without aſtoniſhment and rapture. The puny objects of human grandeur, the little intereſts and diſtinctions that divide mankind, the pride and oſtentation of life, in a manner, diſappear before this vaſt unbounded ſcene of things. I conclude therefor, that if you

can find the art of employing the inquiſitive mind, about ſuch exalted contemplations, and rendering them eaſy and familiar to it, you will take the ſureſt method, at once, to diſingage it from the influence of narrow principles, and arm it moſt effectually againſt the encroachments of prejudice, bigotry, and every little party paſſion.—But I forget myſelf—the grandeur of the ſubject hath hurried me beyond my proper ſhare of the converſation.

Gentlemen, ſaid Philander, who now wound up the debate, the diverſity of your ſentiments, in the courſe of this debate, has given me more pleaſure than if you had all been in one way of thinking. For I doubt not but ſeveral uſeful hints may be taken from your different opinions, for the better conducting the affair of education. I believe Eugenio, for all his ſceptical humour, will confeſs, that the boldeſt youthful traveller, who ever ſet out in the road of ſcience, though furniſhed with the choiceſt gifts of nature, and prompted by the keeneſt curioſity, will need a guide to lead him part of the way, and point out to him the principal quarters, the high roads and boundaries of knowlege, that he may not diſtreſs himſelf to little purpoſe amidſt the thorny brakes, nor loſe his way in the uncultivated wilds. But though a proper guide may be very uſeful, yet no one will from thence conclude, that even the unexperienced traveller muſt follow him with an implicit faith, or never go out of the beaten tract, to make new diſcoveries, or find out ſome riſing ground, from whence he may take a more advantageous ſurvey of the adjacent country, but eſpecially of thoſe parts that were never trodden by human foot: much leſs that we are always to go like children, with leading-ſtrings, and never venture to walk alone, or get

out of ſight of our keepers and nurſes. However, Eugenio has ſhewn that the more liberal and ingenuous the education is, and the leſs the opening genius is crampt in its firſt excurſions, it will ſtretch with a ſwifter career in the wide fields of truth and ſcience. Hiero has ſeconded him in ſome meaſure, on this topic, and by an inſtance borrowed from our higher concerns, ſhewn the danger of inſinuating narrow notions, and a party-ſpirit, in affairs of ſcience, or the buſineſs of education. Conſtant, on the other hand, has evinced the neceſſity of culture, to call forth the ſeeds of genius, to nouriſh and tend them in their growth, and raiſe them to maturity, by ſhowing what a ſimple and ſavage creature man would be, if left entirely to his own conduct, and unimproved by inſtruction, converſe, and other advantages derived from ſociety. From what he and Hiero have ſaid, I think it muſt follow, that, as the underſtanding ought to be opened and enlarged, by laying the beſt of materials, both philoſophical and religious, before it; ſo too great pains cannot be taken to guard againſt unjuſt and narrow prejudices, and to keep the heart open to every humane and benevolent impreſſion. I apprehend it is no hard matter to reconcile Hiero and Sophron, by admitting, that there is no harm in making the pupil acquainted with the various ſyſtems, ſects and controverſies that have been, or are ſtill a-foot in the world, provided the mind is not laid under an *undue* influence by any of them. For there ſeems to be a wide difference between knowing the hiſtory of them, and being tinctured with their minute partial differences. As to the point ſtarted by Simplicius, whether it is beſt to inſtruct in the way of ſyſtem or

otherwiſe, I doubt we muſt refer ſo knotty a queſtion to be diſcuſſed in ſome future debate. Mean time, though he and Sophron ſeem to be at variance in ſome things, I think they may eaſily be brought to a perfect harmony, and would therefore propoſe to unite their reſpective ſtudies, which, as far as they relate to nature, are indeed both hiſtories, though converſant about different ſubjects, as might ſoon be made appear, was there time for it now. I am only ſorry to take notice, that neither will hiſtory, nor the inveſtigations of nature, and the ſublime ſpeculations of mathematics, guard us entirely againſt the inſinuations of a party-ſpirit, or power of prejudice and paſſion. We are not ſo much governed by our ſpeculative principles, as by our taſte, which though it may be influenced, yet will not be controuled or altered by our ſtudies. After we have ſurveyed the elevations and falls of grandeur, the inſtability of human affairs, and viciſſitudes of life and empire; we muſt fall into the ſame beaten tract, and engage in all the din and parade of life. After our moſt exalted flights into the heavenly regions; after we have traced nature in her various forms, revolutions and periods; ſeen the harmony and conſtancy of her laws; and contemplated the ſubordination and occonomy of her inhabitants, we muſt deſcend again into the little circle of ſhew and folly, and be unphiloſophized into all the cares and parties of ordinary mortals. Our high ſpeculations muſt ſink into little, but unavoidable ſchemes for ſupplying the urgent neceſſities of a feeble nature. We muſt take place among the buſy actors, and, like them, ſuſtain a more or leſs important part in the play. But even from this fatal neceſſity, I would infer the uſefulneſs and excellency of that

ſtudy, which Sophron has ſo warmly, and I think juſtly recommended. Since after our moſt curious and ſublime reſearches, the conduct of life muſt be our principal care; hiſtory, whoſe ſubject is life, whether public or private, muſt be a ſtudy of the firſt rank, and moſt general uſe. Simplicius has well cautioned us againſt ſome of the moſt obvious, though not all the dangers to which it expoſes us. Armed with due caution and impartiality, we may purſue this ſtudy with no ſmall advantage. What, for inſtance, can be a more inſtructive ſtudy, with regard to the knowlege of mankind, than the hiſtory of our own country? In it we ſee the influence and effects of conqueſt, frequent migrations and intermixtures of people, the gradual progreſs of liberty through its ſeveral periods, and almoſt a conſtant rotation of power, keeping pace with the correſpondent changes and tranſlations of property; we find there the ſeveral forms of government, the dangers of arbitrary power, and the advantages of that which is limited, the ſhocks of parties, the various face and calamities of civil war, the joint force of religion and policy, the influence of trade and letters; all this in a continued ſeries, for a vaſt tract of years down to our own time. Theſe are the grandeſt and moſt moving ſcenes in hiſtory, which afford ample matter for a variety of the fineſt and moſt uſeful obſervations. But in entering upon this, as well as every other ſtudy, we muſt come with unprejudiced minds, with an attachment to no party, at leaſt with no biaſs weighty enough to diſtort our judgment of men and things, with minds ready to embrace the truth, on which ſide ſoever it lies, and only prepoſſeſſed in favour of virtue, and againſt vice, wherever their ge-

nuine features appear. But this impartiality of mind muſt depend much on the free turn of one's education; and therefor, gentlemen, it muſt be a ſpeculation of no ſmall uſe, and worthy of your thoughts, to ſettle this affair on a right foundation.

DIALOGUE VII.

L***, a delightful little villa, near N***, lies on the brow of a gently riſing hill, whence you can command a diſtant proſpect of the country. It has a natural wildneſs about it, which is heightened by the finiſhings of art. Three terraſſes almoſt ſurround the houſe, riſing one above another by an eaſy aſcent. The ſloping greens between them wear a perpetual verdure. Before the houſe there is a fine baſon, which is plentifully ſupplied from ſeveral ſprings, on a neighbouring riſing ground. This baſon pours its ſtores, through different branches, into ſeveral ponds in the garden; and, in its progreſs, by the advantage of its ſituation, it forms a beautiful caſcade. At the foot of the hill, within ſight of the houſe, a ſmall river, with a briſk courſe, glides through a rough uneven channel, which keeps the ſtream in conſtant agitation, and its waters always clear and tranſparent. On the north ſide of the houſe, as you aſcend the riſing ground, the proſpect cloſes with a little foreſt, which extends far enough to clothe both ſides of a charming valley; in the midſt of which runs a delicious rivulet. One part of the garden leads you into a ſort of wilderneſs, where the trees and buſhes appear in a lovely diſorder, and ſeveral venerable oaks give it a ſylvan air

of grandeur and retirement. You are ſurprized with jets of water and artificial fountains, playing in different places, which caſt a freſhneſs on nature, and ſeem to awaken the ſcene. Some ſtatues, freſco-paintings, and other ornaments, are diſpoſed up and down the garden with ſuch a happy taſte, as to hit the eye, at different openings, with agreeable ſurprize. The houſe itſelf is a perfect beauty, its ſimplicity and ſymmetry being equally admirable. The inſide correſponds to the outward appearance. The rooms are truly proportioned, and furniſhed with great propriety and taſte. You ſee nothing wanting, no profuſion of ornament, nor any thing too glaring to pleaſe an injudicious eye. Several buſts of ancient worthies grace the lobby, which ſtrike you with awe as you enter. The principal rooms are adorned either with family pieces, and a few originals, or elſe with copies and prints of originals of ſome of the beſt Italian maſters.

Cleora had been at this charming villa ſome days, to viſit Atticus and his lady, who were her relations; when Eugenio, who was acquainted with the family, but had not yet ſeen Cleora, one day propoſed to me our taking a walk thither; promiſing to introduce me to Atticus, if I would do him the ſame favour with Cleora. Having accepted the terms, we ſet out after breakfaſt. On the road, I begged Eugenio to let me know ſomething of the character of the gentleman whom we were going to viſit.

You will ſoon know the original yourſelf, replied Eugenio; and I confeſs frankly, I have but an indifferent hand at drawing characters; therefor you had beſt have patience till you can ſatisfy your curi-

oſity with your own eyes. When I ſtill inſiſted, Eugenio yielded; and ſaid, Know then, Simplicius, that ATTICUS, whom I have the honour to call my friend, is a gentleman of fine parts, highly improved by reading, and converſing with the beſt of company. His temper has a mixture of ſweetneſs and vivacity, which being joined to a ſprightly flow of wit, render his converſation both entertaining and inſtructive. Books are his peculiar delight; and I never knew a man who underſtands better the happy art of tempering buſineſs with the amuſements of life. He is an early riſer, and ſpends his morning-hours in ſtudy. After breakfaſt he generally goes out a courſing, or takes a ride till dinner. Theſe exerciſes give a remarkable freſhneſs and healthful vigour to his countenance; which, being graced by a look of ſingular penetration, form a very manly and amiable appearance. He reads the ancients with true taſte, and is maſter of the beſt modern writers, of our own and other nations, whom he underſtands in their original languages. But he has converſed ſtill more with men, and is acquainted with the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the age, which he paints with great ſpirit and juſtice. Hiſtory and politics are his favourite ſtudies. His principles in the laſt, he has derived chiefly from the ancients, and the beſt of the moderns. I know no man better qualified for ſerving his country. His ſteady virtue makes him independent, and inacceſſible to corruption. He loves it and its liberties, with a generous attachment, and has a great facility of expreſſion, and a nervous eloquence, with a ſagacity and ſolidity of judgment, that qualify him for being one of the ableſt ſpeakers of the kingdom.—But he ſo much diſreliſhes the ordinary way of obtaining a

ſeat in parliament, and has ſuch an abhorrence of the party-principles, which too often entitle to the favour of either ſide, that he diſdains to come in upon ſuch a footing. Beſides, he is ſo great a lover of retirement and philoſophic eaſe, that he can ſcarce reſolve to ſacrifice it to a ſervice, in which, from the ſtrain of political meaſures generally taken, he thinks he muſt be often diſappointed.

I am always ſorry, Eugenio, when I ſee gentlemen of fortune, and of ſuch qualifications as thoſe you repreſent Atticus endued with, declining to ſerve their country in the moſt important ſtations. The mercenarineſs of the *many*, is a reaſon, and a ſtrong one too, why the diſintereſted *few* ſhould combine together, and undertake thoſe offices they ſee ſo weakly, or wickedly diſcharged by others. But I hope your friend is ſo much the more uſeful in private life, as his time is not taken up with public cares and employments.

There is none, replied Eugenio, more eſteemed by all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, than Atticus, none more beloved by the country-people, but eſpecially by his own tenants. To them he is like a common father, acceſſible to them at all times, ever ready to hear and redreſs their grievances; goading the idle by the ſtrongeſt of baits, thoſe of intereſt, and encouraging the induſtrious by due rewards. So kind a maſter, that he never allows his upper ſervants to oppreſs the lower, nor his ſtewards to ſqueeze his tenants; and ſo exact an oeconomiſt, that he never truſts entirely to them in things of conſequence, and which require care and application. Therefor never was an eſtate in better condition; nor a maſter more truly and univerſally beloved. In ſhort, Atticus is a fine gentleman, not

altogether without ſome daſhes of the *humouriſt* in his character. Beſides, he has a facetious and pleaſant vein of raillery, which he often loves to indulge in converſation. But the chief excellence of this amiable man, is a certain univerſal benignity of temper, which diſpoſes him equally to love mankind, and be beloved by them, and a peculiar humanity to ſtrangers, whom he treats according to their merit, and not the circumſtances of their birth or fortune.

You have drawn, Eugenio! a very lovely character, but pray what family has he?

He has a wife, and one only daughter: the mother is a pious woman, of good ſenſe and polite manners. The daughter, the darling of both, though under fifteen, yet has a ſurpriſing capacity and prudence. She has nothing of the levity or giddy airs of the child about her, but behaves with almoſt the decency and ſedateneſs of a matron. I have ſeen her act the part of a miſtreſs at the table, when her mother was abſent, with a diſcretion and dignity much above her age. Nor yet is there any thing in her proud or affected. The graces which nature has poured liberally on her perſon, are not her beſt ornaments. Of theſe ſhe diſcovers leſs conſciouſneſs than young ladies generally do. She is not inſenſible of the reſpect due to her rank and fortune, but ſhe ſeeks to deſerve it rather by the ſweetneſs of her manners, and the regard ſhe ſhews to every body. She reads and talks the French prettily, but neither values herſelf for it, nor is forward to ſhew it. I have now indulged your requeſt, Simplicius, therefor I expect you will as frankly ſatisfy mine. It is to deſcribe the figure and character of Cleora, a lady whom all talk of, and ſo few have the happineſs to know.

I would not, Eugenio, anticipate your judgment of ſo rare a woman, whoſe charms are not eaſily deſcribed; but to requite the favour you have done me, I ſhall give you a rude ſketch of her, which will ſerve to ſhew rather the out-lines, than the juſt proportion, of the original.

Cleora is tall and finely formed; and has ſomething noble and commanding in her air. You cannot call her an exact beauty: her features are large, but well proportioned. She has a quick, piercing, ſagacious look, mixed with a ſweetneſs that both attracts and awes you. When ſhe ſmiles, you would think goodneſs itſelf dawned upon you, with its mildeſt influence. To her ſhape ſhe adapts her dreſs, with an elegance and judgment that ſhews it to the greateſt advantage, and is never overloaded with ornaments. There is a propriety and ſpirit in all her motions; nothing light or flaunting, nothing ſtiff or affected. Such is her outſide! To give a character of her mind, were a difficult taſk indeed. To have a faint idea of it, imagine, Eugenio, a large ſuperior underſtanding, joined to a noble generous heart; an exquiſite ſenſibility, governed by a ſtrength and elevation of ſoul, you ſhall rarely find united even in men. Imagine virtue in her ſweeteſt attitude, mild, open and ſerene, ſupported by dignity and prudence, with unaffected modeſty and goodneſs in her train, and you will have ſome image of the lovely Cleora. Only let me add, for your farther information, that ſhe is no admirer of compliment, nor any of thoſe fine ſpeeches, with which our ſex chuſe frequently to entertain the ladies. For ſhe is a profeſt lover of pure nature, and declares both by word and practice, againſt the ceremony, and unmeaning pomp, which prevails too frequently

in modern converſation. This makes her deliver her ſentiments in a very frank and unaffected manner, without regard to the opinion of the vulgar, great or ſmall, or to the polite forms impoſed by the faſhion.

Pray, Simplicius, ſaid Eugenio, has this accompliſhed lady no ſhades in her character?

I do not doubt, replied I, but ſhe has; but I have had no opportunity as yet of becoming acquainted with them. Beſides, you know that women have generally diſcretion enough to conceal their moſt glaring foibles from us.

Well, Simplicius, ſaid Eugenio, if your acquaintance has fewer beauties than you deſcribe, I ſhall be in danger of falling in downright love with her; and if I once feel a real paſſion, I cannot be ſure that I ſhall not talk a little wildly both to herſelf, and to you about her, even though I ſhould incur the cenſure of being a fool for my pains.

Let that be as it will, Eugenio, remember, you have had fair warning. If you once forfeit Cleora's good graces, you will not ſo eaſily recover them.

By this time we were got to the houſe, and were conducted into a parlour, that looks into the gardens. While we were ſitting here, Eugenio having his eyes fixed on the garden, the young lady, I had been deſcribing, ſtept in upon us unawares. She was dreſſed in a white night-gown, her fine jet hair flowing in looſe ringlets about her ſhoulders; and moved towards us with an engaging and awful air. Eugenio ſtarted from his ſeat with ſurprize and confuſion, and like one thunderſtruck, ſeemed robbed of that preſence of mind and eaſy aſſurance, which he generally poſſeſſes. To give him time to rally his ſtruggling ſpirits, Madam, ſaid I to Cleora,

may I hope to obtain your pardon for preſuming to introduce to you a friend of mine, the leaſt of whoſe merit is the eſteem and honour he has for your ſex?

You know, Simplicius, replied Cleora, I am not fond of increaſing my acquaintance, and I dare ſay, you would not have croſſed my inclination in this inſtance, but to give me the advantage of knowing one, for whom you have a very particular regard.

So polite a reply charmed Eugenio, and he ſtood for ſome time mute with admiration of her perſon. Cleora having deſired us to ſit down, I ſhould not, ſaid I, have ventured, Madam, to treſpaſs upon the terms of our acquaintance, had I not thought that any perſon, whom Atticus honours with his friendſhip, would not be unwelcome to Cleora. Eugenio, continued I, was ſo ſtruck with this enchanting place, and his eyes have been wandering over the beauties of the landſcape before the window, with ſuch eagerneſs, that he is ſcarce recovered from the delightful reverie.

Say rather, replied he haſtily, that living beauties have a ſtronger effect on me than the faireſt unanimated proſpect. If I muſt confeſs diſorder, I will do juſtice to nature and to you, Madam, whoſe preſence was the cauſe.

I am ſorry, Sir, replied Cleora, half-bluſhing, that my preſence ſhould put you in any confuſion. If you pleaſe, Sir, I will remove it, to reſtore you to your former compoſure.

I doubt, Madam, returned Eugenio, you, who occaſioned my confuſion, are the fitteſt perſon to diſpel it. I have heard of trances, into which men have fallen upon the ſight of good angels, and the ſame preſence that threw them into that extaſy, ſerved likewiſe as a counter charm to awaken them.

Sir, ſaid Cleora, you talk ſo myſteriouſly, that I muſt beg your friend to turn your interpreter, or you to talk in plainer language.

Then, Madam, replied Eugenio, I muſt tell you, I was enjoying the proſpect from that window, with a ſort of philoſophic ſerenity till you came in. Your appearance ſpoiled my contemplation—I could not compoſe myſelf to ſpeak to you—and now I find I am not quite ſo eaſy here as I ſhould have been elſewhere. It is but juſt, Madam, before you offer to retire, to reſtore me to myſelf.

I find, ſaid Cleora, ſomewhat gravely, you are the very man I heard of. I am not yet vain enough to think I am capable of diſcompoſing any body's quiet, much leſs of a gentleman of your edueation. And I have a better opinion of you than to imagine your repoſe can be diſturbed by the appearance of any woman.

Do me juſtice, Madam, replied Eugenio: I ſhould have but an indifferent opinion of myſelf, if I thought I were incapable of being diſconcerted by the firſt ſudden appearance of a lady of more than ordinary charms. I glory in a heart ſenſible of all that is fair and good in nature, and am not aſhamed to confeſs the unuſual emotion they raiſe in me, when they ſurprize me as at preſent.

Sir, ſaid Cleora, putting on a more ſevere and reſerved air, if you mean that our acquaintance ſhould be of any continuance, leſs of compliment will pleaſe me more. I am not uſed to the pretty prattle with which your fine ladies are commonly entertained. We ſhall converſe more freely if we do it on equal terms.

Cleora ſpoke theſe words with ſuch a graceful reſerve, that Eugenio ſtood corrected and mute, look-

ing at her with an air of aſtoniſhment. Cleora, perceiving his confuſion, went on thus. I allow, Sir, that the ſenſibility you talk of betrays nothing mean, when proper objects have time to work on a mind that is ſuſceptible; but it is no argument of a great mind to be taken only with appearances, and to receive ſtrong impreſſions at firſt ſight. Hearts ſo open to every impreſſion cannot retain them long. I have always thought it an inſtance of wiſdom, not to judge too haſtily.

Why truly, Madam, replied Eugenio, I was in the ſame way of thinking till now, and could have harangued an age on ſuſpence of judgment, firmneſs of heart, and all that;—but I find experience a better miſtreſs than ſpeculation. Nature ſoon gets the aſcendant of our reaſoning, and quickly razes all the fortifications we throw up. Time is not always neceſſary to ripen eſteem: the looks of merit may win a heart in a minute as well as in a year; and that knowlege, which is guided by intuition, is full as clear and ſatisfying, as that which is the reſult of a train of conſequences.

Perhaps, Sir, reſumed the lady, your ſagacity may have ſomething extraordinary in it; but appearances are very deceitful: when we at any time take up notions very haſtily, we often find reaſon to lay them as quickly down.

It is very true, Madam, returned Eugenio, this is often the caſe, when people found conjectures on doubtful appearances. But I am apt to fancy that there is a cloſs connection between the external form and air, and the turn of the mind and manners; and therefor one of tolerable ſagacity and phyſiog-

nomy may judge ſurely enough in what aſpect virtue is painted. Time indeed may diſcover new worth, but that would only confirm the opinion formed already, it would never alter it.

I am afraid, Sir, ſubjoined Cleora, there is nothing in which we are ſo apt to be miſtaken, as in our ſudden prepoſſeſſions for and againſt characters. Something agreeable in aſpect, air or manners, immediately leads us into favourable prejudices, that every engaging quality dwells under that amiable appearance; but when the perſon grows familiar to us, thoſe bright illuſions vaniſh; and frequently under the deceitful colouring, ſome diſagreeable form appears, to damp admiration, and beget opinions of a different ſtamp. I have as often ſeen it happen, on the other hand; that a homely, and almoſt diſguſting figure, which raiſed in us, at firſt ſight, the moſt unamiable opinions, has mended upon us every day, till it has brightened up at length, into a very agreeable image of a mind that is ſtill more lovely.

Such things, replied Eugenio, may happen in extraordinary caſes, but our perſons and minds are generally matched; ſo that the qualities of the one are delineated (if I may uſe the phraſe) in the features of the other. The joint reſult of theſe, or the expreſſion of the countenance, depends on the temper; and therefor we cannot go far wrong, when we judge by thoſe natural ſignatures. I have never been miſtaken, when I have faithfully traced the indications of nature.

I do not know, Sir, ſaid Cleora, how far your ſkill in phyſiognomy may extend, nor how ſure its deciſions may be. But I muſt confeſs, experience made me ſpeak ſo aſſuredly; for I have often been

deluded, I might have ſaid, deluded myſelf, by ſuppoſing fine chimerical characters, without a foundation, which have generally, I ſhall not ſay always, dwindled to nothing, when I grew better acquainted; and yet I have, perhaps, weakneſs and credulity enough to turn caſtle-builder again, whenever the ſame temptations occur. This, however, makes us more cautious how I truſt to appearances; and ſometimes prevents me from contracting familiarities, which might be dangerous, and giving into an eſteem that would ſoon be blaſted.

Such a character, will you allow me to ſay, Madam, ſubjoined Eugenio, is an argument of a noble mind, and ſtill confirms me in my prejudices which are founded on truth and conviction. Suſpicion and diſtruſt are no ſurer emblems of a dark ungenerous heart, than eaſy faith in the honeſty of others; and a willingneſs to be miſtaken on the favourable ſide beſpeaks generoſity and greatneſs of ſoul. Such a diſpoſition makes us more converſant among the beauties, than the blemiſhes of the world; and if it lays us open, at any time, to error and impoſition, it abundantly compenſates that, by letting us taſte much oftner the higher pleaſures of benevolence.

Cleora put an end to the converſation, which was like to grow too perſonal again, by propoſing to us to walk into the garden in queſt of Atticus, who had taken a walk after breakfaſt.

We found him employed in watering a fine bed of tulips, which belonged to Cleora. He appeared ſo deeply engaged in this innocent employment, that it was ſome time before he took notice of us.

When he perceived us, and the firſt compliments were paſſed, he told Cleora, how much ſhe was in-

debted to him for refreſhing her thirſty family—I was, at the ſame time, amuſing myſelf, gentlemen, continued he, by imagining I was in company with an aſſembly of ladies gayly dreſſed as Cleora's tulips. Some were pale and languiſhing beauties, others of a florid complexion, a third kind were your brunettes. But what pleaſed me particularly, was to trace their different qualities and characters, under their ſeveral variegations and attitudes. Thoſe which carried their heads aloft, and ſeemed, with a conſcious kind of pride, to look above their fellows of humbler ſtature, I conſidered as your ſtately imperious beauties, who regard their rivals with contempt, and treat their admirers with haughty ſcorn. Others, with an unaſſuming air, and downcaſt heads, I thought the modeſt baſhful ladies, who, alone, not conſcious of their charms, attract the regard which they ſeem to reject. There was great plenty of coquets, whoſe beauties were ſpread wide to view, and decked with a variety of alluring colours. They ſeemed, by their promiſcuous ſmiles, to lay traps for the admiration of every beholder. I obſerved likewiſe a few prudes, who folded up their leaves with a diſdainful coldneſs; but upon my ſprinkling them with a little water, they ſeemed to look more gayly, and methought they bended to the hand that watered them. In ſhort there was ſcarce a character among the ſex, which I could not ſuit in this parti-coloured aſſembly. Pray, Sir, ſaid Cleora, which kind of beauty is moſt in faſhion among this gay tribe?

Your pale beauties, ſoftly ſtreaked with red, ſeem to be in greateſt vogue juſt now. But their reign is ſhort, and ſeldom laſts above a ſeaſon: for our taſte is ever changing.

In good earneſt, Atticus, I believe you conſider us women, in the ſame light as Annuals, mere flowers of a ſeaſon; for I find, that after a ſhort-lived bloom and run of applauſe, for a year, or perhaps a month, ſome upſtart beauty riſes into fame, and we ſink into obſcurity, and are as much forgot as if we were hid under ground, or had never been. How you can anſwer for ſuch capriciouſneſs and frequent change of taſte, let your own conſciences determine.

I confeſs, Cleora, replied Atticus, it is a woful caſe, and, without doubt, we are highly to blame if we forget or undervalue thoſe fair flowers, while they continue in all their bloom and beauty. But if any ladies ſhould place their principal merit in beauty, when that is faded, as how ſoon does it fade! can they juſtly blame us, if we then withdraw our regard that was founded on ſo frail a title? Let them underſtand their own intereſts better, and then they will have no reaſon to complain of the ſhortneſs of their reign, or of our fantaſtic taſte.

Pray, Sir, reſumed the lady, I, as well as the reſt of my ſex, ſhall be much obliged to you, if you will point out to us any certain method to detain the roving taſte of you men, and ſecure a place in your eſteem, when our tranſient bloom is gone. For I declare, I ſhould think this as uſeful an art as has been ever yet taught us

Have you never obſerved, Madam, replied Atticus, that thoſe plants which take deep root, which unfold themſelves by ſlow degrees, firſt ſpread out their leaves, then bloſſom, and at length bring forth fruit, to which the leaves ſerve for a defence?

I have, Sir, replied Cleora.

Why then, continued Atticus, there are none

that either riſe to greater heights, that can ſuſtain the ſhocks of winds and other accidents better, or retain their bloom longer, than ſuch plants as thus riſe, by gradual ſteps, to the perfection of their nature. Would the ladies imitate theſe, inſtead of being annuals, they might be like ever-greens; every ſeaſon might then have its peculiar bloom, nor would their verdure be ſubject to thoſe accidents which now impair it.

I muſt beg, Sir, ſubjoined Cleora, you will explain this piece of natural hiſtory, and unvail the moral it contains. For at preſent it is above my comprehenſion.

I mean therefor, in plain Engliſh, that would the ladies learn to know what they are, and wherein the true perfection of their nature conſiſts, would they ſeek to fix their roots by ſettling a ſteady and important aim in life, would they unfold and make themſelves known by degrees, and at proper times, and not deſire to hurry all at once into ſplendour and fame; would they, in ſhort, keep to their proper character, and ſeek to excel in that tenderneſs of affection, that mildneſs and modeſty of conduct, and that decency of manners, which are the peculiar glory and ornament of the ſex, then I will venture to affirm, that they will neither be over-looked through the unripeneſs of youth, nor be forgot becauſe of the decays of age; their life will be one continued bloom, and every period of it have its peculiar charm. This will effectually fix our taſte, and inſure to you a well-ripened and laſting eſteem.

You have preſcribed us, Sir, no eaſy taſk; I believe it is far eaſier to aſpire at this perfection than to attain it.——However, thoſe women muſt be unambitious ſouls, who will not uſe their utmoſt

efforts to the attaining what muſt be at once ſo honourable and advantageous to themſelves.

I forgot, Cleora, to mention one circumſtance to you, in which I thought the reſemblance failed between your tulips and the ladies. Though they were adorned each with their reſpective beauties, they were all mute, and ſeemed neither to envy nor cenſure one another.

Well, Atticus, ſaid Cleora, now you are malicious: how you love to be ſevere upon our ſex! yet notwithſtanding all this malice and ſeverity, I ſuppoſe you are not quite ſo indifferent about us, as you would often affect to appear.

Indifferent about you, Madam! returned Eugenio, haſtily. Perhaps we are leaſt ſo, when we employ the greateſt poignancy of wit and ſatire againſt you. This is frequently but a piece of revenge we take to alleviate a ſenſe of the many hardſhips you make us ſuffer, or elſe a mere cover to hide the deep regard we feel. The moſt profeſt women haters are, I doubt, at their hearts ſlaves to their power.

Do not think, Cleora, ſubjoined Atticus, that I am either your enemy, or have a low opinion of your ſex. Women are the loveliеſt, prettieſt playthings in the world. I do not know how we could paſs our time without you.

Oh! very pretty indeed, replied Cleora, for you to triſle away your idle hours with. I find we ſhall grow into mighty conſequence, by being put on the ſame footing with your hawks and hounds. But be ingenuous, Atticus; have we never made you feel our importance and power over you, even with all this inſignificance we have about us? And tell me honeſtly, was you in a ſerious, or in a gay and

diſſipated mood, when you was moralizing, ſhall I call it, or allegorizing ſo profoundly on my poor bed of tulips? I thought we caught you with a book in your hand; it ſhould ſeem you do not think an hour devoted to ſtudy miſpent, when we pretty, inſignificant play-things are the ſubject of your ſerious and manly reveries, and when you can indulge ſo much fancy in tracing very ſlight and far fetched reſemblances betwixt us and our blooming allies of the garden.

I muſt confeſs, Cleora, I was ſomewhat ſeriouſly diſpoſed, bnt it is not the firſt time I have been ſerious about trifles. I love now and then to moralize in this manner. Beſides, it has the air of a philoſophical enquiry, to inveſtigate analogies between animate and inanimate objects; and when once a vein of fancy of that kind is opened, it is a pleaſure to follow it through all its windings. I do not know what ſurprizing diſcoveries I might have made in thoſe regions of fancy, had not the fair nurſe of the blooming family awaked me out of my philoſophic dream.

I am glad, replied Cleora, that thoſe pretty toys, which but juſt now diverted only a diſſipated hour, are all of a ſudden become a proper ſubject for philoſophy to employ itſelf upon. It ſeems our idea, or, if you will, our phantom is not far from you, when the flowers of the garden can, at any time, ſo eaſily ſuggeſt and raiſe us to your view. I believe you will find women, too, yonder among your pines and elms.

You ſee, gentlemen, ſaid Atticus, turning to us, and deſiring us to ſtep forward to an arbour a few paces off, how this gypſey teazes one. I cannot employ or amuſe myſelf ever ſo innocently, but ſhe

muſt know what I am about, and have a ſhare, as ſhe calls it, in my entertainment. If I am in the garden, I muſt be aſked a hundred queſtions about this and the other flower or plant, their tribes, natures, uſes, and all that, as if I was a compleat floriſt or botaniſt; and ere I have ſatisfied one half of her queſtions, ten to one, but ſhe has ſlily drawn me into ſome intricate piece of philoſophy, from which I find no other way ſometimes of diſingaging myſelf, but by taking fairly to my heels.

By this time we were got to the arbour, where we were joined by Cleora's guardian, who had been taking his morning's walk likewiſe. It ſtood on a little eminence, whence we had a view along a green alley, of a fall of water, daſhing and ſhining among ſome rough fragments of a rock, between which, it formed a few windings, till it caſt itſelf into a ſmooth pond. The view was terminated by a cloſe thicket which the ſun could not enter. The arbour was incloſed by a double row of jeſſamine and honeyſuckle, which, interweaving their branches, formed a deep ſhade over their heads. In this delightful bower we ſat down. Eugenio happened to ſit over againſt Cleora, whom he eyed with no philoſophic calm. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſucceſſive paſſions of admiration, pleaſure, and ſurprize that took their turn in his face, as he heard her ſpeak and ſaw her ſmile.

Gentlemen, ſaid Atticus, you are come moſt ſeaſonably to my relief. This damſel here, looking toward the young lady, has been teazing me ſtrangely this morning, how it came about that your ancient ſages and philoſophers lived ſo much in gardens, and were chiefly delighted with rural ſcenes and ſolitude, at a diſtance from the din and ſmoke of cities, ſel-

dom caring to mix with the croud, or viſit the aſſemblies of the people. She aſked me whether there were any gay polite people in their towns, and if they had any of thoſe fine entertainments and diverſions we have now a-days. If they had, ſhe wanted much to know, why thoſe men of acknowleged genius and taſte preferred the ſtill life and lonely retreats of the country, to the ſplendid circles and gay amuſements of the town. I muſt refer her to you, gentlemen, for ſatisfaction in theſe points; and I hope you will give her ſuch reaſons as ſhall deter her from indulging her ſolitary humour. I am afraid ſhe will become juſt ſuch another as one of thoſe moaped philoſophers. She is fondeſt of the moſt unfrequented walks and receſſes of the garden. Nay, I have caught her wandering in the deepeſt ſhades of the foreſt, with a book in her hand, very early in the morning.

What, Madam, ſaid Eugenio, ſmiling, did you never hear the reaſon why thoſe ancient ſages choſe this ſtrange unfaſhionable way of life? It was either the ſurly Cynics and Stoics, or the airy followers of Epicurus. The former run into ſolitude becauſe they hated company, and could vent their ſpleen againſt mankind without fear of contradiction or controul. The Stoics, thoſe ſtately gentlemen! ſcorned to poſſeſs a happineſs that roſe and fell with that of others, or which ſhould depend in the leaſt on the humours of thoſe they deſpiſed, or on the accidents of a life they could not govern. Both theſe tribes of philoſophers put me in mind of your eaſtern monarchs, whoſe majeſty is abaſed by being ſeen, and think their grandeur beſt ſupported, by being unfamiliar and inacceſſible. The Epicureans betook themſelves to ſolitude from different principles.

They placed their happineſs in a lazy, indolent tranquillity, and were afraid to diſcompoſe their philoſophic calm by the din of company and the dangerous agitations of civil life. Therefor they choſe to loll at eaſe in the ſhade, or on the bank of ſome purling ſtream, and to hear the ſtorm roar at a diſtance. I do not know, however, but they kept their miſtreſſes in ſome retired corner of thoſe groves, to which they repaired ſo often.

Cleora, not ſeeming to reliſh Eugenio's anſwer, turned to me, and ſaid, Pray, Simplicius, were all the ſages of antiquity, who frequented gardens and woods, ſuch ſort of people as your friend would repreſent them?

I anſwered, that I was far from thinking they were all of that ſtamp: there appears, added I, to be ſome malice in Eugenio's ſolution, ſince he has choſen to repreſent the darkeſt ſide of their philoſophy. Doubtleſs, thoſe philoſophers he has mentioned were no great admirers of a city life, nor did they often frequent popular aſſemblies; but the greateſt part of them were far from being of that ſolitary moroſe caſt he aſſerted, or ſuch friends to private intrigue. If they were fond of retirement, it was not from any averſion to ſociety, but becauſe they thought they could enjoy their friends better there, than in the croud, and preferred the calm delights of contemplation to the buſtling pleaſures of a city-life, or to guiding the helm of government, which was ſubject to ſo many untoward blaſts and ſtorms. They had a ſupreme reliſh and veneration for truth and nature, which they fancied they could beſt enjoy in thoſe ſilent retreats; they loved health of body and tranquillity of mind, which they thought moſt attainable by temperance, moderate exerciſe,

and being much in the open air. And, if Eugenio will have it, they were above all things fond of independence; but not of ſuch a ſullen and unfriendly independence as he pretends. The Academics, particularly, and other philoſophers of no mean figure, frequented the reſorts of men more than the haunts of beaſts, appeared in the public walks, colleges, and halls, read their lectures to the politeſt circles, gave and received viſits from thoſe of higheſt rank and office in the ſtate; and though they would not join in the cabals and intrigues of the forum, they were at immenſe pains to make thoſe men better in private, whom they deſpaired of leading in public life.

I much approve their wiſdom, ſubjoined Atticus, in keeping aloof from the buſy, popular ſcene, and not daring to encounter that many headed monſter, which never wanted ways to devour even thoſe who paid the moſt ſervile court to it. I always thought it egregious folly to ſacrifice one's private eaſe for no other purpoſe, than to procure envy, and cenſure, and hate, which are the never failing attendants not only of the moſt innocent, but the moſt meritorious greatneſs. But ſurely it muſt be the height of madneſs, to riſk one's life or fortune on the dangerous ſhelves of royal rage, or popular frenzy, in attempting, by an unſeaſonable and importunate officiouſneſs, to rectify errors which the generality will not own, or care not to be convinced of, and to govern thoſe who are too wiſe or too wilful to be led.

I am afraid, ſaid Phylax, that if we will not undertake to ſerve our country till we can be ſure of ſucceſs, we ſhall never want pleas to excuſe our ſloth and want of zeal. But ſurely, indolence muſt be leaſt of all excuſable, if ever our country ſhould

need our aſſiſtance, and when the grievances of an injured people loudly call upon us to exert ourſelves in its behalf. Perhaps there are certain ſeaſons, when it would be both dangerous and fruitleſs to interpoſe in civil affairs; but I doubt we ſhall hardly deſerve the honourable name of true patriots; if, when the intereſts of liberty are at ſtake, and when the weight we have might be of real uſe, were it for nothing elſe but to rouſe or ſhame others by our example, we do not employ it in a general attempt at leaſt, to prolong the liberty of our country, if we can; and thereby give our poſterity at leaſt a chance to raiſe it up to its ancient ſplendor and happineſs. To ſtand ſingle in ſuch a cauſe is glorious, and to fall in it, the moſt honourable exit we can make, and what every good man would chuſe, rather than to ſurvive his country's liberty a day or an hour.

Pray, gentlemen, ſaid Cleora, a truce if you pleaſe, from politics. Do not let us drop the ſubject we are upon. I think there was ſome truth in the ſolution which Simplicius gave. I want to know ſomething more concerning the ancient way of living, and the inducements they had to prefer it. For my part, I ſhould much incline to imitate the philoſophers, in preferring a country-life.

It is certain, replied Atticus, that the philoſophers, even of the graveſt turn and moſt rigid auſterity of manners, were, let them ſay what they will, cloſe ſtudents of pleaſure. Some of them, indeed, were ſo honeſt as to profeſs it openly. Others covered it with a more ſpecious and honourable name. They called it honeſty, virtue, ſelf-ſufficiency. But that they all meant the ſame thing, is evident, from their taking all the ſame road to come at it; ſuch as cor-

recting their fancies, in order to aſcertain a true taſte of happineſs, keeping their paſſions within due bounds, obſerving a ſtrict temperance and command over their ſeveral appetites, diminiſhing their wants as much as poſſible, and waiting the cravings of nature. This way of life they thought moſt practicable in the *ſhade*. They knew the engagements of a *political* life were manifold, and ſometimes interfering with one another; and that, by entering into them, if the mind ſhould not be caſt off from its juſt poiſe, they muſt crouch to and flatter a giddy populace; which they were too proud to do:— that, ſuppoſing them exempt from this ſervitude, they muſt meet with frequent interruptions to their domeſtic regimen; and that, after all their ſervices, they might probably receive for thanks a ten years baniſhment, or perhaps a worſe fate.—Therefor they run into the ſhade, to be ſafe, and obſcure, and happy.

Thoſe philoſophers of the ſhade, ſaid Phylax, who took ſo much pains to keep their paſſions in tune, and their appetites under command, for no other purpoſe but to paſs their time eaſily and ſecurely, I am apt to view in much the ſame light as many of our honeſt countrymen, who keep good hours, eat and drink in due ſeaſon, and the beſt of every kind, in order to preſerve their looks freſh and ruddy, to enjoy a hale corpulence, and to roul about in a healthful indolence. Or at beſt, they appear like thoſe ingenious gentlemen, who exerciſe their limbs with indefatigable induſtry and application, that they may tumble through a hoop, or walk the ſlack rope with a graceful eaſe and nimbleneſs, and perform many ſuch admirable feats of agility. Your ſolitary philoſophers did well, no doubt, in obſerv-

ing ſuch a ſtrict regimen, and preſerving their inward conſtitution tight and ſound; but if they diſciplined their fancies and appetites, and controuled their paſſions, merely to enjoy the pleaſure of contemplating this goodly order and regularity, without regarding that ſociety or public with which they are connected, or employing thoſe well adjuſted movements for it's benefit; I can look upon them only as inſtruments, pretty for ſhow, and exactly tuned, but locked up in a caſe, and too delicate for common uſe, or for maintaining the harmony of ſociety.

What compariſons have we got here! returned Atticus. Are we to ſacrifice health and every thing to the public, whether it is likely to be of any uſe or no? Charity, I thought, began at home. Happineſs and pleaſure, rightly underſtood, co-incide. In this, as I obſerved, the purſuits of all terminate. If a healthful tranquillity ſecure this main chance, to what purpoſe give myſelf farther trouble? Am I to buſtle, and drudge, and be unhappy, that others may be happy? I love the public ſincerely, but nature never intended I ſhould neglect the perſonal charge ſhe aſſigned me, to ſerve it.

But, pray, Sir, replied Phylax, what if you ſhould find your account in making conſiderable abatements of your ſolicitude about this private or perſonal charge, as you call it, in order to care a little more for the public—and, what if incroaching, now and then, upon your domeſtic tranquillity, will conduce no leſs to the happineſs of the mind than to the health of the body? For, as I take it, the body and mind are alike made for action, and their happy ſtate does not conſiſt in reſt, but in a healthful activity: now, as I would not call that body

the ſtrongeſt and healthieſt, which is faireſt and goodlieſt to the eye, either in ſhape or complexion, or which can perform the moſt ſurpriſing tricks of agility; but the rough, brawny and well-muſcled, that can bear all kinds of weather, diet and uſage, and perform every natural motion with eaſe and ſtrength: ſo, I do not think him of the ſoundeſt and moſt vigorous mind, who has got a knack of ſpinning out the fineſt ſpeculations, or of diſputing with the moſt ingenious ſophiſtry, and whoſe affections ſeldom riſe or fall, but flow always with the ſame cool and languid tenour; but rather that man, whoſe head and heart are equally poiſed for action; who boldly enters the buſy ſcene; whoſe paſſions riſe, and grow warm with the importance of the occaſion, without diſturbing the coolneſs of his reaſon; who is intrepid amidſt danger; inflexible in his principles; comporting with every ſtate of life; bearing adverſity without meanneſs, and enjoying proſperity without inſolence; unchanged with all the viciſſitudes of fortune, and with an unbended reſolution and virtue, purſuing the public good againſt calumny, corruption, ſervitude and faction. That philoſophy which does not thus brace the mind for action, and for *public* as well as *private* life, is effeminate, daſtardly, and puſillanimous. And that life, which does not anſwer the intention of nature, by employing us in promoting the happineſs of mankind, and thereby gratifying the ſweeteſt feelings and affections of humanity, will, I am afraid, be productive of the leaſt private pleaſure or ſelf-enjoyment. I would not, therefor, call thoſe the genuine ſons and ſtudents of philoſophy or pleaſure, who either indolently overlooked or artfully waved their connection with

the public, and in conſequence of that, buried themſelves in an inglorious, though lettered obſcurity.

I am afraid then, returned Atticus, we muſt not repair to the gardens, the unfrequented cells, or even the crouded academies, to find philoſophers who deſerve that name; but muſt go ſeek them in the forums, the public halls, the ſeats of juſtice, and wherever men are to be found. And indeed, I have often thought that thoſe heroes better deſerved the title of philoſophers, who went about doing good, redreſſing the wrongs, chaſtiſing the vices, taming the paſſions of mankind, and bleſſing their country, by giving it ſalutary laws or uſeful arts, directing its counſels, or leading its armies, than thoſe recluſe monkiſh gentlemen who diſputed in academies, or founded ſects and ſchools.

I am entirely of your opinion, Sir, ſubjoined Phylax. Let us therefor call thoſe only a baſtard-kind of philoſophers, who either profeſſed ſolely to court pleaſure, or, who, paying homage to the fairer name of virtue, forbore themſelves, or deterred others from entering upon the fineſt field, in which the very divinity of it may be beſt diſplayed; I mean, public ſpirit, the love of liberty, of our country, and of mankind. But let thoſe be denominated philoſophers, who made public good their aim, and who were neither terrified by dangers, nor diſcouraged by oppoſition from promoting it. And let that be called the trueſt and moſt maſculine philoſophy, which inſpires us with thoſe noble affections, and points out to us their wiſeſt exerciſe. In fine, let us eſteem that at once the higheſt virtue and trueſt pleaſure, which conſiſts in an honourable and uſeful activity, how obnoxious or fatal ſoever.

I can hardly think, ſaid Eugenio, that thoſe philoſophers, who conſulted merely private pleaſure, took the beſt method to attain it, by living ſuch a recluſe, ſolitary life. Its pleaſures are dull, and confined within a narrow compaſs. It approaches too near the life of a *vegetable*, and has nothing to ſtir the paſſions, or keep them awake. Beſides the uniformity of the ſcene damps the imagination, and the ſtillneſs of ſolitude caſts a melancholy gloom over the mind, which can only be diſperſed by company, or the agreeable tumults of town-diverſions.

For my part, ſaid Cleora, I ſhould rather chuſe to calm than agitate my mind, and find greater need of having my paſſions compoſed than awakened. The undiſtinguiſhed run of company in the town, produces in me a levity and diſſipation of mind; the variety of objects one encounters there, and the confuſion and inceſſant hurry from one ſcene of amuſement to another, poſſeſs every ſenſe, and engroſs all the powers of imagination; therefor I am obliged to fly to the country, as to a ſanctuary, in order to recover the faculty of thinking, to gain a maſtery over my imagination and paſſions. And really, I ſhould think, the mind may be calmed without being overſpread with melancholy.

But, Madam, replied Eugenio, as we were juſt now informed by your friend, that the eaſieſt and happieſt ſtate of the mind lies in action, in order that our fine ladies may paſs their time agreeably in the country; what employments would you ſubſtitute in the room of dreſſing, aſſemblies, drawing-rooms, plays, operas, maſquerades, ſhining at balls?

O, Sir, ſaid Cleora, when time lies heavy upon one's hand, might you not truſt to female invention, to contrive a thouſand ſhifts for killing it? We can

ride, walk out, amuſe ourſelves in the garden, or with one's ſpinnet or lap-dog, and write letters, which is an infinite relief to us, when we do not know what to do with ourſelves. Beſides, we have news-papers, journals, and plenty of novels, romances, and a thouſand ſuch ſweet pretty things, which *your* ſex have charitably invented for the entertainment of *our's*.

I confeſs, Madam, reſumed Eugenio, here is abundance of work; but one muſt be ſtrangely mortified to the world, who can prefer thoſe inſipid amuſements of the country, to the dear delicious delights of drawing people's eyes, wherever one goes, of being the admiration of *beaux* and the envy of *belles*; add to all, the rare malicious pleaſure of tea-table ſcandal.

What think you, Sir, returned Cleora, of being the beſt dreſſed perſon in a country pariſh, keeping one's flower-pots in order,—hearing the natural muſic of the groves, inſtead of that of operas and concerts,—witneſſing many natural ſcenes of rural life, inſtead of plays;—and inſtead of the ſmoke of the town, and crouded Mall; the freſh, fragrant air and natural beauties of the country? And to name no more, what think you of converſing with a friend, inſtead of hearing ſcandal, of which you may very poſſibly be the butt, when your back is turned? But, ſhould this fail, or grow at any time inſipid, could not one, think you, in a ſtrait, be company to one's ſelf for a few hours?

Cleora, Sir, ſaid Atticus, turning to Eugenio, is the ſtrangeſt creature you can imagine. She is quite unfaſhionable in her taſte of pleaſures. I have ſometimes ſuſpected her to be of that tribe of philoſophers you deſcribed to us but juſt now. She does not

care that her pleaſures ſhould depend on the opinions or caprice of others. Admiration and power and fame, and all that, ſhe calls things without her; and therefor neither worth the ſeeking, nor certain in poſſeſſion when obtained. She has got a certain ſtandard ſhe calls *nature*, by which ſhe meaſures things, and not by faſhion; and whatever will not ſquare with this, ſhe rejects, though it ſhould be ſtamped with the authority of the whole *beau-monde*. She has got a family of poor children in the neighbourhood, whom ſhe viſits daily, cauſes to be taught to read and work, and ſhe buys good books for them. She had much rather be with them, or among my books, than in the brighteſt circle that ever fluttered at court on a birth night. I am forced ſometimes to chaſe her out of my cloſet, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe her wits with too much reading.

I muſt beg you gentlemen, replied Cleora, ſomewhat touched with Atticus's diſcourſe, not to imagine me ſuch a queer old-faſhioned creature as my friend draws me. He perfectly envies us the manly entertainments of your ſex, and would ſcarce allow us the privileges of thought and reaſon; as if we were good for nothing but being dreſſed out as mere dolls to catch the idiot ſtare of a few ſimpering beaux, and other mortals as inſignificant as ourſelves. Becauſe he ſurprizes me ſometimes among his books, he imagines I mean to commence philoſopher; and if I have, by chance, got a pen in my hand, he ſuſpects I am going turn author. For my part, I deſire no other privilege but the right of thinking for myſelf, and following my own taſte. It is a ſmall circle of pleaſures to which our ſex is confined. I hardly think it generous in the men to abrige even that, and pin us down to that glittering, ſilly, unſatisfactory

way of life, which is commonly led in town, as if we were capable of nothing higher.

Cleora ſpoke theſe laſt words with a graceful warmth and indignation, which brought a ſudden fluſh into her face, that did not a little heighten her charms, and ſeemed to dart like lightening, upon Eugenio.

The bell to dinner interrupted our converſation. We were entertained very politely by Atticus and his lady, and returned home in the evening.

On our way home, Eugenio laying hold of my arm; Whom, ſaid he, impatiently, in the name of wonder, have we been ſeeing? Where has ſhe been living all her life? Where bred? Let me know all her hiſtory? With whom——? He would have gone on in this manner I do not know how long, had I not laughed in his face, and aſked him, Pray, Eugenio, why all this impatience? Whence this huge curioſity? Are you really caught—and at firſt ſight? Is the rover then fixed, the univerſal gallant become all at once a real and paſſionate lover? Indeed, I did not expect this from your philoſophy.—

Perhaps, ſaid he, I am not ſo far gone as you imagine; but why wonder that one philoſopher enquires ſo eagerly about another? But I ſhall check myſelf, till you are diſpoſed to give me ſatisfaction?

DIALOGUE VIII.

IN a family where I lately ſpent ſome days on a viſit, I obſerved a very remarkable inſtance of the untoward management of two children. Young maſter is a boy of ſtrong ungovernable paſſions, of no mean capacity, and an open liberal temper; add to this, the diſadvantage that he is brought up to a very great eſtate. The girl is of ſurpriſing natural parts, but pettiſh, ſullen and haughty; though not without a conſiderable fund of native goodneſs. Both of them are exceſſively indulged by their parents. The father, who jumped into the eſtate by means of his relation to a wealthy citizen, is a ſtrange, ignorant, unpoliſhed creature; and having had no education himſelf, has little notion of the importance of one, and is neither anxious about their's, nor meddles in it, but leaves them to the chances of life, and the ordinary track of training up children. The mother, a woman of great goodneſs and humanity, but who never had any of the improvements of education, is, you may well believe, but little verſed in the arts of forming young minds; yet ſhe thinks herſelf qualified by her natural ſagacity, of which, indeed, ſhe has a conſiderable ſhare, for directing and managing the education of her own children. But though ſhe were better qualified than ſhe is, her immoderate fondneſs would baffle the niceſt management. Her ſon is her favourite, in whom ſhe ſees no faults; or if they are too glaring to be hid, ſhe winks at them; and if any of the family or friends complain of them to her, ſhe endeavours to put the faireſt colouring on them, and is ready to aſcribe

the complaints to ſome unreaſonable partiality or prejudice againſt her darling boy. The young gentleman, finding himſelf ſo ſecure of mamma's favour, takes all advantages, and ſtretches his prerogatives to the utmoſt. The ſervants of the family he diſciplines with all the force his fiſts and feet are maſters of; and uſes ſtrangers, who come to viſit the family, with the moſt indecent familiarities. Some he calls names, others he ſalutes with a ſlap, or pulls off their wigs, or treads on their toes, with many ſuch inſtances of rough courteſy. He is indulged, and, if I may uſe the expreſſion, trained in the love of money. It is made the reward of doing his taſk, and the end of all his labours. His pockets are generally full; at leaſt, money is never denied him, when he either coaxes or cries for it. And indeed, I have ſeen him do both with great dexterity. He is allowed to play as much as he pleaſes, at cards, draughts, or any other game, and it is always for money. I have been diverted to ſee how the chances of the game have rouſed all his little paſſions. If he won, he triumphed over his adverſaries with immenſe eagerneſs and joy; if he loſt, he cried and ſtormed, and bullied like a petty tyrant, and parted with infinite regret. If the mother was provoked at any time to take notice of his irregularities, ſhe did it with ſo little judgment, and ſo much heat, that it had little or no influence. Perhaps ſhe frowned and fired, and made a thundering noiſe for a while; but this was ſoon over, and maſter's tears or ſullen ſilence brought on a perfect reconciliation. She ſhewed no cool and ſteady indignation, ſuch as would have been ſufficient to produce a laſting effect, nor were her rebukes ſeconded with any ſub-

ſtantial marks of diſpleaſure, ſo as to make a deep impreſſion on ſuch a perverſe child.

The young lady's temper is a little ſofter, but not leſs imperious. She is brought up with a high opinion of the dignity of her rank, and contempt of the vulgar. Therefor the little thing imagines herſelf already a very conſiderable perſonage, takes ſtate upon her in all companies, ſwells with rage at every little imaginary affront, and never thinks ſhe is treated with reſpect enough. The ſervants muſt pay her uncommon homage; ſhe muſt he helped at table before ſtrangers of an ordinary rank. Her pretty features muſt not be diſcompoſed by croſſing her; in ſhort, humoured ſhe muſt be in every thing, and when her ladyſhip is dreſt out in all her finery, ſhe is admired, carreſſed, and exalted into a little queen. This makes her vain and inſolent to a degree of extravagance. She and her brother have pretty nearly the ſame taſks ſet them. They read, write, dance, and play together; but will only read or write, or do juſt as much as pleaſes their little honours. They go to learn, as to ſome terrible taſk, are reſtleſs and impatient till it is over, and mind their tutor almoſt as much as the maid that puts them to bed. For his authority, not being duly ſupported by their parents, has no weight. In fine, they are ſo much humoured, ſo little reſtrained and kept under government, that he muſt have more than the patience of a man, who can bear their inſolence; and almoſt the capacity of an angel, to ſhape and improve them into any tolerable figure: though with the genius and temper they have, they might be taught any thing, or moulded into any form, were they under the influence of proper diſcipline and authority. Upon the whole, I could not help

thinking them an unhappy inſtance of the indiſcreet conduct of the parents in the management of their children, whom by an ill-judged frugality, they rob of treaſures much more valuable, and expoſe to irretrievable calamities. At the ſame time, my acquaintance in this family convinced me, how unfortunate it is for people to come to the poſſeſſion of an eſtate, who have no capacity to enjoy it with diſcretion and dignity.

While I reflect on this, and many other inſtances of wrong conduct in the education of youth, I frequently doubt, whether we are to aſcribe it to theſe and the like errors in education,—That mankind are ſo over-run with prejudices and falſe opinions,—that their paſſions are ſo often miſapplied, and their manners debauched,—or what other cauſes of this are to be aſſigned. Why do we find ſo many ridiculous, or wicked characters in life? Does nature itſelf tincture the mind with prejudice, error, folly? Or do we owe them to inſtruction, to the ignorance or miſmanagement of parents, nurſes, teachers? Do our paſſions, of themſelves, lead us aſtray, or are they bent and faſhioned by culture, example, and the variety of accidents with which life is chequered, or by ſomething different from them all? I think it would be worth while to trace the evil to the ſource of it; to ſee if, by diſcovering the cauſes of thoſe diſorders, we can fall upon a right method of rectifying them.

This account I gave one night, of the family I had viſited, to the gentlemen of the *club*: upon my propoſing theſe queſtions, the company were ſilent for ſome time, as if they intended to recollect their thoughts upon the ſubject.

The ſprightly Eugenio, with great freedom, broke ſilence firſt: for when any new thought comes acroſs his fancy, he ſeldom ſtands long conſidering whether he ſhall ſpeak or not.

I do not think, gentlemen, ſaid he, that the queſtions propoſed by our friend need to puzzle us much. For my part, the caſe, as it appears plain to me, may be quickly brought to an iſſue. The more I ſee of the world, the more characters I converſe with, the more am I convinced that the prejudices men ſtick to ſo tenaciouſly, and the blunders and follies they are guilty of, are owing to ſome groſs miſmanagement in their education, rather than to any perverſeneſs in nature or default in their conſtitution. Frequently indeed, to juſtify ourſelves, or becauſe we are too lazy to trace the miſchief to its true ſource, we are ready to caſt the blame on ſomething we call *nature*, without conſidering what we mean by that name nature, unleſs it be ſome ſtrange, occult quality, of which we know nothing; or the almighty Operator, whom we muſt ſuppoſe to have maimed his own workmanſhip in the original conception. We preſume, nature, has erred, nature is in the fault, is either defective or redundant; the child is of a froward nature. In ſhort, if we can but clear ourſelves of the imputation, we do not care what freedoms we uſe with this ambiguous, much injured name. Parents and teachers are perhaps in the right to charge nature with every fault, becauſe it eaſes them of a large load of ſhame. But, methinks, it is but fair to do juſtice to the *order* of our *nature*, and to its *Author* too, from whom we had it. Let us fix the reproach, where it ought to reſt; namely, on the miſconduct of parents and nurſes, on the negligence

or incapacity of teachers. Nature gives us talents, it is education that applies them right or wrong. Nature beſtows propenſions and affections, which may be directed to good, either public or private. It is culture that improves or perverts them. The infant mind is ductile like wax; you may ſtamp a fair or ugly impreſſion upon it, error or knowlege, indolence or application, virtue or vice. What makes little *Miſs*, who is ſo admired, carreſſed and flattered, the pert imperious dame, but the early incenſe offered to her vanity? Why does *Maſter*, when he comes of age, turn out ſo ſtubborn and inſolent, an abandoned rake or wretched ſpendthrift, but the good-nature of doating parents, or the miſmanagement of tutors, or the company he falls into? Why is many a petty *ſhop-keeper* or low *ſcrivener* ſo very knaviſh, but becauſe their train of life and low dealings have led them the way to fraud and chicane? How come we to be ſo peſtered with ſhallow-pated *beaux* and flaunting *coquets*, but becauſe they have been accuſtomed, from their cradles, to admire their own ſweet figure, and to refer all their views to dreſs and conqueſt? What forms the *quack*, the ſupple *courtier*, and the ſham *patriot*, but the train of diſſimulation in which they have been hackneyed? Whence ſuch a ſpawn of *bigots*, but from their narrow education? Why, in fine, are mankind ſo ignorant, and withal ſo conceited, ſo ill founded, yet ſo obſtinate in their opinions, ſo prone to eaſe and pleaſure, and ſo impatient of labour, but becauſe they have been hood-winked, before they had time to open their eyes, and nouriſhed, from their infancy, in popular prepoſſeſſions, in vanity and indolence? Thus are prejudices and ill

habits handed down from father to ſon; men inherit the follies as well as fortunes of their anceſtors, and the world ſtalks on in the ſame dull tract of ignorance and pride, credulity and preſumption: the ſcholars ſeldom daring to be wiſer than their teachers, and the teachers not chuſing that they ſhould, whenever their intereſt is concerned. Education therefor, ſuppoſing tolerable parts, is all in all. To it we muſt impute the beauty or deformity of characters, the gentleneſs or forwardneſs of nature. I ſcarce know a character in life, which may not be reſolved, if all things are duely examined, into its conſtituent principles, or traced back to the reſpective ſources, from whence its various ſtreams have flowed; whether from culture, high or low fortunes, or the train of life, the kind of buſineſs, and other accidental circumſtances, which have conſpired to it's formation. For all theſe I include under the general name of education, becauſe they mould a man into the ſize and figure he is of. If the education thereſor is good, the talents nature has beſtowed will be well applied, and the manners rightly tempered. If bad, the contrary muſt happen. The prime care, therefor, ought to be to rectify miſtakes here, and ſet things on a right footing at firſt. How this is to be done, I leave, gentlemen, to your conſideration.

I am glad to find, ſubjoined Conſtant, that Eugenio, who but a while ſince, laid ſuch ſtreſs on nature, and thought it did all in forming men's minds and characters, is now willing to allow a good deal to education; nay, thinks it the chief mould of our manners. *Magna eſt veritas, et prevalebit.*

I muſt be permitted, replied Eugenio, to change my opinions as I pleaſe, and ſtill lie open to con-

viction. But if Conſtant will pleaſe to recollect, it was the force of nature in *genius* I talked of, and not of culture in morals.

Admitting then Eugenio's diſtinction, proceeded Conſtant, I am as willing as he to vindicate *nature*, by which I at preſent mean the conſtitution or frame of *human nature*. We feel ſtrong anticipations in her favour, anticipations which determine us to approve what is natural, and diſreliſh what is unnatural and contrary to her order. It is always the ſtandard we appeal to, in our judgment of beauty, and we eſtimate deformity by the degree of deviation from nature. But how ſtrong a party ſoever nature may have formed within us, and whatever weapons ſhe has furniſhed againſt her antagoniſts, I think it is but fair to examine her pretenſions to our favour, to ſee upon what bottom our prepoſſeſſions are founded; leſt, while we are enquiring into the origin of our prejudices, we leave this original prejudice undiſcuſſed, and verify by our practice the very reverſe of what Eugenio has endeavoured to prove; namely, that we derive our prejudices and errors from nature herſelf, and not from inſtruction or diſcipline. Now if there ſhall appear ſome veſtiges of original defects and diſorders, as well as of original good diſpoſitions; I mean, antecedent to all impreſſions of art and culture; then our prepoſſeſſions in behalf of nature muſt give way to plain facts, even by the moſt ſubtile reaſonings. Do not ſome children appear, antecedent to all inſtructions, foreign culture and example, nay, as ſoon as they can diſcover the leaſt ſymptoms of their genuine temper; do not ſome, I ſay, appear to be of haſty, or revengeful diſpoſitions? Are not others, on the con-

trary, gentle and humane? Muſt we not aſcribe it to ſome natural biaſs? Why do ſo many give ſuch early indications of peeviſhneſs, petulance or cruelty? Whence is it that ſome, of the ſame family, are ſo liberal and generous, and others ſo covetous and contracted, though they have all perhaps had the ſelf-ſame diſcipline and example? Sure we muſt derive it from ſome original propenſion, interwoven with the very conſtitution. I am ready to believe, that it is with human creatures, as with breeds of horſes. Some are mettleſome, and of a generous breed; others are ſlow reſtive animals, of a degenerate race. Some are gentle, and yet high-ſpirited creatures; others are ſo vicious and miſchievous, that no art can break, nor force curb them. We have inſtances in hiſtory, of breeds not only of families, but of nations. Of the former, Machiavel gives us ſeveral inſtances among the Romans. The noble Valerian family were generally of a mild, affable, popular turn. The Appii were the reverſe, haughty, inſolent and tyrannical. The Lydians, to inſtance in nations, were a ſoft and effeminate race; the Athenians a ſharp ingenious people; the Boeotians heavy, the Romans brave. The Britons, both of old and of late, have been a nation, impatient of the yoke, inclining to that pride and fierceneſs, as ſome are pleaſed to call it, which ſpurns ſlavery with diſdain.

I am aware, that this diverſity of temper and manners of different families and nations, may be aſcribed to a difference in education, government diſcipline, fortunes, and ſuch like cauſes; but, as I was ſaying, how often do we ſee children of the ſame family, brought up preciſely in the ſame manner, with the ſame advantages of company, inſtruc-

tions, example and encouragements, turn out not only quite different creatures in their capacities for learning, but in their diſpoſition and manners? I knew once two brothers, between whom there was little difference of years, who learned, played, viſited, converſed, and did every thing together, went to the ſame ſchools, had the ſame maſters at home, were educated with the ſame care, and both alike encouraged in every reſpect; yet the one would never mind his book, nor take to any thing like letters, and turned out ſlow-witted, lazy and paſſionate. The other diſcovered an early genius, and love of letters, to which he applied with great ardour, and proved a buſtling high-ſpirited youth, of quick paſſions, but generous withal and friendly. If we look much about us, we ſhall find many ſuch diverſities of character in thoſe who have been ſubjected to the ſame train of culture and accidents; which it will be very hard to account for, unleſs we allow ſome original difference in the *complexion* of minds, ſomething in the *race*, or, if you will, the *animal conſtitution*. Do we not ſee diſeaſes frequently tranſmitted from father to ſon? Is it an unuſual caſe, to ſee likewiſe mental perverſities or diſorders conveyed in the ſame way? Are not ſome born with a filching thieviſh diſpoſition, who as ſoon as they can cloſe their fiſts, lay their fingers on every thing about them? Do not daſtardly fathers often propagate cowardly ſons? And does not the imagination, the fears and paſſion of the mother often affect the child, not merely in external ſhape and conſtitution, but in it's capacity, it's imagination and affections? At leaſt it will be hard to account any other way for that lameneſs of judgment, that natural timidity,

and other original blemiſhes we ſometimes diſcover in children, previous to all adventitious influence.

It muſt be owned, ſaid Philander, that Conſtant has argued his point with a good deal of ſubtilty; but to give the argument fairer play, I think ſome things may be farther urged, in ſupport of the queſtion. Perhaps Eugenio will aſcribe theſe early effects Conſtant talks of, to early aſſociations of ideas, whoſe influence is very powerful, but whoſe riſe and connection it is hard to trace One child, thro' very indiſcernable cauſes, may have been accuſtomed to place a great deal of happineſs in reputation, and to connect, at the ſame time, ſplendid ideas of knowlege, with fine ſpeaking, or military bravery, which ſhall raiſe in him an ardent ambition to excel in ſuch accompliſhments. This may, by ſome, be thought to give birth to *genius*, or to ſuch intenſe application as ſhall have much the ſame effect. Whereas another, who has not been uſed to combine the ideas of happineſs with honour, and of honour with knowlege, learning and the reſt, ſhall neglect thoſe ſtudies which are neceſſary to attain them, and prove a dunce in ſcience and oratory, and perhaps a coward, if engaged in war. Any ideas may be connected, and made to ſtart together in the tender mind. And when they have often ſtarted in company, they will ſeldom or never be found apart afterwards: ſuch combinations generally produce ſtrong and durable habits, which it is very difficult ever to break. Why, for inſtance, does a Roman *bigot* bear ſuch an invincible hatred to *proteſtants*, but becauſe he has been always taught to affix ſuch horrible ideas to the name of *heretic*; ſo that a *heretic* never comes acroſs his fancy, without raiſing, at the ſame time, thoſe ideas of horror, odiouſneſs and infamy, it uſed to bring

along with it? Whereas a *counter-aſſociation* of ideas ſhall make him imagine a peculiar ſanctity and excellence, inherent in the contrary character of a *catholic*, and gave him a more than common partiality in his favour. Why do ſome children conceive ſuch an averſion to their book, but becauſe the rod has been generally felt ſo ſmart an attendant of it; ſo that the ideas of the book and rod go generally in company? We ſee then, that by means of frequent aſſociations of ideas, any kind of paſſions, inclinations or antipathies, may be raiſed for or againſt any perſons or things whatſoever. The imagination is the grand *mint* or *ſtore-houſe*, where ſuch aſſociations are coined and treaſured up. It is here that *moral qualities* are connected with *natural images* and *appearances* of any kind; that a fine houſe, for example, is connected with ideas of worth, elegance, good taſte; a ribbon or coronet with grandeur, dignity, reſpect. Money, to ſome imaginations, may include in it every idea of excellence and perfection. A throne ſhall appear in the ſame light to others. Therefor the one ſhall reckon nothing diſhonourable, by which the former is acquired; the others nothing unjuſt or cruel, by which they riſe to the latter. Now, as the imagination is continually at work, and the mind has a vaſt propenſity to make ſuch aſſociations, eſpecially in its pliable infant ſtate; and as habits are, naturally and almoſt unavoidably, grafted upon them; it is eaſy to account for the filching diſpoſition of ſome, the ambitious, cruel or revengeful temper of others. Hence a family-pride, or turn for popularity, may be eaſily conveyed from father to ſon, without having recourſe to any original biaſs. The aſpect, air, converſation, employments of the family, and a

thouſand other circumſtances may have concurred to propagate the diſpoſitions peculiar to each. The ſame obſervation may be applied to whole nations. The circumſtances of the ſtate, the diſcipline, *civic* crowns, laurels, triumphs, and the like, may have made *bravery* the *characteriſtic* of a Roman. And a *counter aſſociation*, viz. ſhady groves, pleaſant gardens, cooling ſtreams, beds of down, with the air and climate, may have entailed ſoftneſs and luxury, upon the Lydians, from race to race. Thoſe aſſociations are formed of themſelves, frequently without our concurrence, ſometimes without our knowlege; and for the moſt part, in ſo gradual and imperceptible a manner, that their effects are hardly diſtinguiſhable from *natural propenſions*. Therefor I much queſtion whether the diſorders, aſcribed by Conſtant to ſome original default in our conſtitution, may not, with more juſtice, be reſolved into thoſe perverſe and unnatural combinations of ideas, which, firſt of all, beget falſe opinions, then miſplaced affections, and laſtly, iſſue in wrong habits.

Eugenio thanked Philander, for the well-timed ſuccour he had given him in the argument againſt Conſtant; and ſaid, he hoped ſo powerful a reinforcement would oblige him ingenuouſly to confeſs himſelf defeated.

I muſt frankly confeſs, replied Conſtant, I am no match for Philander ſingle, but when he ſtands ſecond to Eugenio, the party is by far too unequal; however, I find it eaſier to be ſilenced and puzzled, than convinced. Till I am the laſt, I ſhall not think myſelf fairly defeated. Then I ſhall moſt willingly lay down my weapons. For I fight not for victory, but for truth. If my antagoniſt get

this fair prize firſt, I go over to his ſide, and glory to fight under the ſame banner. I ſhall therefor join iſſue with Philander, that wonderful is the force and extent of thoſe aſſociations of ideas he has explained, in forming the opinions, and influencing the manners of mankind,—that they are made very early, and operate in a ſecret, and oft-times very inſenſible way. Yet, after all, I cannot be convinced, that the operations, whether viſible or inviſible, of the *aſſociating* principle or faculty, or call it what you pleaſe, are ſufficient to account for all thoſe phenomena or facts, I have already produced. Is there not an antecedent diſpoſition in minds, to form ſome kinds of aſſociations more than others? To what other cauſe ſhall we aſcribe that diverſity of genius we find among mankind? Why are ſome *mathematicians*, others *architects*, others *poets*, but becauſe they have a peculiar ſagacity or aptitude to perceive and combine thoſe ideas that belong to their reſpective ſtudies and employments? Why, for inſtance, does the *mathematician* rack his brain with ſuch unwearied labour, in inveſtigating theorems, and tracing abſtract truths in lines and figures, but from ſome ſtrong natural anticipation in favour of intellectual theories? Why is the *architect*'s mind always revolving on regular figures, different plans of building, and orders of architecture, but becauſe ſuch ideas are, ſome how, congenial to his original taſte? Why does the *poet* range the world of fancy, in queſt of ſtrange ſimilitudes, analogies and alluſions, and combine ſuch fantaſtic forms, and images of things, but becauſe the heat of his imagination, by a native kind of attraction, draws together thoſe ſpecies which moſt powerfully ſtrike it? Why are there ſuch different kinds of taſte under the ſame ge-

neral claſs, ſome mathematicians of the *analytical* character, others of the *ſynthetical*; ſome poets who excel in painting *high*, and others *low* life, and ſo of the reſt, but becauſe of a particular propenſity to combine ſome ſets of truths or images more than others? This is what I would call *genius*, which, I think, we commonly ſay a man muſt be born with, if he would excel in certain profeſſions. Nor can this be aſcribed to a man's particular train of life, or the circumſtances in which he may have been placed: for inſtances, I believe, not a few, may be produced of men, who have ſhot up into painters, poets, mathematicians, though their way of living, the inclinations of their parents, their own intereſt, and the culture they have undergone, have all conſpired to lead them another way.——But it is not ſo much the *natural genius*, as the *moral bent*, which I am chiefly concerned to ſupport. Of this there appears to me a conſiderable diverſity among mankind, not reſolvable into that principle of *aſſociation* mentioned by Philander. Do we not perceive a taſte, a propenſity to ſome actions, ſome pleaſures more than to others; that ſome perſons, for inſtance, are more ſuſceptible of ſentiments of honour, of gratitude, of ambition than others? We find in ſome a certain *milkineſs* of blood, ſomething ſo bland and ſweet-natured in their conſtitution, that to them goodneſs is quite cheap; to do a hard thing grates upon their nature, they open their heart and hand to every body, enjoy nothing unleſs others ſhare with them; they ſcarce know what it is to be angry. To what aſſociation ſhall we attribute this exceſſive good-nature? Others are the reverſe. Their blood ſeems to be curdled, every kindly feeling frozen up; they muſt ſtruggle with nature to do a generous thing. It requires a

mighty effort to unfetter *humanity* in them, and philoſophy muſt exert an uncommon energy, to thaw their paſſions to a tolerable gentleneſs. We have heard of others, as of Socrates; who, on a different account, have found it difficult to combat with nature, and to whom virtue has been no eaſy purchaſe. This good man experienced, that all his philoſophy was little enough to gain the victory over his natural bent. Why is *virtue* thus coſtly, and meritorious in ſome, and ſo cheap to others? Is it only becauſe ſome have broken a few early aſſociations, and others acted in conſequence of them; or becauſe the former have ſurmounted the many difficulties, which nature threw in their way, and the latter have followed their natural inſtincts? Without ſuppoſing ſome original moral biaſs, as well as a peculiar bent of genius in the intellectual way, how can it be accounted for, that children, as I mentioned before, educated preciſely in the ſame manner, with the like advantages in all reſpects, ſhould, like the ſons of Marcus and Quintus Cicero, turn out not only different creatures, when they are full grown, but diſcover ſuch early propenſions, ſome to one vice, others to thoſe of a quite contrary kind? What diſſimilarity of circumſtances can we ſuppoſe in ſuch caſes, to couple ſuch different ſets of ideas, as ſhall produce ſuch mighty differences of temper and manners? Unleſs we could fairly trace ſuch a diſſimilarity, it ſeems more philoſophical to have recourſe, with Cicero, to ſome general cauſe that operates uniformly, and is more adequate to the effect. However, be that as it will, for I pretend not to pronounce poſitively, it is certain, a great deal depends upon the early culture of the mind, and upon thoſe ideas,

and images of things, it is taught or accuſtomed to aſſociate in the firſt period of life. The influence, which parents and tutors may have over the minds of children, is almoſt incredible. They may ſow errors and prejudices, or truth and knowlege, and fix right or wrong habits ſo deep in their conſtitution, that it ſhall be almoſt impoſſible ever to extirpate them. Too much pains therefor cannot be taken, in watching over the mind in its unformed, but moſt ſuſceptible ſtate; in preventing wrong *aſſociations*, in teaching it to make ſuch as are allied by nature, and in counter-working a perverſe *original bent*, by thoſe aſſociations and exerciſes, which are moſt effectual to baffle it. After what has been ſaid on both ſides of the queſtion, I would thus ſtate the caſe: That, as the minds of children reſemble the uncultivated garden of nature, their improvement will be according to the nature of the ſoil, and the care and ſkill of the gardeners they meet with. A bad ſoil may be greatly rectified and improved by kindly culture, a warm aſpect, and favourable ſeaſons: and a good one, by the aſſiſtance of judicious art, may be wrought into the moſt finiſhed of nature's works.

Here Conſtant ſtopped, and Sophron with half a ſmile on his face, replied thus:

How deeply our friend may be converſant with the original frame and biaſſes of mankind, I cannot pretend to ſay. For my part, as I was never admitted into nature's *laboratory*, nor ever ſaw in what manner the wonderful creature was compounded and faſhioned, I ſhall not preſume to pry into her myſteries. Nature, I believe, ſeldom reveals her choiceſt ſecrets, and permits only a few of happy genius, like Conſtant, to be of her *council*. This obliges me to take my being, and the ſtuff it is

compoſed of, upon truſt; and, without enquiring what it was originally, my grand concern is to know what it is now, how it may be mended and ſet right, if it has got a wrong caſt, or has been mixed with a vicious alloy; how improved, if it is of a fine mould. To be plain, gentlemen, I apprehend it is an enquiry, if not impoſſible, yet very difficult, concerning the matter or ſhape with which we came out of the hands of the author of nature. We muſt be ſatisfied with the materials beſtowed, and make our beſt of them, ſince neither our encomiums nor invectives will mend them in the leaſt degree. It is a matter of much greater importance, to know what kind of creatures we actually are, now that we are in life, what opinions and paſſions we have, what cauſes influence them, and by what kind of culture we may become uſeful and amiable parts of the creation. I entirely agree with both Eugenio and Conſtant, as to the very great influence of nurſes, parents and tutors, in forming the minds of youth.

There are, I imagine, three or four grand *periods* of life, into which their education may be divided. The *firſt*, I would call that of *infancy*, in which, they are under the immediate influence and dominion of parents and nurſes, who are to conſider the health and vigour of their conſtitution, as their principal care. This period may be ſuppoſed to reach till they are four or five years of age. In the *ſecond* period, which may extend from thence to the age of fourteen or fifteen, I conſider them ſtill under *domeſtic* government, with the addition of tutors, who ought to initiate them in the elements of *knowlege*, and *virtue*, and of *languages*. The *third* ſtage comprehends *academical* education, till the age

of twenty or above. The *fourth*, I would call that in which education is perfected by commerce with the world; which, as all the reſt, may be more or leſs extended, according to the pupil's genius or opportunities. The two firſt ſtages ſeem to be of great, I will not ſay the greateſt, importance, as the firſt part of education takes the faſteſt hold of the mind, and has a conſiderable influence ever after, on the whole life and character. For, the mind, being then moſt tender, receives the moſt ſenſible impreſſions; therefor it is very obvious, which of the parents muſt have the largeſt ſhare in the *early* education of the offspring. See how the caſe ſtands with other creatures. Nature has not only provided them with inſtincts of ſelf-preſervation, to put them upon ſeeking their food; but has likewiſe given them *dams*, whoſe buſineſs it is to protect and nurſe them, while they are in a tender defenceleſs ſtate. Theſe anxious and induſtrious nurſes, not only find them food, and with great pains fetch it frequently from conſiderable diſtances, but lead them out in their firſt excurſions, ſhow them where it is to be had, and help them to come at it, or elſe prepare and dreſs it for them. Thus the hen, after ſhe has warmed and covered her young family, leads them abroad in queſt of food, ſcrapes the dunghill for them, and aſſiſts them in their rude eſſays towards finding a maintenance. Her care is great, but her province is narrow, and the leſſons are ſoon learned by the docile obedient race. So are thoſe of the other inferior animals; the buſineſs and inſtructions of their dams are admirably adapted to their *animal nature*, and *limited œconomy*. Accordingly their docile pupils ſoon turn out perfect creatures in their kind, thoroughly inſtructed in all

the taſks neceſſary for their preſervation, propagation and welfare. The bees, for inſtance, (you will forgive me, gentlemen, for uſing theſe familiar examples) after they have been taught by their dams to uſe their little wings, and made ſome light excurſions round the hive, in company with their laborious and anxious tutors, become ſoon qualified to extract the precious dew of every plant and flower, grow perfect patriots in their principles, honeſt centinels, finiſhed architects, and tender-hearted mothers in their turn.

So the caſe ſtands with our fellow-animals. But MAN is a ſublimer creature, and conſequently has a more *enlarged œconomy*. Therefor it muſt require more pains, and a longer courſe of diſcipline, to form him for his buſineſs in life. The taſk of inſtructing him muſt be a more exalted and important province. The ſphere of his activity is wide. He is endowed not only with inſtincts for ſelf-preſervation, but with public affections that lead him out to ſociety, and fit him for it. Beſides the ſenſible, he is ſuſceptible of a great variety of intellectual and moral pleaſures. He has likewiſe various ſenſes, beſides thoſe merely animal (avenues, for the moſt part, to the finer paſſions) which lay him open to a prodigious diverſity of impreſſions, and yield an immenſe fund of entertainment. He is, moreover, ſuſceptible of religion, and all thoſe exalted ſentiments of veneration, truſt, gratitude and ſubmiſſion, that are founded on our connection with the Supreme Being. His complicated frame, and ſituation in the world, entail on him an infinite variety of wants. He has perſonal wants, family wants, and is likewiſe concerned for the wants of thoſe with whom he is con-

nected in ſociety. Theſe cut out endleſs work for him; and, if at any time he ſhould be ſuch a wretch, as to have nothing to do, it is one of his moſt urgent and intolerable wants, to find either buſineſs or amuſement.——Nor are his views confined even to this preſent mortal ſtate. He is anxious about futurity, and appears by his deſires, and the whole of his internal fabric, to be formed for an eternity of duration. Such is man! Now what care, what ſagacity, what vigilance muſt it require, to train ſuch a creature for ſuch variety of exerciſe, ſuch an extenſive oeconomy, for an immortal exiſtence? Such a work muſt be extremely delicate: in childhood his reaſon is weak, his appetites rebellious, his paſſions ſtrong, his mind giddy and unattentive, his humours various; credulous, prone to imitation, and yet impatient of contradiction. What then muſt it be to open and form his reaſon, to find proper play to his paſſions, to fix his mind, regulate his appetites, and mould his temper to the duties of his nature! When I lay theſe things together, and conſider withal, that the firſt education of children, the early bias of their minds, is the immediate buſineſs of the *mothers*; I own, gentlemen, I cannot help reflecting, with no ſmall veneration, on the vaſt importance of their character, their weight and dignity in life. As they are the natural nurſes of their children, it is their buſineſs to tutor and mould their minds, as well as their perſons. From them we frequently ſuck our opinions and paſſions, as well as our milk. They are the immediate *ſucceſſors* of nature, who firſt ſhape our manners as well as our limbs, make us what we are, and generally as much like themſelves as they can. Nay, ſuch is our proneneſs to admire thoſe we love, and

to imitate what we admire, that whether they take any pains about us or not, we naturally take after them, affect their air, language and manners, and even, without deſigning it, catch them inſenſibly. How impotrant then, and difficult is their province, to inſpire a creature ſo ignorant as man, with the principles of reaſon, truth and juſtice, to cultivate and reſtrain his paſſions, to ſtamp on him thoſe impreſſions of humanity and virtue, that are to colour his future life and conduct, and thereby to qualify him for ſociety, and initiate him in the elements of the perfection of his being, in an immortal ſtate! But to you, gentlemen, I leave the taſk of laying out a plan for executing, in the moſt ſucceſsful manner, theſe important deſigns.

I beg leave, ſaid Eugenio, to make one obſervation on what Sophron has ſaid. I think, gentlemen, we are all obliged to him for having, with ſo much juſtice, vindicated the character of the *fair ſex*, and ſhown their real dignity and importance in life. Upon them depends our happineſs or miſery in a nobler ſenſe than what is commonly apprehended; ſo that the reſpect and honour which is paid them by any of their admirers is not founded on caprice or paſſion, but on the juſteſt grounds. What I would therefor obſerve, is, that if their taſk in life is ſo important, as Sophron has evinced it, it muſt be an unpardonable fault in us, if we do not contribute our ſhare towards the qualifying them for it. They, whoſe buſineſs it is to form the minds of others, had need to have their own well formed. Will then their common education of reading, muſic, dancing, uſing their needles, or dreſſing, (which laſt article, by the by, is generally reckoned the moſt important in *female education*,) fit the women for acquitting

themſelves handſomely in the work of training the minds of their children? Will ſuch accompliſhments teach them how to inſtruct a curious, inquiſitive creature, how to encourage a mild, and bend a ſtubborn temper, to aſſiſt a riſing genius, lead it up through the infancy of it's reaſon, and direct it in a maturer ſtate? I doubt not, unleſs they have ſurprizing natural parts, and have had great experience. Wherefor, I cannot help thinking, that women ought to have a more extenſive education, not merely to render them agreeable companions to us, though that, to be ſure, is no mean conſideration; but to qualify them for being more uſeful mothers, better nurſes, abler tutors; characters devolved upon them by nature, and of infinitely greater conſequence than the generality are aware of. I humbly aſk pardon for this digreſſion; which I have much the greater reaſon to do, becauſe I am afraid it has but kept you from being entertained with nobler ſentiments, and of greater importance.

A ſignificant look to Philander explained this compliment. It turned the eyes of the company upon him, and even brought a little more colour into his cheeks than uſual. The ſilence that enſued did not diminiſh it, which he was at laſt forced to break thus.

I know not, Eugenio, ſaid he, ſmiling, whether the ingenuity of your remark ſhould atone for your concluſion.——But to puniſh you for making compliments in ſuch a company as this, I will quickly forget you, and acknowlege that, among other obligations we lie under to Sophron, I think it is none of the leaſt that he has pointed out to us the principal deſign of education. It is, it ſhould ſeem, *to train a reaſonable creature for a ſerious, active, uſe-*

ful and contented life here, and an eternal happy exiſtence hereafter. This view will, I apprehend, lay out the buſineſs of education into two very important branches, which yet are, in many reſpects, interwoven one with the other. The firſt, will conſiſt in *inſtructing the pupil in knowlege, eſpecially of ſuch things as are of moſt importance for him to know;* the other, *in forming the temper to piety, temperance, goodneſs, and improving the habits of virtue.*

This being eſtabliſhed, will ſerve as a clue to guide us thro' the intricacies of this thorny ſubject.

If you pleaſe, let us begin with conſidering the firſt.

As we go along, it will be of uſe to us to obſerve the *progreſs* of *nature*, and by what gradual openings knowlege dawns upon the mind. For in this whole affair we ſhall find, that nature is the beſt guide, that it does more than half the work, and that we then proceed moſt ſucceſsfully in inſtructing the mind, when we do not prevent, but aſſiſt nature. Nature is ever teaching the tender infant, even while we think him a ſubject capable of inſtruction. His ſeveral ſenſes, which are more in number than thoſe commonly reckoned ſuch, are the firſt inlets to knowlege. Theſe give him the earlieſt notices of ſenſible things. When the new born creature opens his eyes upon the light, every object is new to him, and ſtrikes him with ſurprize. The moſt luminous bodies, the moſt glaring colours, the biggeſt objects and ſtrongeſt ſounds catch his attention firſt. Hunger and thirſt ſoon direct him to his nurſe for immediate ſupply. She, in a ſhort time, becomes the moſt familiar object to his eye, and he learns to diſtinguiſh her from all others. But the young ſtranger, not truſting to ſight alone, gropes about him in this new world, whither he is but juſt

arrived, is fond to touch and graſp every thing; and by feeling, ſoon comes to perceive a connection between *viſible* and *tangible* objects, and to judge of diſtances by ſure experience. He wanders continually from one object to another, ſtill improving his little ſtock of ſenſible ideas, yet takes in ſurrounding objects by ſlow degrees, and is impreſſed with things chiefly as they pleaſe or hurt himſelf. He does not know that a pin will prick or the candle burn him, till he has felt the ſmart; nor would the ſtair-caſe ſuggeſt to him any idea of danger, unleſs he had ſeen or made ſome previous experiment to convince him of it. Nature does thus make one idea ſuggeſt to him another, with which it has no neceſſary connection; and, by means of pleaſure and pain, ſights, ſounds, and feeling, ſhows him the relation of things to his own conſtitution, concerning which, his reaſon could have given him no information. So that by that time he has learned to ſpeak, nature has taught him a language of her own; and, by advertiſing him what ideas accompany certain ſigns, inſtructed him in the firſt rudiments of *ſelf preſervation*.—While therefor he is but juſt beginning to grow acquainted with the objects he is moſt converſant with, I cannot help thinking but he may be taught a great many things in dumb ſhew, before he is capable of regular inſtruction. A variety of objects may be made to paſs before him, of which he might otherwiſe have long remained ignorant. Let him ſee, and hear, and handle different creatures and things, and nature will become familiar to him, many prejudices be prevented, and he armed againſt ſeveral odd antipathies at certain creatures and things, which children are ſo apt to contract, to their great diſturbance and

pain ever afterwards. By this time our pupil's tongue begins to form articulate ſounds, to learn the name of this and the other thing. He wants to expreſs all his ideas and feelings, and when he knows no word to ſignify his meaning, frequently coins one at pleaſure. He aſks what every thing he ſees, is, and of what uſe. But among the ſeveral objects that preſent themſelves to his view, we find he makes this obvious diſtinction, that he is peculiarly delighted with ſuch as have regularity or beauty. His imagination prefers the fineſt colours and moſt regular forms, to thoſe which are leſs ſo. A dye, a globe, a cone, in ſhort, any uniform figure pleaſes him much more than an irregular body, or rude, unproportioned maſs or heap. He loves to put his cards, or any other regular bodies together, and is delighted to ſee them riſe into different orders of architecture; he takes a piece of dough or clay, and moulds it into men and beaſts, highly charmed with his mimic creation. When children thus diſcover a reliſh for beauty, order and proportion, and are curious to know the ends and uſes of things, it is an evidence that it is time to feed them, if I may ſay ſo, with beautiful and entertaining objects, and ſhew them their ſtructure and moſt obvious properties. I would therefor ſet before them a number of pretty things, both natural and artificial; let them view them at leiſure, and in a variety of lights, and try if, by handling or applying them different ways, they can find out their uſe. It is aſtoniſhing with what avidity they will drink in any new notice or diſcovery, eſpecially if it be their own purchaſe. If there are ſeveral objects of the ſame kind, you ſhall ſee them ſoon diſtinguiſh between the fair and ugly, the regular and diſproportioned; and frequently

they will judge exactly enough of what is fitted to anſwer it's end, and what not. Great care therefor is to be taken, that we do not hurry nature, or anticipate its judgments and determinations; for, by ſo doing, we obſtruct its own activity, and pall that curioſity we would ſatisfy. Did I want to make a boy hale, blooming and well-ſhaped, I would not be always cramming his belly, nor pinch his ſhape, nor keep him at home continually for fear of accidents and bad weather, nor over-lay him with cloathes; but allow him to buſtle about, feel all weathers, go half-naked, get himſelf a ſtomach by exerciſe, and feed heartily when hungry. The ſame kind of diet and regimen would I recommend, to give ſtrength and agility to my pupil's intellectual conſtitution. I would prepare for him plenty of food, but he ſhould firſt crave it, chew and digeſt it himſelf. Nay, ſometimes he ſhould go in queſt of it, and beat the field; but I would put him upon the tract, and ſhew him where he has the beſt chance to find it, leſt he be fatigued with the chace, or diſtracted with too many croſs ſcents.—Mean while the young *adventurer* is advancing apace in his knowlege, and every day adds ſome new idea to his ſtock. He is now become acquainted with every perſon and thing within doors, and underſtands ſomewhat of the connection and oeconomy of the family, conſiſting of parents, brothers and ſiſters, and ſervants. He not only diſtinguiſhes his parents, but knows their very looks and geſtures, and by theſe, judges when they are pleaſed or angry, chearful or melancholy, He enters into the characters of the ſervants, chiefly as they reſpect himſelf, and liſtens with attentive wonder to their ſtories of witches and hobgoblins, robbers and giants. Now *moral images*

and forms begin to paſs before his mind. He is a daily ſpectator of the actions of the family. From theſe he forms ſome notion of their characters and paſſions. His conteſts with his brothers and ſiſters inflame his own paſſions, and make him more attentive to their conduct. Inſtantly he approves or condemns, loves or diſlikes, according to the exhibitions they give of their reſpective characters. Nor is he indifferent about the figure he bears in his own eye. His actions and affections often paſs in review before the judging faculty, which impartially acquits or condemns them as they deſerve either. The conſequence is, ſelf-complacence and joy, or remorſe and ſhame. Not only actions, but even the features and air of the countenance ſuggeſt moral qualities to the young ſpectator, and impreſs him with affection or diſlike. And as he loves or hates, he becomes more or leſs intereſted in the fortunes of others. As ſoon, therefor, as he begins to ſhew a taſte for moral objects, to enquire concerning characters, and liſten to ſtories and adventures, I would gratify this new appetite in the ſame manner as the former, and ſupply him with abundant materials to exerciſe the moral principles of his nature. For this purpoſe, children ſhould be furniſhed with plain, ſimple ſtories from life, and ſuch objects as they are beſt acquainted with, or fragments of hiſtory ſelected with diſcretion, well-contrived tales, and fables which have an eaſy, clear, and uſeful moral. Theſe will afford them a variety of moral images, and inſtruct, while they ſeem only to amuſe them. Such baits are peculiarly neceſſary to allure and arreſt the giddy, roving minds of children. Inſtruction muſt

have a ſmiling appearance, and to give it that, it muſt wear a ſenſible dreſs, or ſuch colouring and imagery as is moſt familiar to them. Therefor, a plauſible tale, or Æſop's birds and beaſts will inſtruct them better than a thouſand grave teachers, and take ſurer aim at their hearts. But the principal advantage of this kind of inſtruction, by which it co-incides with the natural method of culture I would eſpecially recommend, is this, that here they inſtruct themſelves, plod to find out a meaning, and are charmed with every diſcovery, as their own. Let them therefore judge of characters, foreſee accidents, draw conſequences themſelves, and not have theſe done to their hand. For this quaſhes all their ingenuity. As we need only place a picture in a proper light to make it have a due effect on the ſpectator's eye, and to enable him to form an exact judgment of it; in like manner, let thoſe materials we are talking of be ſet in the juſt point of view, by means of ſimple narration, let the ſtory be artfully contrived, the characters fairly marked, and the accidents which befall them be well told; and children will, of themſelves, diſtinguiſh the amiable from the odious character, love the one and hate the others, be intereſted in the fortunes of their hero, and feel every ingenuous ſentiment and affection ariſe within them towards the proper objects.—But I am afraid, gentlemen, you will think it full time our young gentleman ſhould be *extending* his acquaintance abroad, and more than time my ſhare of the converſation ſhould draw to a cloſe; and therefore I believe I had beſt leave him here, and let Hiero, who has not ſpoke yet, take him up. Hereupon, Philander ſtopt, and beckoning to Hiero, ſeemed to wait his anſwer.

Hiero appeared thunder ſtruck at this unexpected turn upon him, when he was engaged in deep attention to Philander's diſcourſe; but recovering ſoon from his confuſion, he replied, I am ſurprized Philander ſhould put me upon leading his young ſtranger abroad into the world, who am a ſtranger to it myſelf, and unacquainted with it's ways. I muſt inſiſt upon it that he, who has conducted him thus far, guide him ſafe the reſt of his intricate journey.

Hiero will forgive me, reſumed Philander, ſmiling, if I ſay he is miſtaken in alleging that I have conducted, for I have only accompanied our young ſtranger in his rout through the different ſtages he has gone over. For, if I may ſo ſoon change the alluſion upon you, the human mind opens its powers ſpontaneouſly, the buds of knowlege unfold themſelves by inſenſible degrees, and one branch of truth makes way for another, if we remove all obſtructions, and give nature full ſcope. But to return to where I left our ſtranger: After he has got a notion of a family or houſe, with all its furniture and appendages, offices, gardens, and the reſt; he begins to extend his view to the neighbourhood, be it a village or ſtreet; he aſſociates with his ſchool-fellows, and grows acquainted with thoſe that viſit in the family. With his companions he forms cloſer and more laſting connections, becauſe upon theſe, aſſociations for life, and the moſt dureable friendſhips are to be built, by which he is both to raiſe himſelf, and contribute his part to the good of the public. He obſerves their behaviour, mimics their air, way of ſpeaking, and manners. In proportion as he extends his acquaintance and obſervation, he learns to form an indiſtinct idea of a village or town. After this, he takes in the ſuburbs and the adjacent

fields. The moſt conſpicuous objects, woods, mountains, rivers, lakes, ſeas, ſtrike his eye firſt. He obſerves their order, connection, dependence, ſees reſemblances between ſome objects, notes differences in others, perceives their mutual relations, and is peculiarly pleaſed where he diſcerns *uniformity* joined with *variety*. Hence he forms a notion of deſign or contrivance, and from the appoſiteneſs of one thing to produce another, frames the idea of cauſe and effect. The mind having thus treaſured up ſuch a variety of ideas, both ſimple and complex, begins to range them in order, compares and places them beſide one another, reaſons upon them, makes new combinations of ideas, and deduces conſequences from theſe.——The ſenſes, imaginations and paſſions of children, were chiefly wrought upon before. Now their reaſon has gained more ſtrength. They are full of queſtions, and are fitter to be reaſoned with than formerly. However, they are ſtill apt to wonder, and are frequently amazed, without knowing why; and perhaps nature intended they ſhould, in order to make their roving minds attentive. This *ſpirit of wonder*, and *love of novelty*, are two admirable handles, by which to catch hold of ſuch ſlippery creatures. For, while their attention is raiſed by means of admiration, it ſhould be improved to point out to them, in the ſhorteſt and eaſieſt manner, the properties and uſes of things, as far as they can apprehend them. Thus, while they are ſtruck with the ſplendor of the ſun, they may be made to obſerve the moſt obvious effects of that glorious luminary, his influence particularly on our fields, gardens, plants, and the ſeveral creatures. While they admire the beauty of a tree or flower, they may be ſhown their ſtructure, their manner of

propagation, and ſome of the ſimpleſt principles of their growth. Thus, what an entertaining converſation might one have with them, upon diſſecting the parts of a tulip, whoſe gaudy colours amuſe the curious ſpectator! When they are found ſurveying a tool, a loom, a mill, or any work of art, they may be prompted to take notice of their uſe and make, and what ends in life thoſe things ſerve, which are wrought by them. In order to keep their curioſity and attention awake, which is ſo apt to flag, I would let them ſee the various changes ſome things muſt undergo, before they are fitted for uſe, ſuch as wool, flax, metal, which they ſhould ſee in their different ſtates, together with the inſtruments which work them. You may perceive by this, gentlemen, that I would not have them to be ſtrangers to the ſhops of artificers, where they may learn many things of equal curioſity and uſe, and give their tutors opportunity to diſcover whether they have any genius for mechanic arts. Thus, how amuſing to ſee a watch or clock taken to pieces, and to have all their parts and bearings on one another ſhown them! A ſight of this kind would give riſe to a thouſand little queſtions, in the ſatisfying which, the ſimpleſt principles of mechanics might be explained to them. When they aſk any queſtion, their curioſity ſhould never be baffled, unleſs they relate to things improper for them to know; and even then they ſhould be denied with great ſoftneſs and delicacy, and ſome reaſons given why they cannot be ſatisfied juſt now, either becauſe they aſk things above their age, or not fit for them at preſent to know. With this precaution, their queſtions ſhould be anſwered clearly, and in as few words as poſſible, to encourage them to aſk more, and that their thirſt after knowlege may be continu-

ally cheriſhed and encreaſed. In inſtructing or reaſoning with them, they ſhould be accuſtomed to the Socratic manner, I mean of convincing them of truths they are ſtrangers to, from principles they are acquainted with, by propoſing ſuch plain queſtions to them as they ſhall be able to anſwer themſelves, and in ſuch order that one queſtion ſhall introduce and give light to another, and lead them to the point you aim at. This method Socrates brought firſt into vogue, as being moſt adapted to the conſtitution of mankind. For he thought that the human mind was richly impregnated with the principles of all knowlege, but that theſe lay hid like rude embryo's in the dark womb of thought — and that it required an artful midwife to deliver it of them. This, you know, gentlemen, he propoſed to do, and indeed happily executed by means of that ſimple, but beautiful train of queſtions, he uſed in all his reaſonings. In theſe he affirmed nothing himſelf, but by the hints he ſuggeſted, or the appeals he made to their own conceptions, brought theſe to their full time, and facilitated their birth; which, without ſuch aid, might have lain for ever buried in the pregnant mind. His queſtions were ſo admirably ranged, and ſo well timed, that one birth helped forward and made way for another, and the parent was frequently ſurprized with a happy delivery, before he felt the pangs of labour. Indeed, it is not every one that can boaſt of ſuch fine talents as Socrates was endowed with, for the exerciſe of this delicate art. But though the generality of profeſt teachers were better qualified than they are, yet how few have the neceſſary ſtock of patience? and indeed a vaſt deal is neceſſary, to help forwards the births, and let the conceptions of the mind go out their time. Without this, it will

bring forth nothing but ill-ſhaped and monſtrous productions, crude ideas, and lame, unconnected reaſonings.—Let the foundation of the Socratic doctrine be what it will, it is certain the practice, built upon it, is juſt and unexceptionable. For whether we ſay that the ſeeds of all knowlege are actually ſown in the mind, or that it has the power of conceiving them by it's own generative force; the interrogating method ſets this faculty a working, and ſupplies it with materials to faſhion; nay, frequently forms and prepares thoſe materials, ſo that it has nothing to do but to put them together. Yet ſuch is the peculiar excellency of this method, that the mind, all the while, ſeems to be the ſole or principal artiſt. It inſtructs, convinces or confutes itſelf. It has no dependence on authority; for none is aſſumed: nor does it lay any ſtreſs on the conceptions of others, till they are made its own, in conſequence of a fair appeal lodged, and a ſentence given. Another advantage of this method is, that it will open the mind by gentle degrees, and not hurry it on to higher ſtages of knowlege, till it has ſecured every ſtep of its way through the preceding ones. And, in good earneſt, gentlemen, the conducting our young traveller in the fields of knowlege, ought, in my opinion, to be very gradual; rhe road ſhould be as ſmooth and the aſcent as eaſy as poſſible, both to envite him thither, and make his journey the pleaſanter. Then we need only lead the way by plain and well choſen queſtions, and point out the road he ſhould take, and he will purſue it from pure curioſity. But too cloſe attention is neither to be expected nor required of young people. It is to be relieved, by diverſifying the ſubject as much as poſſible, and making one employment ſucceed as a di-

verſion to another. For by thus unbracing the thoughts, you give the mind time to recover its tone, ſo that it will ſtretch again with freſh vigour. As I obſerved, that the young adventurer was now curious in making the ſimilitudes, differences, and various relations of objects one to another; I imagine this is an indication of nature, that it is not improper to teach him by way of analogy, or by ſhewing him the reſemblance or correſpondence between the things he knows, and thoſe he does not. Thus, ſenſible images may be made to ſhew forth truths of an abſtracted nature, and the appearances of the moral world may be illuſtrated by thoſe of the natural, with which he is better acquainted. Thus likewiſe, one of nature's operations may be made to explain another to which it is analogous. He may be ſhown for inſtance, the analogy there is between the formation and growth of an animal, and the vegetation of a plant; the circulation of the blood in the body and that of the juices of a plant; between the ſpring of a watch and that of the air; between the powers of attraction and electricity; the elaſticity of a ball and that of a cord.

I beg leave, ſaid Conſtant, to put in a word here. I am much of Philander's opinion as to his method of inſtructing youth, and eſpecially by ſlow and gradual ſteps, ſo as never to advance to a remoter connection till the previous ones are thoroughly underſtood. For the growth and maturation of a mind, like that of a body, is ſlow and gradual and uniform, and therefor it ought not to be urged forward too haſtily to its *prime*, leſt it ſhould either produce lame births, or diſturb the order of nature. I likewiſe entirely approve of his plan, how to inſinuate knowlege in the moſt agreeable and amuſing manner;

and yet I am afraid, his expedient of inſtructing in the way of analogy is liable to ſome danger. For as there is a ſtrong propenſity in the mind to find ſimilitudes and analogies in objects where there are none, this inclination is very apt to lead the judgement aſtray, eſpecially when the fancy is warm and luxuriant, as it generally is in young people, and therefor ſo apt to connect ſome things that have no relation, and to reduce others to the ſame claſs that are quite diſtinct. This humour of *analogizing*, which is ſo congenial to the human mind, at the ſame time that it puts us upon comparing objects, examining their relations and agreement or diſagreement, will, unleſs well conducted and prudently guarded, make us ſatisfy ourſelves with an incomplete analogy, or confound differences, and put us upon preſuming that we know things thoroughly, to which we may be great ſtrangers. I apprehend, therefor, this principle, when it is not under due regulations, may prove a ſource of infinite miſtakes. This makes me apt to believe, that your poets, orators, and the whole tribe of allegorical writers are dangerous companions for young minds, and ought to be uſed with great delicacy, when we put them into their hands. For a *metaphor*, which is a kind of analogy, paſſes the bounds of truth, and therefor tends naturally to miſlead the mind, and make it fancy a reſemblance, where there is ſtrictly none in nature. For this reaſon, I take poets to be but bad natural philoſophers, however good moral painters they may be. But, Philander, I doubt not, will ſufficiently guard againſt the dangers I could not help taking notice of.

I am obliged to Conſtant, ſaid the humane Philander, for his ſeaſonable hint, and am not inſenſible

of the dangers to which my method is expoſed. It will require a ſenſible teacher to guard againſt them. One way of doing it I conceive to be, that of making the pupil acquainted with the different names and claſſes of things, teaching him to affix diſtinct ideas to words, and to ſort the objects of the ſeveral ſenſes, both external and internal, into their reſpective ranks. While he is ſhewn the reſemblance or affinity that is the ground of a metaphor or compariſon, the difference between the objects thus compared ſhould likewiſe be pointed out, that he may not be carried away by fancied likeneſſes, nor confound ideas which are the moſt diſtant in themſelves. To prevent this confuſion, he ſhould moreover be taught to analyze things, by reſolving them into their conſtituent principles, breaking compound ideas into their ſimple ones, and entering into a detail of effects as deducible from their reſpective cauſes. This method will give his ideas more regularity and preciſion, and ſhew the tribe or general ſtandard to which every thing ſhould be reduced. The greater variety of animals, bodies, and ranks of being he is made acquainted with, together with their properties, relations, differences and compoſitions, he will have the larger fund, from which to draw many uſeful deductions. And when once he has treaſured up a few general principles of knowlege, from theſe he will be able to trace numberleſs particular effects.

With regard to Poets and allegorical Writers, what influence they may have in directing or miſleading the judgment and imagination, or in forming the manners of youth; I doubt, gentlemen, we muſt leave it to be the ſubject of ſome future converſation, as it would be too extenſive and delicate an affair to enter upon at preſent.

By this time, I ſuppoſe our young traveller has wandered over all that part of the globe which lies open to his view, and has connected the ſurrounding ſeas, rivers, fields, foreſts, houſes, mountains, vales, with their inhabitants, into one general aggregate, which he calls a county or province. By degrees he enlarges this idea, and comprehends in it all thoſe villages, towns and counties that are governed by the ſame laws, and ſubject to the ſame delegated powers. This complex idea conſtitutes his native country, towards which he feels a real, though perhaps a more languid affection; and when this public connection is taken in, the generality ſtop ſhort here, and proceed no farther; either not attending to, or not having their views ſufficiently opened to perceive wider connections. It requires a philoſophic eye, or a more generous culture than moſt people have the advantage of, to take in the whole race, as holding of one ſtock, ſuſtained by the ſame parent, and united upon the bottom of a common intereſt. But when, having formed the idea of a community, a nation, or kingdom, he can, by the aſſiſtance of philoſophy, or a liberal culture, put ſeveral of theſe together, or by their ſituation, intereſt, or name, they conſtitute larger confederacies of men; he, at length, arrives at a general, though indiſtinct idea of the whole community of mankind, and living creatures ſubſiſting on the terraqueous globe, or that common aſſemblage of earth, water, and air. I doubt likewiſe, he muſt be ſomething of a philoſopher to be able to conſider this globe as a part of the planetary ſyſtem to which we belong, and the whole planetary ſyſtem as an inconſiderable portion only of the univerſe. But, without ſuppoſing him to enter ſo profoundly into philoſophy, if he

ſtick only to common notions, he will conceive the heavens and earth, with all their furniture and appendages, as forming *one whole*, or what is called the *world*. And from this general idea of a world, and the perception of that beauty, grandeur and deſign which run through it, he will, he naturally muſt, riſe to the idea of a Deity, or of ſome all-wiſe and all-perfect Being, who made and governs it. Thus we ſee, gentlemen, how gradually the mind unfolds its powers, riſes ſtep by ſtep in the ſcale of nature, and takes in one connection after another, till it has reached the top of the ſcale. Senſe prevails at firſt. That is ſucceeded by imagination. And both make way for reaſon and underſtanding. Each of theſe have their diſtinct ſets of perception, and peculiar appetites or propenſities belonging to them. As ſoon as theſe appear, they are to be gratified, by laying proper materials before them, which muſt be ſet in ſuch a poſition, as all the ſcattered rays ſhall be collected, and converge, like ſo may lines, from the object to the eye. As the mind advances through each ſtep of the ſeries, it ſhould be detained there till it has diſtinctly conceived that connection or claſs of perceptions, with all the contiguous parts or connected appendages, before it aſcend to another.—

But while children are haſtening forward in this ſcale of knowlege, great care ſhould be taken to guard them againſt popular prejudices, and to rectify thoſe errors that ariſe from the information of the ſenſes. For inſtance, ſenſe ſuggeſts that the ſun s no bigger than a pewter-plate,—that the earth is a vaſt plain bounded by the unmeaſurable ocean,—that the firmament is a prodigious vault or concave, in whoſe ſurface the ſtars are fixed like nails, and appear at equal diſtances from the ſpectator's eye,—

the ſun and ſtars have a diurnal motion, while the earth is immoveable in the center. Theſe, and the like errors, ought to be corrected early, by the ſounder informations of the judgment, leſt they degenerate into inveterate prejudices, too ſtubborn to be afterwards rooted up by the utmoſt efforts of art. Nor will it be a hard matter to rectify theſe miſtakes by eaſy ſimiles, taken from thoſe ſenſible things they are daily converſant with. To convince your pupil, for inſtance, of the abſurdity of the motion of the heavens round our earth, he might be aſked, what an ignorant artificer he muſt be, who, in order to roaſt a piece of meat, ſhould make the fire, grate and chimney wheel round it, inſtead of turning it about, by the ſimple motion of the ſpit?—To conclude; a tutor, by walking into the fields with his pupil, or ſtepping into the ſhop of a common mechanic, may give him more inſtructive leſſons than can be learned from books or rules of grammar. For the things he is chiefly inſtructed in, ſhould be ſuch as have ſome connection with human life, or are of uſe to beautify and improve it. Thus, bid him obſerve, what are the human wants, what proviſion nature has made for them, and how the induſtry of man ſupplies them, the grounds of the various arts and employments of life, and how all are ſubſervient to the good of ſociety. But a *grand ſecret* of teaching, and what will make inſtruction peculiarly amuſing to him, is, to inform him fully, why he learns this or the other piece of knowlege, what uſe or end they anſwer, and how they will qualify him for ſocial and active life. He will then bear with alacrity the fatigue of ſtudy, when he ſees the agreeable ſcope it aims it, the profit and pleaſure

ariſing from it. Withal, ſuch a method as this will turn his mind ro thoſe ſtudies which may prove beneficial to mankind, point out the true hinges upon which commerce and civil affairs turn, and teach him the juſt value of every thing, and of conſequence, the true foundations of expence and oeconomy.—But, I beg pardon, gentlemen, for having engroſſed ſo large a ſhare of the converſation. You ſee I have choſen to treſpaſs upon the rules of decorum rather than diſobey your commands. And now, I hope, Hiero will not any longer grudge his ſentiments.

Here Philander ſtopped; and the company, looking towards Hiero, let him know they waited for his opinion.

My opinion, gentlemen, ſaid he, upon ſo important a ſubject, is plainly this: What pains ſoever may be taken in furniſhing the infant-mind with a ſtock of ideas, the principal care ought to be beſtowed in forming the heart, and planting there firm habits of piety and virtue. Far be it from me to oppoſe or depreciate any ſpecies of uſeful ſcience, or to diſapprove of the pains taken in acquiring it: but I will venture to affirm, that for one man made wretched in life, for want of knowlege, there are an hundred miſerable through immorality and vice. To prepare therefor for this diſcipline of the heart, I ſhould think it of no ſmall importance to tincture the minds of youth, very early, with ſome of the general principles of religion. The ancient *heathen* maxim, how old-faſhioned ſoever it may appear, in this refined age, ſtill reliſhes with me: I am for beginning with God——

Ex ΔΙΟC ἀρχώμεσθα

At leaſt as early as the mind can take in any ideas of him: though I think the managing right here, an affair that requires both delicacy and addreſs.

How ſoon the firſt impreſſions of the Deity may ſtrike the minds of children, or how early they may form conceptions of a being ſo remote from matter, and of ſuch unlimited perfection, I ſhall not pretend to determine. I do not think it among the firſt of our perceptions, nor would I rank it among the lateſt. The idea, I ſay the idea, not the ſound or word, is not firſt got by authority, nor by abſtract operoſe reaſoning. Our firſt views of nature excite wonder; wonder awakens cmrioſity and attention; theſe lead us to a perception of beauty and order. Wherever we diſcern theſe, we immediately apprehend contrivance and deſign, by an internal ſenſe. From theſe we naturally, and without any nice deduction, conclude that ſome intelligent, wiſe and beneficent nature, muſt have been concerned in their production. Thus we rather feel at firſt, than reaſon that there is a God. But Philander has, by leading us through all the intermediate ſteps of the ſcale of being and beauty, fairly paved the way for the divinity, and, by ſuppoſing his pupil familiarized to the notion of a univerſe, prepared him for receiving the ſublime idea of it's author. Upon this foundation therefor, I think we may without ſtraining, erect a genuine theology, and point out to the pupil a few of thoſe regards he owes the Deity. I think I would proceed in this, or ſome ſuch manner.

As we naturally aſcend from the effect to the cauſe, I would ſhew him a watch-maker fitting up a watch, a ſtatuary carving a ſtatue, or a maſon building a houſe; then aſk him whether the parts of a watch, ſtatue, or houſe, could have come together

of themſelves, or wrought themſelves into their preſent form, without the help of any artiſt? Or I would give him a bit of clay, and let him mould it into ſomething like a human figure: I would bid him make his chair or any of his play-things do the ſame,—then bid him put life into it, and make it ſee, and ſpeak, and walk. He will need no arguments to convince him that it required a hand and ſome ſkill to faſhion it after this manner, and a ſuperior power to his own, to accompliſh the reſt. He will feel this truth. I would next bid him look round him, and obſerve the heavens and earth, ſeas and mountains, with all their furniture—Let him conceive of them, as forming one vaſt manſion or dwelling, for man and beaſt—then aſk him, if he can imagine, that they made themſelves, or were reared into ſuch beautiful order, without ſome *directing hand*, or *powerful artiſt*. When he has fully felt the abſurdity of ſuch a ſuppoſition, I would aſk him, whether he is conſcious that he made himſelf, or remembers the time he began to breathe and live? He will ſay, no. Muſt it not then have been ſome other perſon? Yes. Muſt not that perſon have been very wiſe and ſkilful, that formed a creature ſo much more beautiful and ſtately than his figure of clay? To be ſure. Who provided and cared for you, when you was a feeble helpleſs infant, and ſtill continues to do ſo? My parents. Who ſupplied your parents with that milk, thoſe fruits, that fleſh and other food, with which they ſupported you? The plants and animals. What ſupports them? The earth, and air, and water. Did theſe make themſelves? No. Or was it your parents? No. Muſt not *He* then who formed you, be the ſame Being that has made ſuch proviſion for you? No

doubt. Do not you and all mankind hold of one ſtock, and are you not all maintained on one common bottom? Yes. Can he who maintains all, be any other than he who made them all? No. Muſt not then the father of ſo large a family be very powerful? Doubtleſs. Is he not very bountiful and provident, who has made ſuch liberal proviſion for his offspring? Certainly. By ſuch eaſy ſteps as theſe, gentlemen, might a child be led to form ſome conceptions of the God of nature. Nor would I teaze him with nice queſtions about his nature and manner of exiſting. If he ſhould be puzzled how to think of one who is inviſible and unknown to him, it may be juſt hinted to him, in the ſame interrogating method, ſo admirably recommended by Philander; Whether he is not conſcious of ſomething within him that directs his limbs, and governs the motions of his body, though not viſible to him; and whether there may not likewiſe be one, who moves and governs the world, the ſun, moon and ſtars, though undiſcoverable by his naked eye. When he is made ſenſible how many wants he has, how richly they are ſupplied, and how many pleaſures and advantages he enjoys, he will eaſily conceive what thanks and gratitude he owes his inviſible Benefactor; —that it muſt be his intereſt to ſtand well affected to ſuch a Being, to truſt and obey one who has done ſo much for him, and can do infinitely more:— and conſidering that he himſelf is ſo feeble a creature, and ſubject to ſo many accidents and changes, how much he needs, and how happy it muſt be for him to be in good terms with one who is an almighty, immortal, and ever-preſent Friend. When the child admires, or is fond of, any particular character, he may be aſked for what qualities he admires that per-

ſon. If they are good and amiable, he may be taught to apply them to the Deity; and aſked, how much more amiable and exalted they muſt be, in one who is above all, who cares for all, and has no intereſt or temptation to be other than kind and good, or do any thing but what is beſt. This will naturally lead him to love and admire, and delight in a character ſupremely great and amiable. In fine, every object almoſt which he ſees, and the admirable contrivance of every thing for beauty and conveniency, and the uſe of all the various ſpecies of creatures, with which he is acquainted, may, by proper and eaſy queſtions, lead him up to an almighty and all-wiſe former, and inſpire him with the ſenſe of a ſupreme and univerſal providence, than which nothing can have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind.

Thus, gentlemen, would I tincture my tender pupil, with rational and generous principles of religion. When the foundations of natural religion are firmly laid, and the pupil has conceived juſtly of his natural connections with God, as his parent, benefactor and ſovereign, and of the obligations and duties reſulting from thence; I would ſtill lead him on to larger views and connections, as his mind opened to receive them; and, by means of theſe, more effectually rivet and ſecure the principles and diſpoſitions already eſtabliſhed. If you are not already tired, gentlemen, I think I would proceed with him in this, or ſome ſuch manner.

After he had rightly fixed his notions of the Deity as a Father, and of mankind as his family; I would aſk him, if he did not think it entirely conſiſtent with his paternal character, to reform any diſorders, or abuſes that have happened in his family, and in

the way he thinks beſt. When he was convinced of the propriety of ſuch a conduct, I would give him a ſhort detail of the principal of thoſe diſorders, the ſuperſtition, for inſtance, the injuſtice, intemperance, ſenſuality, ſelfiſhneſs, and other vices, which have prevailed, and then go to inform him;—That there have appeared men in different ages and places of the world, who have undertaken to inſtruct and reform their brethren, the family of God, both by their precepts and example. Among others, I would mention Socrates, as one of thoſe reformers, who ſtrongly inculcated the principles of natural religion, and recommended, by a ſteady virtue, the duties of private and ſocial life; and who choſe rather to die, than meanly betray the honeſt cauſe in which he was embarked. Then I would tell him of others of a higher order, who were ſent by a more ſpecial providence, ſuch as Noah, Abraham, Moſes, and others, whether they went by the name of Patriarchs, or Prophets, or Lawgivers, who appear to have been raiſed up from time to time, by the common Father of all, to recall mankind to the practice of religion and virtue; and endeavour all along, to point out to him the fitneſs of what thoſe illuſtrious perſons did or taught, to the particular circumſtances of the times and places, in which they lived. When he has comprehended this, I would at length lead up his mind to the divineſt Teacher that ever appeared in the world, and who ſtood in a higher relation to the Father and Governor of it, than any preceeding one; a perſon ſuperior to them all in the dignity of his nature, the purity of his character, and greatneſs of his office; who, by a train of miraculous and beneficent works, greater than any that were wrought by the others, confirmed the truth of his

miſſion from God; and ſet on foot a more univerſal reformation than had been either attempted or executed by any former meſſenger, by an aſtoniſhing change in the manners of thoſe who became ſincere converts: a perſon, in fine, in all reſpects, the moſt patient martyr for the doctrine he taught, and the brighteſt pattern of the laws he explained to mankind. As it will be eaſy to convince him, that new connections and relations introduce a new ſet of obligations and duties;——for inſtance, that the relation of a parent or friend requires a particular train of duties correſpondent to thoſe characters—in like manner, he will eaſily comprehend that he ought to venerate thoſe illuſtrious characters of antiquity who undertook the reformation of mankind, and to have a grateful ſenſe of their beneficence—and therefor that ſo great a benefactor to mankind, as the Saviour of the world, muſt merit the higheſt faith, veneration, gratitude and love; and, as inveſted with the character of a Meſſenger from the great Father of all, calls for deep attention and ſubmiſſion from all. In order to convince him of the truth and dignity of his character, I would ſhew him the need mankind of all nations, even the moſt civilized, have of inſtruction, and of every expedient and motive to impreſs on their minds a ſenſe of religion, and to reclaim them from ſuperſtition and vice to piety and virtue—and how admirably the religion of Jeſus is adapted to thoſe ends;—and how ſuited to the conſtitution and neceſſities of human nature in it's preſent degenerate ſtate. And therefor, would I begin with inſtructing him in the internal evidence of his religion—that he eſtabliſhes moral practice on the purity of the heart, and the government of one's ſelf,—makes love to ourſelves,

the moſt intereſting principle of our nature, the ſtandard of our regards and conduct towards others: —that he recommends the love of our neighbour and of mankind in general, in contradiſtinction to partial and national attachments, which were, for the moſt part, private and ſelfiſh leagues of the *few* againſt the *many*; and calls back the whole family of God, of all nations, from the loweſt idolatry and ſuperſtition, and from the love of the world and the dregs of ſenſuality, to the acknowlegement and love of the ſupreme God and father of all, and the practice of univerſal virtue, under a ſenſe of his authority; aſſuring them of pardon upon their return to their duty and amendment of life, and opening to their view the awful ſolemnity of a future judgment, by which an exact diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments will be made, according to their reſpective behaviour in the preſent ſtate, and an immortal exiſtence conſequent to it, of which exiſtence he himſelf was a viſible proof, by riſing from the dead.

As thoſe facts will engage the pupil's curioſity, and open a large fund of farther inſtruction to his mind; when he has thoroughly digeſted theſe, the gradual openings of his underſtanding will, in due time, prepare him for taking in the whole of the great method of redemption. When he is arrived at this period, it will give us a proper occaſion of enquiring, in our future converſations, into the moſt effectual means of communicating to him ſuch important knowlege.

He may be farther informed, that we have an account of this eminent perſon, or a hiſtory written in the moſt ſimple and artleſs manner by his contemporaries, who heard his divine doctrines, and were

witneſſes to his marvellous works, and who are cited by ſucceeding writers—and that this account is, in the main, allowed to be genuine, by the confeſſion of that, and ſucceeding ages—that this perſon was ſpoken of in the moſt ancient writings in the world, long before his appearance—had particular characters given of him, by which he might be known—and the time of his appearance plainly marked out, and that all thoſe characters and circumſtances foretold of him, unite in him in the moſt exact and punctual manner——That many perſons eminent for their piety and virtue appeared before him, who not only intimated his coming, but by their inſtructions and example prepared the world for his reception—that thoſe perſons, amidſt a general idolatry and defection from the law of reaſon, paid their reverence and homage only to the father and governor of the world, and declared, by their remonſtrances as well as example, againſt the ſuperſtitious practices of the times in which they lived—That, on this account, he choſe to enter into a peculiar relation to them, and promiſed ſpecial advantages and bleſſings to them and their poſterity, on their account—That their teſtimony and practice were ſufficient to continue the belief and worſhip of the one true God, while mankind lived moſtly in ſmall ſocieties and ſeparate families—but that a kingdom of worſhippers and ſervers of the moſt high God became neceſſary, when men were formed into larger communities and ſtates, to be a ſtanding monument againſt the prevailing idolatry and corruption of the reſt of the world; and the depoſitaries of thoſe records which foretold the appearance of that illuſtrious perſon, who was finally to deſtroy idolatry, and introduce the laſt great diſpenſation of

heaven;—That idolatry was always connected with vice and unnatural crimes, and therefor the ſecuring againſt it was cutting off thoſe vices in the root, which ſprang from it;—That, in raiſing fences againſt idolatry, the Deity choſe to treat the people who were to be barriers againſt it, according to their peculiar genius, education and circumſtances; and therefor gave them ſuch laws as were like to be the moſt effectual preſervatives againſt it, and were the beſt adapted to the weak apprehenſions and carnal turn of mankind; and eſpecially of thoſe who had been educated among idolaters, and inured to ſervitude:—That it was fit that a nation of ſervants of the moſt high God, and who alone continued to acknowlege him in oppoſition to all rivals, ſhould have particular privileges and marks of divine regard; and that they ſhould be rewarded or puniſhed, as they were dutiful ſubjects to their king, and obſervant of his laws, or otherwiſe. He may be informed, by a detail of facts, that this actually happened,—that they were proſperous and triumphant over their enemies, while they continued loyal to their king, but, when they degenerated into idolatry, and the vices generally accompanying it, they were overcome and led captive by their enemies—and thoſe different ſtates did always regularly keep pace with their national integrity or corruption:——That though after their captivity they did not again ſink into that idolatry, for which they had been ſo often chaſtized, and the vices connected with it; yet they departed entirely from the ſpirit of their law, which they partly explained away, and partly buried under a load of traditions—and ſuſtituted either a ſtrict regard to it's ritual obſervations, and ſometimes to their own childiſh additions to it, or elſe a mere external

decorum of behaviour in the place of internal purity and rectitude of manners:—That a new ſpecies of idolatry, covetouſneſs, and a total devotion to ſenſe and the world, ſucceeded to the other which they had forſaken:—That they not only diſregarded, but even ſlew thoſe meſſengers who were ſent from time to time to reform them—and became ripe for the appearance of that great PROPHET who had been promiſed to their fathers, and threatened them with a general cataſtrophe of their nation if they would not repent, and amend their manners:—That therefor they were a ſtanding proof to the reſt of the world, of the unity of God, and his ſuperintendency over human affairs, that he hates ſuperſtition and vice, and loves their contraries—And conſequently, the Jewiſh polity was calculated to lead mankind to the acknowlegement and ſervice of the one God and Father of all; and by ſo doing, to pave the way for that kingdom of univerſal righteouſneſs, which was to be eſtabliſhed by his Son.

This, gentlemen, is a ſketch, and but a rude one, of the method by which I would endeavour to introduce our pupil to a knowlege of the grand outlines of revelation, and prepare his mind for ſublimer views.

While he is going over the ſcripture-ſtory, which his tutor may divide into ſmall portions, like ſo many leſſons of philoſophy; beginning as early as the creation and fall of man, and the ſeveral diſpenſations conſequent to them, and obviating the difficulties as he goes along, I would repreſent to him the vaſt difference between this and all other hiſtory.—That whereas, the latter gives only a naked view of the facts, this opens the deſigns of providence,

and explains by what methods the great Maſter and Deſigner of all executes his ſchemes—That whereas profane hiſtory leads us to admire the perſons of great conquerors, and dazzles us with the ſplendor of their actions in ſubduing kingdoms, and running with rapidity from one conqueſt to another; the ſacred books ſhew them as only inſtruments in the hands of providence, and merely ſubſervient to the wiſe and great ends of the divine government of the world; and exhibit them to us under the unamiable image of lions, tygers, leopards, *etc.* which mark their way with horror and confuſion, and live by blood and carnage—That, in the riſe and fall of kingdoms and empires, was carried on the great Plan which the common and all-wiſe Parent of the univerſe had formed for the government of the world in general, and with a ſpecial regard to the kingdom of his Son—Add to all, that, as the ſupreme governor has not finiſhed his work, the deſtiny of kingdoms and ſtates is ſtill regulated with a view to the ſame plan, and does wholly depend on the wiſdom and power of the Almighty.

Such views will open and enlarge the pupil's mind, and impreſs him with ſuch a deep ſenſe of the immediate and conſtant ſuperintendency and providence of an all-wiſe and perfect mind, as will be a ſtrong guard againſt the influence of vice, and a mighty ſupport to the principles of natural religion. Such an aſtoniſhing train of ſenſible acts of divine wiſdom, power, and goodneſs as muſt then appear in the diſpenſations of providence, will exhibit to him the moſt amiable and awful idea of the character of the great governor, and give him ſtronger and more laſting impreſſions of the divine attributes,

than he could have by any refined abſtract notions with which a maſter can poſſeſs him.

But though I thus recommend a religious education, I would not ſoar ſo high into the ſublimer regions of divinity, as to forget to inſpire him with the principles of humanity; but rather make the theological diſcipline ſupport the other, and bind its obligations the cloſer.

I wiſh, ſaid Eugenio, our divine has not proceeded too faſt with his theological inſtitutions, and begun where he ought rather to have ended. I doubt much whether the young mind, immerſed in ſenſe, and unaccuſtomed to intellectual reſearches, be a proper ſubject to receive ſpiritual impreſſions, or enter upon ſuch ſublime ſpeculations as Hiero would have us believe it is. For my part, I ſhould think it more expedient to let it be well verſed in the plainer elements of humanity, before it meddled with thoſe ſolemn and awful myſteries of religion which regard the divine nature and providence. What makes me think the more caution neceſſary here is, leſt the unbounded curioſity of my pupil ſhould ſtart more difficulties than is in my power, or any man's to ſolve. Should one, in ſuch a caſe, have recourſe to pure authority to ſtop the young ſceptic's mouth, this would offend againſt the noble rule of culture preſcribed by Philander, and introduce a ſlaviſh reliance on authority in matters of the greateſt importance. I ſhould not chuſe therefor to raiſe more difficulties than I could fairly ſolve. And not to attempt to lay them, were to baffle that laudable principle of curioſity we ſeek to encourage. Beſides, as we can only judge of the *divine nature* by way of *analogy* with our own, it ſeems the moſt natural and eaſy way of proceeding, to begin with

the ſtudy of this, and it's various relations and duties; when theſe are thoroughly underſtood, we may then, with more ſafety, and, I conceive advantage too, riſe to the contemplation of higher natures. And this, Hiero himſelf ſeemed to confeſs at his ſetting out, when he ſaid that we muſt aſcend from the effect to the cauſe.

I muſt confeſs, replied Hiero, there is a good deal of ſhrewdneſs in Eugenio's obſervation; but nothing, however contrary, as far as I can ſee, to what I had principally in view, and thought neceſſary to ſuggeſt. Among the various relations in which man ſtands, I thought that which he bears to his Maker, a principal one; and therefore, the ſooner he could be made acquainted with it, and thoſe duties which reſult from it, I reckoned he would bid the fairer for acting his part well in every other relation of life. For piety, when kept unmixt with ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm, was always, and was univerſally confeſſed to be a true friend and ſupport to virtue. However, I think I ſufficiently obviated Eugenio's difficulty, by premiſing, that we were to proceed in reaſoning with our pupil only from ſuch principles as he already knew, and not ſeek to infuſe opinions, much leſs impoſe reaſons, before he was able to apprehend them. But if we delay to lay materials before the mind, becauſe difficulties may ariſe that ſhall puzzle the moſt ſubtile head, I am afraid this argument proves too much, *viz.* that we muſt lie ſtill and do nothing; there being ſcarce any ſubject of enquiry, in which the ingenious ſubtilty of children may not ſuggeſt more queſtions than the wiſeſt man can anſwer. After all, I agree with Eugenio thus far, that the better they underſtand their

own nature and its connections, the more eaſily they will apprehend the nature and providence of God.

Having laid, therefor, ſaid Sophron, the foundations of piety; after what manner, Hiero, would you next proceed?

I would endeavour, reſumed Hiero, to draw ſome of the principal lines of religion and virtue upon the tender mind. For theſe, if they are not congenial with the mind, may certainly be very early ſtamped upon it. And when the firſt impreſſions are once early made, it is almoſt inconceivable with what difficulty and reluctance they are afterwards effaced. The firſt lineaments of virtue I would draw upon the ſuſceptible ſoul are theſe.—*A regard for truth, obedience to parents and teachers, a juſt ſenſe of right and wrong, and of the dignity of human nature; a ſtrict temperance, a general humanity, and eſpecially love to one's country, and diligence or induſtry in buſineſs:* add to all, a deep *ſenſe of religion*, and of the duties and obligations which it includes; virtues which are the native ſources of private happineſs, and of infinite importance to ſociety. ——Upon theſe, gentlemen, I ſhall be glad to hear your opinion.

As it was now pretty late, we agreed to refer the conſideration of theſe ſubjects to another time.

DIALOGUE IX.

AS walking is none of the leaſt pleaſures of life, I frequently indulge myſelf in wandering over ſo pleaſant a part of the country as lies about N * * *. The blooming and various aſpects of nature are a real enjoyment, while I give way to a myſtical ſort of admiration, and viſit her ſhrines with rapture almoſt ever anew. The other morning, having ſtarted early, I got into the fields before the ſun was up, and while the dawn did, if I may ſay ſo, ſomewhat imbrown the face of nature, and, as Shakeſpear has it, dapple the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey. The ſtillneſs of the ſcene added to its ſolemnity, the birds were beginning to awake, a dun obſcurity overſhadowed the mountains and groves; every thing tended to compoſe the mind, and quiet its paſſions. The ſtreaks of light began at length to ſpread in fleecy rings over the horizon, intimating the approach of day; the ſcene brightened by degrees, and as it brightened, the creatures ſeemed to feel more life and vigour. The mild dawn of the eaſt was ſucceeded by a redder fluſh, till at laſt the ſun aroſe and poured the whole flood of day upon us. I, immediately, felt his chearful influence, by the ſprightly flow of ſpirits he raiſed, and was half tempted to entertain ſome kind of reſpect for ſo glorious a creature, whoſe appearance, like the preſence of ſome ſuperior nature, ſeemed to awaken and gladden the whole ſcene. The hills had their tops gilded as with flaming gold, the valleys ſeemed to riſe to the eye, as the ſhadows went off, the rivulets gliſtered with more luſtre

and tranſparency; the birds mounted aloft, and as they ſoared upwards, poured forth untaught harmony; the beaſts were rouſed from their lodges, the various inſects ſpread out their wings in the morning ray, and the woods reſounded with divers echoes. All nature ſeemed to breathe and live. The effects of the ſun's preſence were ſo conſiderable on me, and every other creature and object about me, that I thought it no hard matter to account for the deifying of ſo conſpicuous an object by ignorant mortals. Such ſplendor, as overpowers our ſight, not only dazzles, but aſtoniſhes us. And wonder or aſtoniſhment eaſily runs up into adoration, eſpecially when we know not the cauſe. This benign and diffuſive influence is ſo great on our world, that gratitude would naturally mix with veneration, and both, when united, produce ſome kind of homage to the fountain of ſo much warmth and beneficence. This progreſs of the mind is ſo natural, that we find the worſhip paid to the ſun was among the earlieſt kind of idolatry; and that it ſprung up firſt in the eaſt, where an unclouded ſky and advantageous ſituation favoured the obſervation of the heavens.

While I wandered over the dewy ground, and was admiring the bloomy verdure of the graſs and riſing corn, I was ſurprized with a voice at a little diſtance, which made me turn towards it. I had no ſooner looked about, than I perceived Hiero, our divine, on the other ſide of a row of elms, engaged in profound meditation by himſelf, and venting his ſoliloquies with an audible voice. He ſtood on a little eminence, from whence he had a pretty large view around him. Sometimes his eyes were fixed on the fields below, at other times he raiſed them to

heaven with a devout kind of ardour; his right hand was ſtretched out in a ſprightly declaiming attitude, and in his left he held a book. He ſeemed ſo deeply intent, and riveted in thought, that I apprehend I might ſafely over-hear his philoſophic effuſions without danger of interrupting them. I ſatisfied my notions of decency, by reflecting, that as Hiero had no miſtreſs but Nature, I might preſume he would diſcover no ſecrets, but what every rival might hear, without the imputation of an impertinent curioſity. Accordingly, ſitting down on the bank of the river, I took out pen and ink, and wrote down in characters, the following rhapſody, as it ſtreamed from his lips.

" —It muſt be ſo. Elſe why ſuch harmony in " their operations, and conſtancy in their effects? " Can beings concur in efficacy, which never united " in deſign, without ſome common band of confe- " deracy, or combining cauſe? Can chance be the " parent of uniformity which never fails, or fate " gave birth to infinite variety? The ſeveral parts " of this material frame, how diſtant ſoever in ſitu- " ation, and different in their matter and compoſi- " tion, do yet operate continually on each other, " and concur, by ſome mighty, though inviſible in- " fluence, to the production of the ſame ſalutary " effects. What influence our earth may have on " it's fellow planets, or how far it's reaction may " affect the ſun, I cannot tell; but ſurely I feel the " kindly heat of that bright luminary, inſpiring me " with more than uſual gladneſs. Nor on me alone " is his bounty ſo efficacious. The other creatures " partake his enlivening energy. To him the vege- " table tribes owe all their bloom and beauty. It " is his piercing ray, which entering the fertile

" mould, ripens the vital ſap, and exalts it into the
" ſlender tubes, open to receive it, after the rare-
" faction of the internal air, that was compreſſed by
" the cold of night. This nutritive juice, being
" attracted along the minute canals, ſhoots up in
" branches, expands into leaves, burſts out into
" gems, and cloathes them with all their bluſhing
" honours. What power is it then, which unites
" theſe diſtant parts of nature, and adapts their mu-
" tual influences in ſuch nice proportion? Who
" ſupplied this fountain of light and heat, with his
" genial and inexhauſted treaſure, and who diſpenſes
" it with ſuch munificent, yet wiſe profuſion?
" Thoſe objects are certainly too remote, to have
" combined, by mutual concert, towards producing
" one joint effect. Beſides, what inſtruments or
" meſſengers could paſs between them, to ſettle their
" diſtinct powers and times of operation? Yet theſe
" never interfere with each other, but conſpire with
" aſtoniſhing harmony in the propagation and growth
" of plants and animals. Parts therefor they muſt
" be of a common ſyſtem, and ſome mighty hand
" muſt hold them together, by a powerful, though
" unſeen chain. Who elſe can repair the ſun's con-
" tinual decays, and diſtribute his bounties in num-
" ber, weight and meaſure? Nor is it the ſun a-
" lone that muſt be leagued in friendly union with
" the vegetable and animal tribes. A large concur-
" rence of other cauſes, a right temperature of earth,
" and air, and water, and ſeaſons is neceſſary to
" the life and health of the numerous inhabitants
" that are maintained on our globe. None of theſe
" parts are detached from the others, or independent
" of them. The earth ſupports the plants; air
" and water nouriſh them; the plants ſupply the

" animals with food; theſe are ſubordinate to each
" other, and all are ſubjected to the elements in
" which they reſide. In them they live, and to
" them they reſign their reſpective natures. Theſe
" elements compoſe one common maſs, and are go-
" verned by the ſame laws. All nature, therefor,
" is one wondrous piece, one conſpiring *whole*.
" That it's different, and ſometimes jarring, parts
" ſhould co-operate for the preſervation and benefit
" of ſuch infinitely diverſified creatures, beſpeaks
" an oneneſs of deſign, and muſt require the pre-
" ſence and overſight of ſome power equal to that
" deſign. The ſeveral creatures are all confined to
" their reſpective elements, nor can any of them
" act beyond their own province. It muſt therefor
" be ſome ſuperior nature, who, uncircumſcribed
" by time or ſpace, pervades the univerſe, and is
" intimately preſent with the whole extent of nature.
" Whoever this univerſal Being is, he muſt be at
" the head of things, ſupreme in wiſdom as in power,
" the author and mover of the whole; who in-
" ſpires it's powers, preſerves it's connections, and,
" ſeeing all his works from the beginning to the
" end, conducts their operations with an unerring
" hand, to perfection and happineſs. Through
" what an aſcending ſcale of being and beauty, am
" I led to recognize a governing nature, or univer-
" ſal mind, who filled up every link of the im-
" menſe ſeries, and bid the ſeveral orders move up-
" wards, and ſucceed each other in endleſs progreſ-
" ſion, and all be happy in each ſucceſſive ſtation to
" the utmoſt extent of their capacity and condition!
" From rude and unformed, I riſe to poliſhed, and
" almoſt breathing matter. From hence I aſcend,
" through the various tribes of vegetation, till ſcarce

" any chaſm is left between the ſenſible plant, and
" the ſtupid ſhell-fiſh which adheres to its native
" rock, through almoſt infinite orders of animal
" life, till inſtinct well nigh co-incides with reaſon,
" and the brute is refining into man; whoſe ſuperi-
" our frame points out intelligence, wiſdom and
" activity. Man ſeems to ſtand on the utmoſt
" verge of the material world, and to lift his
" head with high ambition into that of ſpirits.
" What orders of intelligence may lie beyond the
" human rank, and fill up the immenſe interval be-
" tween Deity and this middle limit of exiſtence,
" who can tell? To us the upper end of the ſcale,
" and the intermediate links, are veiled in darkneſs.
" But I know enough to convince me, that I am
" of heavenly extraction, and allied to infinite per-
" fection. This periſhable ſtuff which I carry a-
" bout me, I borrowed from the earth on which I
" tread, and there I muſt ſoon lay it down. But
" whence this quickneſs and range of thought? This
" flight of imagination and divinity of reaſon?
" Whence but from the ſource of all intelligence
" and wiſdom? But a while ſince, his miniſter, the
" ſun, ſpread a chearful warmth through my mor-
" tal frame; now methinks I feel more divine ſen-
" ſations pervading my immortal part. Who then
" kindled this celeſtial fire? Who lighted up this
" conſciouſneſs of my higher relation, and taught my
" boſom to beat with inexpreſſible joy? Who but
" God, inſpiring God, that kind and gentle Being,
" whoſe ſupreme delight is to diffuſe happineſs for
" ever, and whoſe bounty extends to all, without
" partiality or envy?

Here Hiero, pauſing a while, began to raiſe his voice ſtill higher, lifted up his eyes and both his

hands to heaven; and I could perceive a brighter flush animating his countenance, when he thus continued:

"O amiable and perfect Nature! Thou sovereign "and universal Mind! Eternal spring of wisdom "and order! How stupendous are thy works! "What frugality amid infinite profusion? What "complicated effects are produced by the simplest "causes? The sun, bright image of thy immense "benignity! not only enlivens the animal, but "supports the vegetable world, and ripens and pre-"pares matter for all the purposes of life and vege-"tation. Nor is our earth the only partaker of "his munificence. Thou commandest him, O "universal parent! to enlighten and chear sur-"rounding worlds by the perpetual diffusion of his "bounties. His presence, like to thine, dispels "darkness and sorrow, and infuses secret ravish-"ment into the heart. His extinction would bring "on an universal gloom and horror insupportable. "The air, that yielding and expansive element, "like the breath of God, not only feeds and nou-"rishes the vast variety of living creatures, but even "the vegetative tribes, which could not subsist "without this common pabulum. What wonders "are performed by that simple engine, the power "of gravitation or attraction, by which the huge "machinery of nature is linked in inviolable uni-"on, and the vast worlds of matter continue sus-"pended and balanced in perfect equilibrium! O "almighty Former! To it, thy prime minister in "our world, we owe the stability of our moun-"tains, the current of our rivers, the ascent of our "springs and vapours, which descend by the same "influence in rains, to refresh and fructify the earth.

" To it we owe our tides, which keep the im-
" menſe collection continually freſh and wholeſome;
" and the aſcent of the nouriſhing juices to the tops
" of the higheſt trees. To it are we indebted for
" the force of our pumps, the vigour of our ma-
" chines, and the indiſſoluble coheſion of bodies.
" In this wonder-working power, I recognize thy
" being, and univerſal providence; a power which
" penetrates the eſſence and inmoſt particles of bo-
" dies, combines the remoteſt objects in mutual
" ſympathy and concord; and, operating by un-
" mechanic forces, produces the moſt perfect me-
" chaniſm of a world! In contemplating theſe in-
" ferior wheels and movements of this beauteous
" and ever-moving machine, let me adore the al-
" mighty Mover, who impreſſed, and ever impreſſes
" the mighty never-failing energy, by which the
" whole creation continues always fair and flouriſh-
" ing! The immenſity of thy works beſpeaks Thee
" immenſely great, and poſſeſſed of univerſal domi-
" nion. Their conveniency and uſefulneſs to thy
" creatures, diſcover thee exuberant in goodneſs.
" And indeed how numerous and diverſified thy
" offspring! O thou parent of being and of beauty.
" The vegetable train confeſs thy bounty, while
" from the earth's nutritious breaſts they ſuck the
" vital ſpirit that feeds their tender and lovely forms.
" When they wither and ſeem to die, the returning
" ſun, the unwearied miniſter of thy beneficence,
" recalls them into life, and makes them riſe bloom-
" ing from corruption and decay. For the groſs
" particles of the fertile glebe, being prepared in the
" exquiſite laboratory of nature, and diſtilled through
" its wonderful alembics, the pores of the ſurviving
" root, they are refined into a purer ſubſtance, and

" ſublimed into a fine ethereal ſpirit. Beautiful i-
" mage of that circulation of nature, and converſi-
" on of forms, by which the face of things is con-
" tinually renewed, the waſtes of nature ſupplied,
" and decay made the parent of life and vigour!
" Infinite races and ſucceſſions of animals ſpring
" from thy goodneſs, and every corner of thy wide
" domain ſwarms with life and new creation; as if
" thou waſt afraid, leſt any of thy unemployed
" treaſures ſhould be loſt, and thy bounties be un-
" taſted, and unenjoyed. Nicely is the oeconomy
" of every creature adjuſted to its rank and make,
" and exquiſitely formed for imbibing its proper ſatis-
" factions. How curiouſly is each of them armed
" againſt the dangers, to which their ſituation ex-
" poſes them, by proper inſtincts, or weapons of
" defence! The parts how admirably framed for
" continuing the ſpecies, ſo that nature is ever team-
" ing with new births, to repair the breaches made,
" and maintain the ſucceſſion of beings, who are
" to live, and be happy on her inexhauſtible ſtores!
" But chief on man haſt thou ſhowered diſtinguiſhed
" goodneſs. His outward frame how fair, how
" erect and formed for contemplation! Cloathed
" with manly dignity and ſtrength, or elſe ſoftened
" with milder grace, and alluring ſmiles ſpread
" through every feature. It was Thou, O Parent
" of love, who taughteſt the human race to charm
" with ſuch expreſſive ſweetneſs, and ordained'ſt the
" paſſions to vibrate from heart to heart with har-
" mony ſo reſponſive; by thoſe endearing bands
" linked him with the partners of his nature in friend-
" ly and enchanting union. Thou haſt placed
" him a ſpectator of thy majeſtic works above

" and below, and by ſtamping on his mind
" the features of divinity, ſuperior thought and
" reaſon, haſt given him to recognize his relation
" to Thee his eternal Parent. Thou haſt ſettled
" that poiſe I perceive amidſt the various powers
" of my compounded frame; thou haſt planted
" thoſe generous feelings in the human breaſt, which,
" being duly cultivated, yield unfailing rapture,
" and by forming man to a ſympathy with univer-
" ſal nature, haſt allowed him to taſte the plea-
" ſures of divinity. Let him gratefully acknow-
" lege his obligations to his ſupreme Benefactor,
" and adore the bounteous hand that crowned him
" with ſuch glory and excellence of nature."——
" Here the inſpired divine ended his rhapſody, and coming down the hill, paſſed directly by me, without ever minding me: ſo that I quietly followed him home, reſolved to impart my morning entertainment to the gentlemen of our ſociety.

The ſociety met in the evening in the garden, where, after walking up and down for ſome time, we aſcended the artificial mount, which is on the weſt ſide, and from whence, there is a proſpect of the ſurrounding fields. It has a convenient ſeat on the ſummit, and is covered a top with a light airy dome, open on every ſide, and ſupported by a few ſlender pillars. Here we had a charming landſcape of green lawns, ſhady thickets, and the river, on which the ſun diſperſed his feeble beams, gave t the appearance of ſhining glaſs. The flocks were now returning to the folds, the cows with full udders, the lambs bleating, and friſking about, the horſes neighing, and capering wantonly. The maids followed with their milk-pails and chearful looks, and ſtill enlivened the ſcene. The flowers

breathed their evening fragrance all around, the ſun grew broader, and his beams, in which millions of creatures were playing, became fainter as he approached the horizon, till at length he diſappeared from our ſight; but left us an ample horizon, deeply tinctured and illuminated with various hues, by the refraction of his rays. We took our ſeats in this delightful eminence, and were entertaining ourſelves with thoſe beauties of nature and ſtill-life, of which we had then ſo agreeable a proſpect; when, I told the company I would divert them, if they choſe it, by reading to them a philoſophic rhapſody I had wrote that morning, in the open fields, about the time of ſun-riſing. They were pleaſed with the propoſal; upon which I read to them the aforeſaid philoſophic rhapſody of Hiero's, with his addreſs to the genius and parent of nature. I prefaced it with telling them, that they would not reliſh the effuſion throughly, unleſs they ſaw the Rhapſodiſt in his raving attitude, with his eyes up-lifted, his hands outſtretched, his face glowing with a ſacred kind of enthuſiaſm, and himſelf ſtanding upon a riſing ground, emitting his raptures, not quite unlike the prieſteſs of Apollo, as ſhe ſtood on the inſpiring tripod.—The gentlemen heard me out, with deep attention; when Hiero, who could ſcarce refrain himſelf from interrupting the recital every now and then, thus broke ſilence.

I much doubt, gentlemen, that the rhapſodiſt is not a little obliged to the reciter, for the diſtinctneſs and coherence of the rhapſody. I am afraid the heat of an extempore tranſport would ſcarce have produced a piece of reaſoning, which ſeems to hang together, and which does not want its colour-

ing and imagery, unleſs it had been laboured and wrought up by the cool touches of the cloſet.

It is hardly fair in Hiero, ſaid Sophron, to ſuppoſe that Simplicius has, all along, been amuſing us with a fanciful tale of a ſcene which never exiſted; nor do I think it, with my friend's leave, quite polite, to aſſert poſitively, that a warm imagination, kindled to an uncommon degree, by the mild ſplendour of a morning ſun, and a full proſpect of nature, in its moſt verdant dreſs and amiable attitudes, amidſt the conſenting chorus of the animal creation, may not have caſt off a beautiful and well connected rhapſody, during that ſudden glow of fancy, without waiting for cooler meditation. I apprehend the mind is moſt fruitful and vigorous in its conceptions, when it is hurried on by ſuch a ſudden impulſe, and extacy of imagination, if I may call it ſo.

I am not, replied Hiero, ſo poſitive in my opinion, from any mean conception of our friend's abilities, but from a ſenſe of my own incapacity of rhapſodizing ſo coherently. This morning, as I was walking in the fields pretty early, I remember I fell into a ſudden effuſion, ſomething like this but now recited by Simplicius; I do not know likewiſe, but in the warm emotion I then felt, I may have given voice and accent to the ſallies of my fancy, perhaps more than I ought to have done in the open fields: but if my friend was there unknown to me, and liſtened to my ſoliloquy, and means to have repeated to you, what I then looſely threw out, let him ſtand forth and ſay ſo. For my part, I here honeſtly confeſs, I can diſtinguiſh but a few, a very few features of my production; the reſt are his own, and he has given ſhapelineſs and proportion to the whole.

Since Hiero, ſubjoined I, has put me to the queſtion, I muſt frankly confeſs the innocent fraud I was guilty of, in liſtening to my friend's private effuſions, and taking them down in ſhort-hand in the beſt manner I could; without pretending to add to, or take from, that flow of fancy which he then indulged. I hope, gentlemen, that you, whom I have entertained at our friend's expence, will be my patrons, and make an apology for the theft I have committed.

Surely, ſaid Sophron, Hiero cannot be offended that you have done him, as he acknowleges himſelf, more than juſtice. If you have really improved upon his ſentiments, he is too good-natured to envy his friends the entertainment to which he gave occaſion, by affording at leaſt the unwrought materials. But if he has only given a fair recital of your morning raptures, you will forgive the expreſſion, I hope you will excuſe him for having ſhewn us ſo amiable a ſpecimen, how philoſophers, if they do not, at leaſt ought to ſpend their mornings.

I proteſt, gentlemen, reſumed Hiero, this is downright perſecution. I ſhall hardly forgive Simplicius, for having ſerved me ſuch a trick,—to attend as he has done to a man in a raving fit, and poſture too; with all the marks of madneſs about him, to take a copy of his ravings, and then to expoſe them to his acquaintances, the very firſt time he ſees them —And then for you, gentlemen, to defend this unkind and unfriendly practice—and to talk of one's ſoliloquies and raptures, and all that; as if a man were a lunatic or viſionary of the laſt age, when revelations and divine effuſions were no unuſual pretence; is, I think, neither fair nor generous in you.

Beſides, I do not know if one is accountable, when ſober, for what he has either ſaid or done, during the mad fit.

For my part, ſaid Conſtant, if what we have now heard be raving, I wiſh always to rave in that manner. My fancy ſeldom lifts me among the clouds, or above the ordinary pitch of common ſenſe; but were it to raiſe me ſo high as it has done my friend, and to conduct me through ſuch charming ſcenes, I ſhould love much to mount aloft, and go along with it whitherſoever it ſhould lead me. And let who would call me frantic, or viſionary, or caſtle-builder, I ſhould poſſeſs my ſoul in perfect peace——and build and rave on.

I ſee no harm, ſubjoined Eugenio, in being ſomewhat mad now and then, provided we keep it in our own power to return, when we pleaſe, to our ſober ſenſes. There are none without their frantic excurſions at times, beyond the ordinary meaſures of life and common ſenſe. All the art lies in timeing our madneſs well, or in employing it on harmleſs ſubjects. By giving vent to the frantic humour in philoſophic ravings, or poetic ſallies, which have been often thought allied to phrenzy, we ſhall, I imagine, ſooner diſcuſs the fewel of the diſtemper, and be in leſs danger of growing delirious in our ordinary commerce, and at the expence of others. I have often heard of great men cutting capers, and playing ſtrange monkey-tricks in private, and looking as grave and demure as ſenators, when they appeared in public. The human conſtitution will ſcarce bear a long continued ſtretch of uniform, ſober thinking, and therefor muſt be allowed its gambols; unleſs we mean that it ſhould loſe the

powers of thinking altogether, and become ſtark mad, through an exceſs of ſobriety.

I cannot tell, replied Sophron, whether the point ſhould be puſhed ſo far as Eugenio ſeems to think. The mind, without doubt, needs its relaxations, and can no more bear a long, intenſe ſtrain of thought or paſſion, without maddening a little, than the nerves can ſuſtain long a violent action or preſſure, without ſome acceſſes of a fever. But that we ſhould actually indulge certain degrees of madneſs, to prevent the being mad in good earneſt, I cannot eaſily comprehend. However, if we are at any time to give wanton play to thought, or to indulge an uncontrouled fancy, I do not know on what the mind can rave more agreeably than on the beauties of nature. A mind ſtruck with the fair, or grand, or harmonious in nature, cannot contemplate thoſe forms without emotion, and a certain pitch of admiration. And wherever the admiration runs high, either it is poſſeſſion, or muſt create a paſſion, which looks ſomething like it. In reality, it is an amiable and delightful poſſeſſion; but, like all others, it carries the mind out of its wonted courſe, and fires the imagination with conceptions, of which it is quite incapable at other times. In this rapturous ſtate, objects which have the ſlighteſt relation or ſimilitude to each other, being preſented to the mind, are ſeized by it with an immenſe ardour, and worked up by it into various ſhapes and combinations, which again draw others into the ſame vortex, (ſuch is the aſtoniſhing attraction of our ideas!) and bring along with them a new train of imagery; ſo that one is frequently amazed by what myſterious ſympathy the unbidden images aroſe, and formed themſelves into ſuch ſurprizing

order and regularity. Whatever activity the mind may exert on ſuch occaſions, it ſeems to have little command over its own ideas. The quick agitations of fancy, and ſudden flaſhes of oppoſite or reſembling images, muſt dart out in interrupted ſallies of thought, and frequently in disjointed reaſonings, which have the appearance of madneſs and folly, rather than of ſober reflection. But whoever has experienced this kind of poſſeſſion, upon ſurveying any of nature's lovely or majeſtic ſcenes, and has been bewildered in the labyrinths of fancy, into which thoſe views have led him, will, I believe, chuſe to lay his mind open to all ſuch impreſſions, and be far from checking that noble enthuſiaſm, which they tend naturally to inſpire.

I cannot help being ſurprized, ſaid Hiero, that the generality of people are ſo little ſenſible of thoſe ſimple and obvious beauties of nature that environ us on all hands, and entertain every ſenſe with its proper pleaſures. How few care for getting out of the duſt or ſmoke of a city, into the freſh air of the country! The moſt verdant fields and enamelled meadows have no charms for them, no more than the rough ſtones or dirt of the ſtreet; elſe why do even thoſe, who are at liberty to make a choice, ſeek ſo ſeldom to exchange the one for the other? And of thoſe, who live in the country, how few know how to reliſh ſuch rural beauties as they daily ſee; or to enjoy that vernal delight, which almoſt irreſiſtibly ſprings up in the mind in a fine day; when nature is dreſt in her loveliеſt robes, and the ſun gilds her face with additional luſtre! For my part, I cannot go into the fields in fine weather, and an unclouded ſky, without feeling my heart gladdened with the proſpect, and falling ſometimes

into thoſe wild reveries and labyrinths of fancy Sophron was mentioning juſt now, which give a man the aſpect of one poſſeſt or nature-ſtruck.

I acknowlege, gentlemen, replied Eugenio, the proſpect of a beautiful, rich country, like that now before us, which yields fine paſture for cattel, and plenty of good grain; where the inhabitants live independent, by their own honeſt induſtry, and where none of the neceſſaries or conveniences of life are wanting, is a delightful ſight, and muſt rejoice the heart of every Briton. But I frankly confeſs, that I can look at nature in all her bloom, and dreſſed out, if you will, in every charm that can be ſuppoſed to allure the eye, without falling into thoſe extaſies my worthy friends talk of, or growing a diſtracted lover of the beauteous dame. Was nature animated now, as ſhe was in ancient times, with deities and graces, were the woods now inhabited by dryads and hamadryads, and had one a chance to meet a ſweet light-footed nymph at every other fountain or the end of a walk, I do not queſtion but I ſhould grow a warm admirer of nature; and might, perhaps, make an elopement too in a morning, to ſpend an hour or ſo with one of thoſe fair divinities; but ever ſince our rigid, cold philoſophy, and levelling theology, have baniſhed thoſe powers and graces, and diſ-peopled the groves and meadows of their gay inhabitants, I look at nature with the eyes of a philoſopher, rather than of a lover; and like a diſenchanted knight, imagine myſelf in perfect ſolitude in a deſart.

I firmly believe, ſaid Conſtant, Eugenio has ſpoken his mind very ingenuouſly; the country is, to him, I dare ſay, a mere deſart indeed, without the preſence of ſome fair divinity. She alone can

change the wilderneſs into a charming ſcene, and make the fields and fountains, the trees and rivers look beautiful. There is only one thing I much doubt, and that is, whether he would have ſtarted of a morning in ſuch a hurry, to keep an appointment with one of thoſe pretty forms, unleſs they had been good fleſh and blood. But though the world of the ancients may have better ſuited the taſte of a lover or a poet, as the former had a chance to carry on an intrigue with a more than mortal form, and the latter was better ſupplied with images and machines, to enliven his compoſitions, and extricate him when brought to a pinch; yet I cannot help thinking, that, to a true philoſopher, the univerſe, unpeopled as it is of thoſe imaginary inhabitants, will appear more beautiful and auguſt, than when the whole council of the Gods aſſembled on the top of Ida, and the monarch himſelf, with his ambroſial curls, ſhook Olympus to its center. If indeed Engenio does, as he pretends, look upon the univerſe with the eyes of a philoſopher, he will find it peopled with infinitely greater ſwarms of inhabitants, than it was thought to be in ancient times; inhabitants too, whoſe natures are better adapted to the elements in which they reſide, than were thoſe abodes allotted by the poets and other mythological gentlemen to their deities, either ſuperior or ſubaltern. As a philoſopher, he will diſcern an admirable ſubordination of the different ranks of creatures to each other, and of all to the good of the univerſal ſyſtem.—Things unfolding themſelves by degrees, and in a riſing ſcale of progreſſion, advancing towards perfection;—The laws of nature acting with an amazing ſimplicity, and yet accompliſhing their effects with immenſe vigour and inviolable conſtancy.

In ſhort, there is not the ſmalleſt portion of the univerſe, nor the minuteſt animal of thoſe infinite races that fill it, but may furniſh the acuteſt philoſopher with matter for enquiry, not to be exhauſted, and yet daily aſtoniſh him with new diſcoveries of the ſupreme wiſdom and beneficence of the almighty Geometrician.

Without entering ſo deep into philoſophy, ſaid I, as Conſtant would have us, or conſidering the face of nature in the political light Eugenio talks of, I think it affords a noble and entertaining ſpectacle even to the moſt ſuperficial obſerver. The ſimpleſt peaſant that walks abroad into the fields, may, if he has his ſenſes about him, behold with pleaſure that delicious valley now before us, through which the river winds its ſmooth and tranſparent ſtream, adorned, all along, with wild flowers and trees looſely ſcattered on its borders; yon little eminence beautifully tufted with wood; yon empurpled field of beans, whoſe refreſhing odours are wafted to us by the weſtern breeze; or yon ſtately ridge of mountains, whoſe tops were but a little ſince gilded by the evening ray. He needs no philoſophy, methinks, to reliſh theſe obvious beauties, which nature has ſcattered ſo profuſely all around him. His heart beats with joy amidſt ſuch delightful ſcenes, while he feels every ſenſe an inlet to ſome new pleaſure. Nature, by cloathing every object with ſo much beauty, as well as adapting all ſo admirably to the uſes of life, meant thereby, to excite in us the ſweeteſt ſenſations. Therefor we fulfil that intention, and beſt ſhew our gratitude to the Author of nature, by keeping our minds open to all thoſe infuſions of joy, which naturally flow in upon them from his works in every quarter. Theſe ſatisfactions may be en-

joyed at all times, without any proſpect of immediate or future gain, ſuch as Eugenio ſuggeſted; and, though they may receive a higher ſeaſoning from philoſophy, yet they may be highly reliſhed by ſuch as are entirely unacquainted with it.

I am convinced, ſubjoined Sophron, that the beauties of nature were expreſsly deſigned by the all-wiſe author, to affect the human heart with various ſenſations of pleaſure; but I am afraid, gentlemen, that, in order to reliſh theſe to any purpoſe, the mind muſt be diſengaged and in good humour; and a taſte for nature (ſo to ſpeak) muſt be formed and cultivated. The having ſenſes is not enough to make us enjoy nature with an original reliſh. An inward eye and ear muſt be gained to perceive this primitive beauty and harmony, ſuch as we ſtudy to acquire in all the imitative arts. Without theſe, notwithſtanding all our other ſenſes, nature may ſtill be to us a rude unſhapely maſs, and its fine muſic mere diſſonance. The homely ploughman, when he walks out to his labours, and draws the fragrant breath of the morning, or when the ſun's enlivening ray darts upon him from the mountain's top, may, perhaps, feel his heart bound within him, and be prompted by a happy concurrence of thoſe and other delightful objects, to ſing for joy. The plodding citizen too, when he elopes into the fields on a ſummer's evening, from the ſmoke of the city, may feel his ſenſes raviſhed, and his heart gladdened, he does not know how, by the impreſſions which a mild evening, verdant fields, and the freſh air make upon him; but, I believe, I may ſay that both the citizen and ploughman are affected chiefly in a mere mechanical manner; a briſker flow of ſpirits is excited by a few natural cauſes, while

they continue to behold nature with as ſtupid an inſenſibility, as the ox who treads the graſs. Therefor, though I will not take upon me to ſay, that philoſophy is neceſſary to reliſh nature aright, yet, as I ſaid, it needs a peculiar taſte, the mind muſt be prepared to enjoy the ſimplicity, the innocence, the grandeur, the beauty of rural ſcenes. But how is this to be done? No otherwiſe, I conceive, than by often withdrawing from the din and hurry of life, caſting off its cares as much as poſſible, huſhing the ruder paſſions, and being much converſant with natural objects, till we feel them in all their force and beauty. For, while our thoughts are engroſſed by any particular plan or ſcheme we are purſuing; whilſt avarice, ambition, love, or any other paſſion has an abſolute ſway over us, the fields will ſmile, the trees bloſſom, the fountains murmur, the birds ſing, and nature charm in vain. We ſhall enjoy nothing but what ſooths the favourite paſſion. Till we enter into ourſelves, recover our inward freedom, and reliſh the innocence and good order of a mind, all the ſymmetry and grandeur of the univerſe will be unfelt by us; nay I may ſay, that nature will appear ſtained and darkened to us, and we ſhall be in a ſtorm amidſt the calm of retirement.

I am much of Sophron's opinion, ſaid Hiero, that good-humour and a command of the paſſions are abſolutely neceſſary to enjoy nature with an original and ſincere reliſh. This health of the mind is as neceſſary for taſting its proper ſatisfactions, as that of the body is to the taſting of any ſenſible pleaſures. But I am convinced withal, that the frequent contemplation of nature is an admirable mean to promote this good humour, to lull our cares aſleep,

and blunt the edge of paſſion. When we ſee nature looking ſo fair and flouriſhing, a joyful creation ſwarming round us, enjoying each their reſpective felicities, in guiltleſs peace, pouring forth their wild and artleſs notes, and fondly expreſſing their mutual loves; when we feel the ſun's genial heat chearing our ſpirits, and ſuch delicious fragrancy refreſhing the ſenſe, muſt not every ſocial and ſympathizing mind harmonize with nature, and rejoice in ſuch wide-ſpread felicity? The progreſs of the mind in ſuch a ſituation, is charmingly painted by our admirable poet, in theſe ſublime lines, which I can never read without feeling ſome degree of that rapture which muſt have fired his mind when he wrote them.

——Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, *and taſte*
The joy of God *to ſee a happy world.*

While we thus partake of the common feaſt, and ſhare the happineſs of others by reflection, how is it poſſible but good humour muſt ſpring up in our minds, and gratitude likewiſe to our common parent, the fountain of ſuch ſerenity and bliſs?—— And indeed, without this conſideration of a Deity directing the univerſe, what a dull and pitiful thing would it appear? How void of order and deſign! A

world, without a parent and preſiding genius, muſt be a mere chaos, a heap of ruins that could exhibit nothing fair or friendly to view. But when, by the aid of a genuine philoſophy, we raiſe our eye to the Father of all, and view him animating the huge machine with vital energy, conducting the amazing ſcene of things, within variable harmony, to perfection, and dealing abroad happineſs to his numerous family by an infinity of channels, how are we both aſtoniſhed and delighted with ſuch various wiſdom and wide beneficence? The univerſe in this light, appears a work worthy a God to contrive, and a man to contemplate. Every line, thus converging to divinity, if I may ſay ſo, forms a perfect whole, exactly correſponding to that all-perfect idea which deſigned it, and productive of the moſt extenſive felicity. The ſenſe of this inſpiring and univerſal preſence muſt beautify every part of nature with additional glory, and warm our morning and evening contemplations into rapture. We cannot then forbear to heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes by more rational notes, and muſt ſend up the breath of praiſe with the odours of the morning, to our common benefactor. If our views of nature do not lead us up to Deity, and excite ſuch grateful ſenſations in us, they are very imperfect, and will not have that propitious influence on our temper, which we wiſh they ſhould have.

I confeſs, gentlemen, ſaid Eugenio, your converſation has opened to me a new ſenſe or avenue to pleaſure, of which I ſcarce knew any thing before. I did not doubt indeed, that a man had great pleaſure in ſurveying his gardens, either as they were his own property, or as he laid them out

himſelf, and ſaw them riſing into order and perfection, in conſequence of his own plans. Nor was it hard to conceive how the Botaniſt or Naturaliſt felt ſuch delight in tracing the ſtructure, beauty and uſes of the ſeveral vegetable or animal tribes, the properties of minerals, foſſils, and the like, with the proceſs of *luſus naturæ* in each of them. But that an ordinary ſpectator ſhould feel any peculiar enjoyment from green fields, ſhady groves, and fair weather, other than what the verdure, or ſhade, or good air affords, I could not ſo eaſily enter into. Henceforth I ſhall imagine I ſee ſome natural and inexpreſſible beauty in every piece of landſcape, be it ever ſo rude or ſimple. I ſhall think the enjoyment of a blue ſky, a clear ſun-ſhine, a mild air, and blooming fields, a higher and more refined kind of luxury. As I am no enemy to the encreaſing our pleaſures, and the enjoyment propoſed is a way both to encreaſe and diverſify them, I would, by all means, admit it into the rank of our more rational delights: and therefor, I ſhall make it my buſineſs to gain that taſte which is neceſſary to reliſh it. Only I want to know more particularly of my friends Sophron and Hiero, how this taſte is to be acquired, that I may alſo learn, in due time, to grow a rhapſodiſt, and may fall into raptures, when I walk into the fields on a fair day, even without the aſſiſtance of a fair companion.

Upon this, he looked towards Hiero and Sophron, expecting their anſwer. The one ſeemed to wait when the other ſhould ſpeak: at length, Sophron broke ſilence by ſaying that he thought Eugenio might eaſily collect from Hiero's obſervations, how this new taſte was to be gained, *viz.* by frequently converſing with nature. How would any maſter

in the fine arts, continued he, form his pupil to a taſte of painting and ſtatuary? Would not he adviſe him to turn his attention from whatever was ſhowy, falſe, and of a bad taſte, to ſtudy the works of the moſt celebrated performers, obſerve the living graces, the proportions of the ſingle figures, as well as the ordonnance of the whole piece, and ſo continue his ſtudy till he had got an eye for the truth of deſign, and beauty of compoſition? This advice becomes eaſier, when applied to the ſtudy of nature. Here, there is nothing falſe, miſplaced, or defective. Even thoſe works which appear moſt uncomely and irregular, do, upon a thorough ſearch, approve themſelves to the moſt critical eye, being perfect in their kind, and full proportioned to the end. Let the intellectual eye therefor be but kept open, let it attend to the face of nature, and it will ſoon diſcern a depth of deſign, a ſymmetry of parts, and perfection of workmanſhip, that ſhall riſe it's admiration, and convince it, that a ſuperiour and governing intelligence pervades and animates the whole. I believe, Eugenio, will readily acknowlege, that we naturally catch impreſſions, and are wrought into diſpoſitions correſpondent to thoſe objects with which we are converſant, and to thoſe circumſtances in which we are placed. Objects of grandeur ſtrike the mind with pleaſing awe and aſtoniſhment; ſuch as are new or uncommon, with ſurprize; and the being often converſant with beautiful forms and images, both chears the mind, and gives it a more refined and elegant turn. The aſpect and air of our company ſtrongly affects us, as it is gay and chearful, or gloomy and ſad. Now, I imagine that every part of nature wears a certain air peculiar

to itſelf, and has ſome quality characteriſtical of it, which it exhibits to the ſpectator, and which induces upon him a certain air, impreſſion or diſpoſition of a ſimilar ſpecies. Thus, the darkneſs and ſtill horror of a thick wood, or of Milton's *dun obſcure*, has a certain awful air which raiſes a ſolemn kind of awe and melancholy. A ſweetly flowing ſtream, or a clear tranſparent fountain, with its waters bubbling up, gives us an image of ſerenity, and lulls the mind into a gentle ſoftneſs Birds ſinging, ſheep bleating, herds lowing, and numberleſs creatures baſking or fluttering with delight in the ſun's beams, awaken a ſcene of gayety and innocence, with fills us with joy and ſocial ſympathy. The craggy precipice, the vaſt dreary wild, or darkſome cavern, has a gloomy and tremendous air that harrows the mind with a delightful horror. The more beautiful ſcenes, and finiſhed architecture of nature, wear that auguſt and noble mien which compoſes the mind into thought and attention, and leads us up to infinite wiſdom and deſign. It was thus that Arcadia's paſtures exhibited ſuch ſcenes of rural innocence and ſimplicity, and Dodona's grove had ſomething majeſtic and divine about it. Thus did Parnaſſus inſpire its tuneful inhabitants, and Helicon refreſh with its poetic ſtreams. Frequent converſe renews the impreſſions we firſt received, and by degrees introduces that turn of mind and genius which the particular objects are adapted to promote: We contract a ſimilarity of air and habit, become gloomy or gay, awed or pleaſed, thoughtful or diſſipated, as the ſcenes which paſs before us breathe the one or the other air, and are formed to affect us in this or that manner. Let Eugenio therefor follow nature to her ſolemn and awful receſſes, if he would be ſerious and indulge a

pleaſing melancholy. If he would ſpread a calm over his thoughts and paſſions, let him hang over the gentle rivulet or moſſy fountain, till the ſoft diſpoſition has crept upon him; if he would baniſh care and ſullen grief, things I ſuppoſe him but little acquainted with, let him mix in the gladſome circle, where nature exhibits ſcenes of rural feſtivity and innocence. But if he has a nobler ambition, to converſe with wiſdom and the ſovereign genius of nature, he may find him any where, in the ſunny glade or the dark gloom, the lonely deſart or the peopled grove, but chiefly in thoſe ſeats where beauty and grandeur and joy reſide. A taſte for ſuch high converſe being once formed, we ſhall be diſpoſed to enjoy it often, and know better what value to ſet upon the inferior kinds of correſpondence.

I can eaſily conjecture, ſubjoined Conſtant, what kind of diſpoſition Eugenio would chuſe moſt to indulge. Notwithſtanding all his paſſion for the ladies, I do not believe he would chuſe to retire into the loneliеſt corner of a wood, to ſigh and languiſh in ſober melancholy. He will hardly trouble himſelf, I judge, with inſcribing their names on the bark, or ſoften himſelf into tears over the cryſtal fountain. He will incline rather to enliven his thoughts with the jovial ſcene, and chuſe to aſſume that gay air, which will beſt ſuit the company he loves to frequent. I ſhall be much edified when, inſtead of dealing his wit and bows among the ladies, I catch him with a book in his hand, a Shafteſbury perhaps, or a Thomſon, our excellent philoſophical poet, in ſome unfrequented field or lane, throwing out philoſophic rhapſodies, and ſolemnly invoking the genius of the place to favour his retreat and inſpire his meditations.

I am wonderfully indebted, replied Eugenio, to my friend, for the compliment he pays to my diſpoſition, in ſuppoſing it ſo ſociably turned, and exempt from ſome of thoſe weakneſſes, which philoſophers themſelves, forgive me, gentlemen! are no ſtrangers to at times. It ſhould ſeem, Conſtant knows my character perfectly, ſince he can ſo well aſcertain what may or may not happen to me. For my part, I ſhall not promiſe for myſelf what changes may come upon me, when I find my ſober friend among the poſſeſſed, his eyes glowing with the deep-felt madneſs, and his mouth emitting oracular reveries in looſe numbers. I ſhall then moſt certainly catch the contagion, and grow a reveur in my turn. However, be that as it will, I begin to underſtand a little of Sophron's philoſophy. I have often felt places and things infectious. Why then may not particular aſpects of nature be catching too? If the infection be ſo delightful withal, as you, gentlemen, have repreſented it, I am reſolved to put myſelf in a proper poſture for being ſeized with it. I ſhall with more pleaſure indulge the growing paſſion, ſince I find that a man is not ſecluded from the beſt of company in thoſe ſolitary receſſes. I think I ſhall be ambitious henceforward, to cultivate an acquaintance ſo ſublime, and lay myſelf open to thoſe ſacred irradiations he ſhall deign to communicate to me. I ſhall moſt willingly diſengage myſelf from the gay throng, if perchance I ſhall diſcover truth in her retired paths, or be admitted to thoſe holy haunts, where wiſdom dwells enſhrined, and tunes the ſoul to harmony and peace.

When Hiero had waited for ſome time, to ſee if any of the company inclined to ſpeak, and none offered; I perceive, ſaid he, Eugenio will in due time

grow a proſelyte to this myſtical philoſophy. Nature may become another of his miſtreſſes, and warm his heart with as real raptures, as he ever felt for the loveliеſt maid. And I dare ſay, ſhe will inſpire him with nothing but chaſte deſires, and a guiltleſs flame, exempt from thoſe alarms, jealouſies and diſappointments, to which lawleſs paſſions are ſo often ſubject. Therefor I wiſh it much, for the advantage and improvement of our youth, that their taſte were early formed to reliſh the beauties of nature, and thoſe no leſs rational and manly, than innocent and lawful pleaſures which reſult from the contemplation of ſtill-life. When they are once engaged in active life, they have ſeldom inclination or leiſure to purſue ſuch meditations; their fancies and paſſions are abſorbed either in the buſy ſcene, or the whirl of pleaſure. If, therefor, before they are hurried into the world, their minds could be ſeaſoned with the love of nature, if they could be brought to admire the charms of ſtill-life, and the delights of rural innocence and ſimplicity, I am apt to believe, it would give their thoughts a ſober and ſedate turn, make them better acquainted with themſelves and their connections with the univerſe, cheriſh a ſpirit of devotion, and be a kind of antidote againſt the corruptions of the world. Nature never deprives any one's taſte for true pleaſure, or ſpoils the tone of the paſſions. It is company, the bribes or terrors and various allurements of the world, that unhinge the mind, and unnerve its reſolutions. Falſe pleaſures and vitious amuſements only charm and gain the aſcendant over the mind, becauſe it is unaccuſtomed to thoſe that are unmixed and proportioned to the dignity of our nature. Could our youth be engaged in thoſe natural inveſtigations, which may be beſt purſued in

the country; ſuch as obſerving the growth and propagation of plants, the generation, inſtincts, paſſions, and oeconomies of birds, inſects, and other animals, and the changes ſome of them undergo in paſſing through different ſtates, and were they to be accuſtomed to the making experiments on theſe and other natural ſubjects; I am convinced it would not only employ them in a ſphere of very rational activity, but likewiſe open a ſcene of immenſe delight for their entertainment. This would give a refinement and dignity to their taſte, and be an excellent counterbalance to the impreſſions of ſenſual pleaſure; it would inure them to contemplation, and prepare them for entering into the more active ſtations of life with leſs hazard than they commonly do. Could they ſtill exalt their ſpeculations, by taking the Deity into them, as they will hardly fail to do when they are once fairly engaged in natural reſearches, and diſcern the reflections of divinity darting upon them from every object in nature, it would wonderfully enlarge their conceptions, and make them ſee every thing in a fairer or a grander light. Could they once feel the inſpiring preſence, and ſet on foot a correſpondence with the all-enlivening genius of nature and mankind, I perſuade myſelf that they would often retire to theſe ſolitary ſcenes, where HE preſents himſelf to the intellectual eye, whiſpers peace to the tumultuous paſſions, and ſhed a virtuous rapture through the mind, that is only to be felt. They would not then dread to be alone, as we ſee they too often do; but think themſelves leaſt ſo when in company with ſuch a ſuperior preſence. Such intercourſe could ſcarce fail to ennoble the mind, and give it quite other views of the world and its affairs. If it did not lead the pious *initiate* to deſpiſe thoſe

intereſts which employ and agitate his fellow mortals on the common ſtage of life, it would at leaſt give him a mind ſuperior to the little contentions that divide them, and quell thoſe peeviſh paſſions that may ariſe, when he comes to engage in the buſtle himſelf. It will preſerve him in a great meaſure, undazzled with the pomp of life, the glare of a court, and ſeductions of pleaſure; make him enjoy himſelf better in the midſt of buſineſs and proſperity, and ſupport him with a becoming dignity under the various changes and calamities of life.

DIALOGUE X.

WE are now met, gentlemen, ſaid Sophron, to conſider the excellent plan of *moral* culture propoſed by Hiero at a late meeting. But, as Philander ſeemed to lay ſo great a ſtreſs on thoſe *early aſſociations of ideas*, we form in the firſt part of our life, and ſuppoſed that theſe had a conſiderable ſhare in influencing our temper and manners, I ſhould be exceedingly pleaſed to hear your ſentiments, "How they are formed, and in what manner they are to be directed, ſo as to produce the "moſt virtuous and dureable habits." I doubt not but his opinion on this ſubject, will direct us in the progreſs of converſation on the plan now before us.

I think, replied Philander, looking very ſeriouſly, it is not a little hard that I, who bore ſo conſiderable a burden in the laſt converſation, ſhould have a new one laid upon me in this, becauſe I happened occaſionally to mention a thing, that had ſome re-

lation to the ſubject we were upon. This is downright perſecution; and therefor, I propoſe, that to puniſh Sophron for attempting it, *he* be obliged to begin with the ſubject he has ſtarted.

The company, continuing to look ſtedfaſtly at Philander, let him know they joined the perſecution he complained of, and would not excuſe his declining the taſk impoſed on him.—Whereupon Philander went on thus:

Since, gentlemen, you appear ſo reſolute to perſecute me, you are not to expect that I can, all of a ſudden, unprepared as I am, ſpeak diſtinctly on ſo delicate an argument. However, to ſhew my willingneſs to comply with your deſire, I ſhall propoſe my ſentiments to your candid cenſure, as they naturally occur.

I think it will be univerſally allowed, that the aſſociations or knots of ideas (if I may ſo call them) which we join together in moral ſubjects, or thoſe things which conſtitute our complex notion of happineſs, are the cauſe of our right or wrong taſte, the origin of motion to our paſſions, and conſequently to our conduct, and the ſpring of our happineſs or miſery in life.

It muſt, therefor, be an affair of the utmoſt importance in education, to ſettle juſt aſſociations in the minds of youth, and to break and diſunite wrong ones. The doing this aright, I take to be the grand art or engine of moral culture. It is in the imagination, as I obſerved before, or in that middle faculty of the mind between ſenſe and reflection, that thoſe images of beauty and good are formed, which ſway our reſolutions and guide our paſſions. Truth, unſupported by theſe, or ſeparate from them, makes but a faint impreſſion on our minds. Thus, let a

miſer be ever ſo much convinced that money is only the means of enjoyment, not the end, and that it is only valuable as far as it is uſeful for attaining that end; I ſay, let him be convinced of this as much as of the truth of any propoſition in Euclid; ſtill the images of his bags and ſhining metal, with all the annexed ideas of property, enjoyment, ſecurity againſt want, independence and the like, occur, which make him fancy a happineſs in the mere poſſeſſion, ſeparate and quite diſtinct from the uſe. In vain do you tell him that his happineſs is a dream, that he hugs a mere phantom; he bleſſes himſelf in the deluſion, and thinks your taſte vicious, while he approves and acquieſces in his own. It muſt, therefor, be of the laſt conſequence to have a correct imagination, or, in other words, to unite the images of beauty and good, with our perceptions of truth and nature. But how to treat theſe ſeveral combinations of images and ideas, which go to the compounding our complex phantom, or idea of felicity, is no eaſy taſk. I believe we muſt proceed in the way of *analyſis* or *induction*.

The human mind has a wonderful ſubtlety in connecting ideas, which have frequently little or no relation to each other, and conſequently in heightening exceedingly the value of any object or enjoyment, by means of that aſſociation. A ſprig of laurel, or of oak, a cap, or a ſtaff, are in themſelves things of inconſiderable value; but if viewed as badges of diſtinction, honour, power or pre-eminence, they riſe high in the account, and are courted with inſatiable eagerneſs. In like manner, we ſhall find that the pleaſures of the animal life make but a poor figure in the eyes of the generality, when they

ſtand alone; and that they borrow their chief dignity and importance from the higher principles of our nature. A plentiful table, and variety of choice wines, are not very highly rated, if they are disjoined from images of fellowſhip, entertainment, ſhow, or of genteel taſte. Therefor ideas of beauty and good, drawn from the finer ſenſes and paſſions, are preſented to the imagination, and by it coupled with thoſe of the inferiour and groſſer kind. The gratifications of the external ſenſes of taſte, ſmell, and the reſt, are ſoon over and grow flat with enjoyment; but they gain a new reliſh, when they are blended with thoſe nobler ſenſations which accompany our ideas of beauty, grandeur, order and harmony. And theſe, in their turn, acquire a higher luſtre and relief, when combined with our moral perceptions of decency, honour, generoſity, public ſpirit. Theſe aſſociations and mixtures of the higher with the lower ſpecies, or images of beauty and good, or of natural with moral forms, are often made ſo inſenſibly and by ſuch caſual encounters, that it is frequently next to impoſſible to know, how or when they were made. Let us try however, if we can trace them in a few inſtances, which will at the ſame time ſerve to convince us, that the leading paſſions, in the conduct of life, derive their main ſtrength from miſtaken alliances of beauty and good, and may poſſibly ſuggeſt to us ſome uſeful hints towards the disjoining unnatural and forming juſt aſſociations.

Let us take a young nobleman or gentleman, heir to a fine fortune, ſuch as the youth whom Simplicius deſcribed to us but the other night. No ſooner does he begin to make obſervations, and take notice of what is doing about him, than he perceives

a certain reſpect paid to him on account of his rank and fortune, diſtinct from his perſonal qualities, and frequently without regard had to them—He ſees ſervants humble, dependents obſequious, companions complaiſant, ſtrangers courteous and full of deference to him, his parents taking ſtate upon themſelves, and ever and anon putting him in mind of his family and rank.—Thus is he accuſtomed to aſſociate birth and fortune, with ideas of ſuperiority, greatneſs, dignity and deſert,—This is not all. He daily obſerves a particular ſtreſs laid, and many encomiums beſtowed on a ſplendid equipage; an elegant table, rich furniture, ample gardens. A taſte, a ſpirit, ideas of ſplendour, beauty, magnificence, and refined enjoyment are joined with theſe, and ſeem to juſtify thoſe paſſions of love and admiration, with which they are eyed and purſued. Next, he goes to town, mixes with the gay circle, frequents the court, ſees the homage paid to a ribbon, a ſtar, a garter.—Precedencies, titles, the favour of the prince, the power of ſerving one's friend, country, and dependents, are all connected with thoſe ſhining badges of diſtinction, and blended together in his complex idea of happineſs.—He finds that a place and weight in parliament are neceſſary to obtain theſe:—he forms ſchemes of oppoſition, or of ſubmiſſion and ſervice to thoſe in power, to make good his point. If fair and generous means will not prevail, baſe and ſordid ones muſt be uſed, even in extremes, by profuſion or parſimony; oppreſſion of his inferiours, attendance and flattery to his ſuperiours—Thus honour, integrity, independence and magnanimity, are all ſacrificed to his confuſed image of grandeur and felicity. Proſtitution, ſervi-

tude, and corruption of every kind, ſucceed them. You ſee, by what inſenſible ſteps our young gentleman riſes in the ſcale of beauty and good, and ſtill blends moral qualities with natural and ſenſible images, to piece up this general ſyſtem, or rather medley of happineſs, till he ſinks at length into moral depravity and wretchedneſs.

Let us take another inſtance from lower life, where we ſhall find other unjuſt combinations, the ſources of infinite deluſion and miſconduct. A child obſerves very early his parents, nurſes, and all about him, ſhewing a vaſt fondneſs for money; the man who has it, is careſſed and eſteemed happy; he who wants it, is deſpiſed and accounted miſerable. Wealth is pointed out to him as the end of his ſtudies, and his preſent toils are compenſated with pecuniary gratification. Perhaps his own train of life leads him to purſue it; he ſees numberleſs rivals engaged in the ſame purſuit: infinite ſtruggles, a great duſt raiſed, and many frauds practiſed to come at it. How is it poſſible for him not to aſſociate ideas of honour, worth, character, dignity, and happineſs, with what is thus univerſally courted, admired, and paſſionately ſought? This crouded image immediately haunts him in company and ſolitude, and never leaves importuning him till he has laid down a plan for acquiring the beloved enjoyment. Mean while other ideas, from the quarter of the fairer affections, join their allurements to confirm his determinations and urge the purſuit; dread of want, love of a family, concern about friends, power of doing good, and the like.—The paſſion is veiled with theſe ſpecious maſks.—Being now engaged in the buſy ſcene, he grows fond of the chaſe.—Succeſs adds to his ardour, nay diſappoint-

ments and oppoſition whet his appetite.—The pleaſure or profit he is perhaps only the occaſion of to others, dignify his purſuit.—The new reſpect he daily meets with, enhances the value of his poſſeſſions, and enlivens his ſenſe of the worth and excellency of the owner. At laſt he becomes paſſionately fond of money itſelf, without any farther views, and finding it impoſſible to diſunite his ideas of wealth and merit, he, by ſubtle refinements, comes to think no ways mean or baſe which lead to that, which he now conſiders as his chief good.

It were eaſy, in the ſame way of induction, to trace the other ruling paſſions to their reſpective ſources of aſſociation. I ſhall only mention one more, the *love* of *pleaſure*. Good living is by the generality eſteemed the mark of a good taſte, of ſplendor and elegance; and therefor thoſe ideas are early annexed to a well-furniſhed table. Whereas, ideas of a bad taſte, a ſordid meanneſs, and narrowneſs of ſoul, are connected with a poor table.—Sugar-cakes and ſweet-meats are the child's rewards for having performed his taſk well.—Diſhes well prepared, and richly ſeaſoned, are ſpoken of with delight and reliſh.—The appetite is provoked by variety.—Afterwards, when he comes to form parties of pleaſure with his companions, the entertainment is wonderfully enhanced by moral images of ſympathy, good-fellowſhip, taſte in expence,—giving and receiving pleaſure. It is theſe that add dignity and importance to hunting, gaming, and drinking. At length gallantry engages his attention, and he muſt ſhew his taſte of polite life by conducting an amour. Here an agreeable face and air are always ſuppoſed to expreſs ſome fine moral quality or diſpoſition, as

good-nature, frankneſs, tenderneſs, dignity, or the like.—This complex idea firſt begets the attachment, and next puts him upon forming ſome ſcheme to accompliſh his deſigns.—His own honour, and the figure he is like to make among his companions, according as he ſucceeds or not, encreaſes his eagerneſs in the purſuit.—Probability of ſucceſs heightens his paſſion.—An unfortunate bar thrown in his way enlarges his idea of the diſhonour of a diſappointment, and puts him on mending his plan. A kind return, or any marks of a reciprocal paſſion, adds new fewel to his.—His vanity improves theſe tokens in his own favour, and makes him think his regards honourable.—The delight of executing a ſcheme projected by himſelf, and the moral ſpecies of benevolence, ſympathy, and giving pleaſure, wonderfully ſtrengthen the aſſociation, and often juſtify to the unwary purſuer, the foulеſt and moſt diſhonourable actions.—Counter aſſociations come in as aids to confirm him in this courſe of pleaſure.—Such are, the ſhame of an idle life, the reproach of want of a taſte and refinement in pleaſure.—The apprehenſion of diſhonourable imputations among the ladies, and his own ſex too; of unacquaintedneſs with the world, for inſtance, hatred of the ſex, ſtoiciſm, and the like.—Sometimes the coldneſs or contempt of another perſon; frequently emulation and revenge: all which he combines with the ideas of manhood, generoſity, delicacy, ſenſibility to honour, and juſt indignation for being ill uſed. It is theſe, and the like aſſociations of moral qualities with natural beauty and good, which prompt the man of pleaſure to repeat the ſame diſſolute and immoral courſes, till his character is ſunk, and he becomes totally enervated and vicious.—But whether, gentle-

men, does the ſubject hurry me? I had almoſt forgot I was ſpeaking in company. I muſt beg you to aſſiſt me in going through the ſubject, or at leaſt to accompany me in the remainder of ſo tedious an inveſtigation. For I proteſt, I am tired already with that part of the courſe I have gone over, ſhort as it is.

I do not know, ſaid Eugenio, who will undertake to finiſh what you have ſo happily begun. For my part, I confeſs I am no ſportſman for ſuch high game. But methinks, from the noble hints which you have given, how aſſociations are formed, and how ſome of our leading paſſions grow to ſuch an unwieldy ſize and vigour, I could, by following the ſame track, find out, how the caſe often ſtands with the other ſex, and ſhew, by what unhappy aſſociations, their paſſions, naturally tender and generous, do frequently run into exorbitancies, deſtructive to themſelves, and generally grievous to thoſe with whom they are connected.

The company appeared curious to hear Eugenio on ſo delicate a ſubject, eſpecially as it would afford Philander a little breathing-time to reſume his theme with freſh ſpirit and vigour.—Accordingly, Eugenio, ſeeing all eyes fixed upon him, with a ſmile on his countenance, proceeded in this manner.

Think not, gentlemen, that I am to give you an hiſtory of the whole ſex, or to enter into a detail of all thoſe fatal or fantaſtical aſſociations, which they happen to make. This were a taſk enough to fill whole volumes. Therefor all I mean to do, is only to note ſome of thoſe gentle gradations, by which ſome ladies advance in the ſcale of beauty and good, till they work themſelves up into moſt diſquieting and ungovernable paſſions.

I ſhall ſuppoſe our *young lady* not yet out of her hanging-ſleeves, her charms opening apace and blooming in the eye of her parents. The attention and pleaſure with which they ſurvey her, and the pains taken to dreſs her out to the greateſt advantage, make the *little thing* ſoon to obſerve herſelf, and fond to catch the attention of beholders. She early perceives the reſpect paid to beauty, dreſs, and the external mien and appearance: how one is celebrated for her exact features and delicate complexion; another for her fine ſhape and lovely air; how a third is commended for her rich cloths and true taſte in dreſs. To theſe natural or adventitious graces, ſhe ſoon learns to annex ideas of dignity, worth, and amiableneſs. She takes notice that ſhe herſelf attracts higher regard, when ſhe is in full dreſs, or is more obſervant of her carriage and demeanour than ordinary. This increaſes her value for them, which is ſtill heightened by the proſpect of giving pleaſure to others. The illuſion is confirmed by the fond careſſes of her parents, and the flattery of ſervants.—By this time our young beauty ſteps forth into the world, where every thing gaudy in figure, dreſs, jewels, equipage, and outward ornament, ſoon ſeizes her giddy, roving eye. In almoſt every place and company, ſhe finds theſe things principally regarded, and thoſe perſons moſt diſtinguiſhed who diſcover a ſuperior taſte in them. To theſe therefor ſhe adjoins a thouſand images of grandeur, elegance, politeneſs, and decorum, which play continually in her ſight.—In a ſhort time, ſhe herſelf draws the attention of the *beau-monde*.—Her beauty and air, her taſte in dreſs, her addreſs and behaviour, are in every body's mouth.—The pretty fellows ogle her, viſit, and toaſt her.—She grows

important in her own eyes, and imagines innumerable graces included in her beauty, and the other perſonal advantages ſhe poſſeſſes—I fear even the better and more ſober part of our ſex (I ſpeak it not without ſhame) contribute to the unguarded charmer's deluſion.—The ſubmiſſion and homage paid her, often perhaps without deſign, teach her to combine ideas of power, ſuperiority, and dominion with beauty.—Hence ariſe ſome confuſed deſigns of conqueſt, which are ſoftened with the fairer appearances of ſhewing pity, diſtributing favours, giving pleaſure, humbling the proud, and ſhewing preference to the modeſt admirer.—One conqueſt makes way for more, and a freſh admirer ſprings up in another's room.—In this conquering career ſhe goes on for ſome time, before ſhe bethinks herſelf of any regular conſiſtent ſcheme of action.—At length perhaps diſappointments, removes, or rivalſhips fix her thoughts, and make her ſingle out from the illuſtrious throng of admirers ſome happy youth, who fondly gazes on her charms, and daily tells her ſome ſoothing tale of love. His birth, perſon, fortune, equipage, aſſault her with a thouſand ſolicitations.—It is but gratitude, honour, nay, and good taſte to repay ſo faithful a lover with mutual tenderneſs.—Beſides, his paſſion, ſo melting and expreſſive! comprizes in it every idea of excellence and merit. It would be ſhocking, and contrary to all juſtice and decorum, not to make ſo deſerving, ſo accompliſhed a man happy.—Thus ſhe gives looſe reins to a paſſion, till it paſſes all bounds. Levity of mind, diſſipation of fancy, wild deſires, paſſionate longings, jealouſies, and fluctuating reſolutions ſucceed.—An handſome jointure, a coach and ſix, liveries, jewels, plate, ſumptuous dreſs, furniture, and other glaring phan-

toms fill her imagination, and ſuggeſt to her many attending images, and ſtill auguſter ones of honour and precedency. The obſequiouſneſs of her inferiours, and envy of her equals, the attention of the great, the veneration of thoſe ſhe loves, her power of ſerving them, and all this enjoyed in company with the perſon who is deareſt to her in life.—Thus has our fair adventurer, ſetting out from the inferiour ſpecies of beauty and taſte, added one alluring form to another, till, at length, ſhe has collected all this gay aſſemblage of ideas, to dreſs out her phantom of happineſs. And if any one of them be wanting, ſhe is reſolved not to be happy: if ſhe cannot be ſo in the ordinary and approved way, nothing ſhall be too mean to do, nothing too hard to bear, in order to it.—Reputation, friendſhip, freedom, honour, the decorums of the ſex, muſt all be ſacrificed to the beloved paſſion.—She may undermine her rivals, betray our ſex, diſgrace her own, to gain her point. It will be her ſingular felicity, if ſhe do not at length grow quite diſſolute and abandoned in her character, and ſink into diſgrace and contempt. —Every degree of the falſe aſſociation perverts her taſte of life and happineſs, and produces a proportionable degree of diſquiet and miſery. Therefor, I conclude with Philander, that it muſt be of high importance to the ladies to keep their imaginations correct and uncorrupted, and to form no aſſociations, but ſuch as are connected with truth, virtue, and the decorum of their character.—Now, I hope, Philander will again take up the ſubject, and ſhew us in what manner thoſe unnatural aſſociations may be either at firſt prevented, or broken, when they unhappily have been made.

After Eugenio had done, the company continued

ſilent for ſome time, waiting till Philander ſhould ſpeak. But he appearing in a muſing poſture, Conſtant broke ſilence. I think, ſaid he, Eugenio, and all ſuch elegant ſpectators, and profeſt admirers of beauty, are particularly intereſted in the demand he has made on Philander; as he himſelf has confeſſed, they were ſo apt to be deluded themſelves by that impoſing phantom, and to aſſiſt in deluding the women. It is of the utmoſt conſequence that his and their imaginations ſhould be kept ſober and correct, ſo as to avoid all foreign and unbecoming mixtures. This would preſerve them from falling, many times, into real, or at leaſt feigned paſſions, and would moreover ſave the pretty-fellows a great deal of ſervile attendance, flattery, addreſſes and proſtitution of their boaſted ſuperiority to all the weakneſs and caprice of women. Wherefor, continued he, I muſt join with Eugenio in deſiring Philander to interpoſe his good offices here, and to direct us how to manage our ideas and correct our opinions of beauty and good.

Eugenio was going to make ſome ſmart reply to Conſtant, when Philander foreſeeing a ſkirmiſh from their looks, ſtept in between, and ſaid,

I perceive, gentlemen, the debate has begun to grow more intereſting, ever ſince the ladies were made the ſubject of it. I am glad to ſee that Conſtant too pleads for them, under the maſk, however, of acting for his ſuffering friend, and is anxious, it would ſeem, leſt the ladies ſhould commence philoſophers, treat with their ideas in form, and call their pretty fancies to a ſtrict account. I hope this is a good omen, that the cauſe we are engaged in will be brought to a happy iſſue. For my own part, I truſt, that the genius of the ladies (which I here in-

voke) will bear me in this important argument, which I ſhall engage in with the more alacrity and confidence, as I ſhall all along imagine myſelf employed in ſerving them.

We could not forbear ſmiling at the pleaſantry of Philander's diſcourſe, and the rub he gave Conſtant by the way; when he thus proceeded:

We have ſeen, gentlemen, ſome of the ways by which aſſociations are formed, and what bright impulſes they give to thoſe leading paſſions which generally conduct the purſuits of men. By what ſtandard then are we to combine and aſſociate our ideas, ſo as to form juſt opinions of beauty, and happineſs, and good, and by what ſtandard ſhall we correct them when they are wrong? Let nature guide us here, as in other caſes, and let our ideas be meaſured and adjuſted to her unerring rule, and we ſhall proceed right in this important ſearch.——In our laſt converſation we ſaw, that the infant mind is led up from the rude chaos of matter to the ſcale of beauty, or a variety of beautiful ſpecies or forms, till it reaches the higheſt orders of beauty and intelligence. Nature has annexed ideas of beauty to thoſe objects, in which there is order, proportion, deſign, or a tendency to produce happineſs or good; to allure the mind to contemplate thoſe objects, and direct it in it's choice of what is beſt. There is an aptitude in the different orders of beauty, to repreſent either natural good, or ſome ſublimer moral ſpecies. A regular form ſuggeſts uſe and deſign—ſimple beauty exhibits health;—proportion, ſtrength; the fine colour and ſweet ſmell of fruit, it's wholeſomeneſs; and harmony ſuch ſounds as are adapted and agreeable to the ear. The more complex forms of beauty and harmony, ſuch as a ſtatue, a piece of

painting, an entire building, a compoſition of muſic, and the like, if they are juſt, and withal grand in their kind, repreſent a more refined art, a larger compaſs of deſign, a correſpondence and ſymmetry of parts; ſomething, in ſhort, more elaborate, auguſt, and finiſhed, than your ſimpler ſpecies of beauty. Beſides the mere external figure and proportions of a ſhape or face, there are certain finer features, more latent proportions, and exquiſite airs, which denote ſomething open, lovely, majeſtic, elegant, or, on the other hand, diſingenuous, ſullen, mean, and aukward, which it requires an internal, or an acuter ſenſe than ordinary to feel. Nature did, no doubt, intend, by thoſe external forms and images of things, to expreſs and lead us to the admiration of her living forms, or diviner pieces of workmanſhip, on which ſhe has profuſely ſcattered her ſweeteſt rays of beauty. Hence the inferiour ſpecies are chiefly valuable when they are ſubjected to, and ſerve to ſet off, what is intellectual and moral. Now, when we are caught with the external form, which is but the mere ſurface or varniſh of beauty, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, and look no farther; or when we ſacrifice the internal, the moral, the living charm, to a paſſion for the other, we then invert the order of nature, by ſeparating what nature intended ſhould be joined together; I mean, the love of the natural beauty from that of the moral excellence or divine ſpecies included in it; we mock ourſelves with a mere ſhadow, when the ſubſtance, the very ſoul, is gone. Thus does the ſham-patriot fancy he retains his dignity, grandeur, and eminence, even when he has reſigned his honour, liberty, and independence; becauſe he is poſſeſſed of

their mock forms; of a title perhaps, a ribbon, or the like miſtaken badges of dignity or grandeur. Thus does the ſhallow rake pride himſelf in the poſſeſſion of beauty, when the living charm of innocence and modeſty, which animated that beauty, and which himſelf hath ſpoiled, is gone. Therefor we follow nature in forming our aſſociations, only when we connect the moral ſpecies or qualities with thoſe images or forms of beauty, to which ſhe has united them, and by which ſhe deſigned them to be repreſented and recommended. But when we annex ideas of moral beauty and excellence, to objects with which they have no bond of union, or connection by nature, or not in that meaſure or degree which we ſuppoſe, the aſſociation becomes unnatural, and the ſource of a great variety of diſorders; as we ſee in the caſe of thoſe, who ſeek fame from the moſt trifling or dangerous imaginary accompliſhments, or of thoſe who would ſubſtitute wealth, beauty, taſte in dreſs, and decorations of their houſes or gardens, in the room of every excellency. Or, we counter-act nature, and form the perverſeſt aſſociations, when we blend ideas of worth, honour, or manhood, with any thing baſe, knaviſh, or hurtful to ſociety or mankind; as is often the caſe of miſers, ſupple courtiers, and thoſe who are ſallely termed gentlemen of pleaſure. How then ſhall we disjoin thoſe troops of ideas that have no bond of aſſociation in nature, and yet are the foundation and main ſupport of ſuch durable and inveterate habits? and how connect our ideas of moral excellence and good, with their natural images and repreſentatives? This is no eaſy taſk, being one of the niceſt queſtions in philoſophy; and therefor, gentlemen, if I expreſs myſelf inaccurately or obſcurely while I

grope after it, I hope you will both excuſe and correct me.

The perſons who are ſeized with the admiration of wealth, birth, power, a face, a ſhape, as containing ſomething or every thing excellent, lovely, and deſirable in themſelves, or as neceſſarily connected with ſuch qualities, are, I imagine, in the firſt place to be convinced, or if you will, to convince themſelves, that there is nothing equally beautiful or becoming in the things themſelves; that they may poſſeſs them without having thoſe qualities which they aſſociate with them, and that therefor they are only ſo far valuable, as they lead us towards the conception and attainment of the ſupreme beauty, or what is originally amiable and good. Thus, the ambitious youth, whom we took for our firſt inſtance of our guided imagination, may be convinced that there is no neceſſary connection between rank, external reſpect, or any of the images of power and grandeur, and real worth, magnanimity, and independence of mind; by our ſhewing him, or by his attending himſelf to the many inſtances of fools and knaves, who are poſſeſſed of thoſe, without a ſingle grain of merit or true dignity, or who have purchaſed them at the expence of their honour, liberty and country.—In like manner, the mere lover of gain may be ſoon convinced that there are a thouſand wealthy ſcoundrels whom he himſelf deſpiſes—that no wealth or ſplendour can cover and hide thoſe ſtains of infamy and diſhonour, by which it was acquired—that it is only the uſe, the generous and honourable expence, which dignifies the poſſeſſion and inveſts the poſſeſſor in unfading honour.—The follower of beauty and pleaſure may be ſhewn, in

the ſame manner, that he miſtakes the true road of pleaſure, while, being detained about the inferior and ignobler ſpecies, he neglects to purſue that which he himſelf confeſſes in his moſt ſober hours, to be of the higheſt reliſh and excellence—that no true paſſion can be raiſed without virtue, or the appearance of it; and therefor how fooliſh it muſt be to doat on the ſhadow, when the reality is wanting, or wantonly abuſed—and that it is in vain to talk of giving or receiving pleaſure, while he debaſes his own character, or ſubverts the happineſs of the perſon he profeſſes to love. But, I am afraid, that even after the underſtanding is fully convinced that thoſe objects and qualities have been leagued together, between which there is no natural or neceſſary connection; and after the miſtaken lover is fairly apprized, that he confounds the ſpecies of good and beauty he purſues, or takes the moſt unlikely road to attain what he profeſſes to ſeek; yet frequently the aſſociation continues as ſtrong as ever, and the images of beauty and good, which he has been all along accuſtomed to blend together, ſtill haunt his imagination, and urge him on to the ſame paſſions and purſuits. He has contracted a habit or propenſity to a certain courſe of action, in conſequence of certain aſſociations or phantoms of good paſſing continually before his mind, which propenſity (ſuch is the power of habit) ſubſiſts after the aſſociations are in a good meaſure diſcerned to be ill grounded. It cannot therefor be expected that the paſſion or habit ſhould be rooted up all at once. We muſt undermine it by degrees, and by leſſer trials at firſt act againſt the aſſociation which had miſled as. We muſt put reſtraints on ourſelves, where we can do it moſt eaſily, and forbear indulging our paſſion a-

bove a certain pitch. Thus, if we are ſordid lovers of gain, we are to try to reſign it in matters of leſs conſequence, and muſt make the experiment, whether we do not add to the excellence or worth which we covet by honourable and generous abatements of private advantage. The man of pleaſure, by ſacrificing ſome inferiour gratifications, finds he gains conſiderably in higher enjoyments, and that a little abſtinence and ſelf-command is a real refinement in pleaſure. The lover, by giving a more manly turn to his converſation, or, by attending more to the moral qualities of his miſtreſs, may counterwork the influence of mere outward appearances, and exalt his paſſion into a virtuous friendſhip. Every exerciſe therefor of this kind, nay every ſuſpenſion of the acts of admiration, weakens and tends to break or ſubvert the ill aſſociation or habit. Counter-aſſociations are particularly uſeful for the ſame purpoſe, if they are rightly choſen, and borrowed from the paſſion itſelf, which we want to ſubdue or regulate. Thus, let the paſſion be the love of fame; the dread of diſhonour from too open an avowal of it, the obſervation of rivals, the glory of ſelf-denial in particular inſtances, the ſenſibility to ſubſtantial honour, will all concur to break the falſe aſſociations of glory, which we have connected with unſuitable qualities, and conſequently diminiſh the paſſion itſelf.

With regard to an amour, thoſe looks, airs, attitudes which have created occaſional averſions, and any inſtances of behaviour, or appearances of qualities, contrary to thoſe, which firſt formed the attachment, any falſehood, inſenſibility or ingratitude in the perſon we admire, or any circumſtance whatſoever, contrary to that which firſt produced or hath ſince fed the paſſion, will all contribute to ſupplant

or at leaſt reduce it within reaſonable bounds. But what will ſerve, inſtead of the ſtrongeſt counter-aſſociations, is keeping company with perſons of a correct imagination, or of a different taſte and way of thinking from thoſe we have long indulged. For as they have been accuſtomed to aſſociate very different ſets of ideas from ours, though their taſte may at firſt diſpleaſe and ſhock us, yet their fellowſhip, ſympathy in our pleaſures and pains, and the good opinion which we are deſirous they ſhould entertain of us, with all the nameleſs circumſtances of air, geſture and manners, will gradually untwiſt our old aſſociations, and introduce, almoſt without any ſenſible concurrence of ours, a new band of ideas diametrially oppoſite to the former. Theſe, gentlemen, are a few hints of what occurs to me at preſent, on this delicate ſubject. I ſhall now willingly ſubmit what I have ſaid to your judgment, and be exceeding glad to hear your opinion of the whole matter.

When Philander ſtopt, the company continued ſilent for ſome time, every one appearing more averſe than another to carry on what Philander had ſo happily begun. At length Hiero, with a modeſt and ingenuous aſpect, looking firſt at Philander, then at the company, ſaid thus:

I think, gentlemen, we owe no ſmall thanks to Philander, for having ſo frankly complied with our joint requeſt, and treated ſo fully ſo important and delicate a ſubject. He has, in my opinion, given a very ſatisfactory account of the manner in which ſome very conſiderable aſſociations are formed, and pointed out a rational method of proceeding againſt them; but where they are either interwoven with the conſtitution and bent of the mind, or are become habitual to the temper through long practice,

they are not eaſily diſunited. What greatly increaſes that difficulty, is the current of popular and almoſt univerſal opinion and practice, which one muſt ſtrive againſt. I much doubt whether a few cold convictions, that the aſſociation is ill founded, and that we are upon a wrong ſcent of pleaſure or good, will deſtroy the propenſity we have contracted. Still our particular taſte prevails, which we think is the rule, that ought to govern us, and which points out what is beſt for us, though it may not be ſo, abſolutely and in its own nature. And how ſhall this taſte be rectified, while the generality give their ſanction to it, by placing their happineſs, or ſeeming at leaſt to do ſo, in wealth, honour, power, pleaſure and the like, and by connecting ideas of merit and excellency with the poſſeſſion of theſe? Therefor the opinion of the world, and the preſent face of human affairs, which carries ſuch an aſpect to partial good, and private intereſt and pleaſure, frequently in oppoſition to wider views and ſuperior obligations, muſt rather confirm than weaken our falſe aſſociations. In ſuch a ſituation to recommend company to us as a corrector, is, I am afraid, a precarious, if not a dangerous method of cure. I confeſs indeed, we fall naturally into the ſame way of thinking with thoſe we converſe with, and therefor on the ſuppoſition that our companions have a true taſte and diſcernment, we have a good chance to be ſet right by their influence; but muſt we not firſt have correct imaginations ourſelves, to be able to diſtinguiſh who are ſuch, from the giddy and miſtaken herd?

Nay, this is not all. For, from what Philander has ſaid, to me it appears that nature itſelf does in ſome meaſure miſlead us, by teaching us to form connections of ideas which often prove prejudicial to

the intereſts of virtue. Thus a beautiful face or air naturally ſuggeſts to us the ideas of interiour worth, modeſty, ſoftneſs, or grandeur. And where theſe prepoſſeſſions take place, we can hardly forbear being carried forward to ſome degree of admiration and fondneſs. In like manner ſtately ſtructures, fine gardens, with all the ſymmetries and decorations which accompany them, do as naturally impreſs us with ideas of grandeur, elegance and fine taſte. Muſic ſoftens and unſtrings the mind, and is oftner a miniſter to luxury than to virtue. And pleaſure is ſo indolent, delirious and thrilling a ſenſation, that it eaſily unnerves the reſolution of youth, whoſe natural fire ſtrongly co-operates with it, and unſinews even the more confirmed purpoſes of reaſon and philoſophy, unleſs they have been eſtabliſhed into a habit. It is from this quarter, rather than from the ſide of grandeur or power, that I dread the greateſt dangers will ariſe, in oppoſition to our moral culture, and therefor it's chief efforts ought to be employed in ſecuring unwary youth againſt theſe. I hint this by the by. Let me add to all, that the garbs of particular profeſſions and orders of men, not the crown and mitre, and ſcarlet robe only; but the ſtaves, ſtars, garters and other badges of honour, were originally rewards of merit; and by an arbitrary connection, they were intended to repreſent it, and ſuggeſt images of diſtinction and power. Now, uſe, like a ſecond nature, continues to make us annex to thoſe objects the ſame ideas of dignity and excellence, whether the wearers are poſſeſſed of any ſuperior merit or not. And wherever we diſcern a taſte for the inferior ſpecies of beauty or works of deſign, we are apt to imagine likewiſe, that there is a true taſte of beauty and order in higher ſub-

jects. So that partly nature, and partly cuſtom, and the uſage of the age, open to us an inchanted kind of ſcene, in which every thing appears double, or magnified beyond its due proportion, and where, by a ſoft, but powerful and almoſt irreſiſtible ſeduction, we are led into a conceit of moral appearances, without any juſt foundation. The imagination is wrought upon and carried away, before the judgment has time to examine, whether the qualities of the perſons correſpond to the fair outward appearances. What then, gentlemen, will ſecure us againſt this natural kind of ſeduction, and preſent the images of things ſound and uncorrupted, when the objects around us appear double or diſtorted? What will ſupport us againſt the popular ſtream, and correct the judging or the imaginative faculty, when it is vitiated and obſcured? Muſt we not have recourſe to ſome higher principle than philoſophy, and invoke ſome diviner genius to aſſiſt us in this arduous taſk? When human help fails in extraordinary caſes, we naturally look out for, and depend upon, ſuperiour aid. I am not for ſuperſeding human induſtry and application, where they can be of any uſe, nor for imploring, like the fellow in the fable, the ſuccour of heaven on every trivial occaſion: but ſurely it is not only becoming, but our duty to call in the aſſiſtance of a God, when the plot appears, otherwiſe, inextricable and truly worthy of divine ſolution.——For wherein can heaven diſplay its power with more advantage to mankind, than in purging and rectifying the organs of mental viſion, which are tinged with diſcolouring paſſions, or dazzled by a falſe glare from without, and placing objects in their proper lights, and of conſequence reſtoring reaſon, virtue and felicity? If the divine ma-

jeſty interpoſe in any caſe, where can mortals more probably hope for it than in an affair of ſuch conſequence to his creatures?

The difficulties, replied Sophron, enumerated by Hiero, and acknowleged by Philander, will, I doubt not, be readily confeſſed by all, who impartially conſider the ſubject; as alſo how deſirable divine light and interpoſition muſt be to extricate us out of them: but as the management of ſo ſublime a province is committed to the care of gentlemen, who, after a long and ſevere courſe of trial, are found duely qualified and appointed to officiate in the ſacred function, it would be the height of preſumption for us, who are diſcuſſing the point at preſent only upon moral and philoſophic principles, to dare to encroach upon that noble ſphere. Wherefor let us content ourſelves with keeping to our own character, and propoſing ſuch aids for rectifying moral diſorders, as fall within the compaſs of a philoſophic enquiry. Nor do I apprehend the caſe quite deſperate upon that footing. Moſt of Hiero's difficulties may be prevented by a right private education, or a happy regulation of the public taſte; which depends entirely on a wiſe policy, or a well-conſtituted frame of government.

In ancient times, the forming and directing the public taſte was the care of the public. The imaginations of the people were impreſſed and refined by ſuch objects, exerciſes, ſpectacles and entertainments, as ſuggeſted whatever was grand, beautiful and harmonious in nature and ſociety. Theſe they were taught to connect with honour, bravery, public ſpirit, and ſervices done their country. Thus their public exerciſes had a manifeſt relation to public utility, by being equally calculated to ſtrengthen, and

ſo to fit their bodies for military diſcipline, and their minds for temperance, fortitude, juſtice and heroiſm. Their public paintings in their ſchools, halls and elſewhere, exhibited noble repreſentations of public virtue of citizens, generals and magiſtrates, who had fought bravely or fallen honourably in their country's cauſe. Their muſic was a public diſcipline to ſoften and poliſh a wild untractable populace, or to rouze the noble and martial paſſions. Their robes of magiſtracy and ſuits of armour worn in defence of their country, the trophies, ſtatues, wreathes of olive or laurel, conferred by the vote of the people, were at once rewards and majeſtic images of integrity, and magnanimity, and of thoſe exalted notions of national honour and love of their country, as ſhewed that their lives were entirely devoted to the public. Their theatrical entertainments, exhibited at the charge, and under the eye of the ſtate, were a noble engine to refine the taſte, and exalt the ſentiments of the people. In ſhort, the grandeur of their ſenate-houſes, halls, temples, and other public works, all executed by the ableſt maſters of deſign, filled their imagination with the auguſteſt ideas, and taught them, at the ſame time, their connection with the public. Were the public taſte now a-days under theſe or the like happy regulations; or, in other words, were the youth taught, by means of a right education, and a well-concerted plan of policy, to unite proper moral qualities with their correſponding images and emblems, we ſhould not then have ſuch juſt reaſon to complain of the deprivity of the public taſte. Were muſic, painting, and in ſhort all the fine arts, contrived to excite generous and public affections, and to convey chaſte and beautiful, moral ſentiments—

Were the exerciſes deſigned, not as mere fates of agility and ſtrength, not as ſubſervient to luxury or ſordid gain, but as an inſtitution for training the youth for the ſervice of the ſtate—were beauty held cheap and contemptible when ſeparated from virtue—were our theatre modelled, ſo as to make it a juſt mirrour of human life, and a ſchool of manners—were our colleges, ſenate houſes, churches and other public buildings, the only chief ſeats of ſolemnity, magnificence and grandeur—and were all our public ſpectacles, ſhows and entertainments, adapted to ſtrike us with grand and beautiful ideas, and raiſe a veneration for order, government and laws—I ſay, were things upon ſome ſuch footing as this, and were the individuals, by ſome ſalutary inſtitutions, taught, nay and deeply impreſſed with their relation and ſubordination to the community; I am apt to believe, it would be no rare ſpectacle to ſee our youth with well chaſtiſed imaginations, and patiently advancing to the heights of true philoſophy; inſtead of that diſſolute and effeminate race we ſometimes ſee. We ſhould find then, that nature does not miſlead us, and make objects appear double and diſtorted, but rather ſome inward prejudice and depravity, or the vicious maxims and practice of others. For as to thoſe connections of ideas, which nature has taught us to form upon the appearance of certain beautiful, or grand or elegant objects, I think ſhe has at the ſame time, by an admirable arrangement and diſtribution of things, guarded us againſt dangerous deluſions, unleſs we are obſtinately bent on being deceived. Thus we ſee, that a bold, impudent, or fooliſh look, in the moſt beautiful woman, is enough to counterwork the force of her charms, and to give us rather a diſguſt than pleaſure. When we

obſerve one much ſmitten with the love of ſymmetry and elegance in inferiour ſubjects, we are ſo much the more ſhocked with the diſſonance, if he appears inſenſible of the nobler principles of honour and virtue, or acts in oppoſition to them. All the curioſities of the *virtuoſo*'s cabinet, the moſt majeſtic plans of houſes, and their beſt-choſen ornaments of gardens, equipage and the like, belonging to the man of taſte, will not compenſate for the want of a ſingle grain of honeſty and real worth. If muſic, poetry, painting, or any of the fine arts are at any time ſuborned to promote a falſe taſte, and immoral aſſociations, it is not the order of nature we are to blame, which has eſtabliſhed no connections between thoſe powers and vice; but the corruption of men, which proſtitutes them to ſuch wicked purpoſes. And this proſtitution is often felt and confeſſed by the panders themſelves, when ſtruck with the auguſter images of true beauty. With regard to pleaſure, whether taken in a larger or more limited ſenſe (from which Hiero apprehended ſo much danger) I readily allow, that youth are more apt to be miſled by beautiful and pleaſurable objects, than by thoſe of grandeur; by a fine face, for inſtance, muſic, painting, and the like: but it will be no hard matter to ſupplant the lower, by introducing higher ſenſations of beauty, ſhewing the meanneſs of thoſe ſpecies which are connected with vice, and how much the pleaſure will be increaſed, by being attached to a more pure and dignified form of beauty. We ſee then that nature works up no inchantment, where ſhe has not provided us with a counter-charm ſufficient to diſſolve it. Were we to follow nature, and to form no aſſociations of ideas, but where ſhe has fixed

a bond of union, we ſhould always find that the ſubordinate ſpecies of beauty refer to ſomething higher, and that wherever that reference is over-looked, or the moral charm ſacrificed to an inferiour Venus, there the imagination is riotous, and the true taſte of life debauched.

But as there is little proſpect, at preſent, of ſuch a reformation of the public taſte, as I before ſuggeſted upon the plan of antiquity, I believe the other expedient muſt be tried; I mean a right private education, under the eye of diſcreet and able tutors. This, therefor, gentlemen, I hope your will conſider with that attention which the ſubject deſerves.

I wiſh, ſaid Eugenio, that Sophron, who propoſed this as a *ſuccedaneum* to his other method, had himſelf undertaken to ſhew us, in what manner the formers of youth ought to proceed in this ſame aſſociating buſineſs, or diſcipline of beauty, if I may call it ſo. I will frankly tell you what occurs to me on the ſubject, which I have chiefly learned by diſcourſing at different times with Philander, and partly too from obſerving the common practice of the world, but eſpecially of the virtuoſi of different kinds.

When an ordinary artificer or tradeſman wants to inſtruct his apprentice in the principles of his art, he ſhews him a ſample of the beſt pieces of workmanſhip. Theſe are to ſerve him as models by which he is to judge of all works of the ſame ſort. By theſe he is to correct his own miſtakes, and to attain a juſt idea of all ſuch pieces of work belonging to his own occupation, as are moſt complete in their ſeveral kinds. The architect points out to his diſciple the moſt finiſhed buildings, or the beſt models of them, in order to form his taſte accord-

ing to the exact rules of art. Painters, ſtatuaries, and all the maſters of deſign, direct their ſcholars to ſtudy the moſt beautiful compoſitions in each kind, thoſe maſterly drawings, ſtatues and buſts, which imitate nature beſt, and come neareſt to the perfection of workmanſhip. By theſe eſtabliſhed ſtandards, they teach them to judge of beauty, proportion and deſign. Even thoſe profeſt teachers of genteel demeanour and addreſs, your dancing maſters, when they would ſhew the utmoſt propriety and perfection of carriage, ſtep forth themſelves upon the floor, and bid their wondering ſcholars do juſt as they do. Thus every art has its *venus* or *beauty* of the kind, which is moſt readily attained by ſtudying, and being converſant with the beſt examples and models in each ſort. And they who are accuſtomed to admire what is moſt excellent of the kind, will certainly have the moſt correct fancies in all works of deſign.

In imitation, therefor, of thoſe approved maſters of truth and elegance of workmanſhip in the ſeveral arts, I would ſhow the pupil, whoſe imagination and taſte I wanted to form, the beſt ſpecimens in the ſeveral orders or ſtages of beauty through which he is to paſs, to keep him from being led away by the ſhowy and falſe, in any of the ſpecies. Thus when I ſaw him caught with the beauty of his play-things, concerned about ranging them in the niceſt order, employing his invention in contriving wind or water-mills, houſes of cards or of clay, and laying out his little garden, I would ſhow him the moſt beautiful, and uſeful of the kind. I would let him ſee and handle, and divert himſelf with globes, compaſſes, and other mathematical inſtruments, or any thing, in ſhort, that would ſerve to employ his in-

genuity and art. I would, by theſe, provoke his ambition to deſpiſe the merely childiſh and trifling amuſements, and encourage his reliſh of whatever was moſt rational and manly. Even while he is converſant with theſe lower ſpecies of beauty, he may be made to perceive a very important connection *viz.* That thoſe things are the moſt beautiful and beſt proportioned, which are fitteſt for anſwering their end, and that deformity and diſproportion are always accompanied with incommodiouſneſs or inaptitude for uſe. Next, when I ſaw him ſolicitous about his air, dreſs, and behaviour in company, I would point out to him the beſt models, and teach him to obſerve that the moſt unconſtrained and liberal manner was at once moſt decent and moſt faſhionable among all true judges.

When he was able to judge of beauty and deſign in the fine arts, I would, after the ſame manner, ſhow him the moſt beautiful and elegant in each, by exhibiting to him the beſt patterns, and diverting his ſight from whatever was merely gaudy, or of a wrong taſte. I would endeavour to make him feel, that, in proportion as thoſe works of deſign imitated nature, delineated characters and paſſions juſtly, and tended to excite noble ſentiments and affections, they were perfect in their kind.

When at laſt he comes to delight in contemplating moral images and repreſentations, when he purſues the fair and honourable and decent, and loathes their contraries, I would then, by proper narrations, fables, hiſtories and dramatic ſpectacles, exhibit to him whatever was moſt heroic in character and conduct; paint heroes, lawgivers and princes, with all the majeſtic forms of temperance, fortitude, love of liberty and their country, and contempt of death.

With theſe I would ſpread out and kindle his imagination, and, while it was warm, rouze a laudable ambition, and inflame every generous paſſion. Thus has Philander taught me to follow nature in its progreſs through the ſcale of beauty, and to feed the mind with ideas and images of the comely, grand and becoming, in every ſtep of its progreſs. Such kind of diſcipline will, I imagine, bid faireſt for teaching the pupil to aſſociate ſuch images of beauty and good, as are connected with truth and nature; and keeping his imagination pure from all falſe and vicious mixtures. For inſtance, he will learn from hence, that true grandeur and knavery are incompatible—that beauty is inſeparable from truth and virtue—and that no ſubſtantial happineſs can take place, where irregularity or diſorder enters; maxims (in my opinion) of infinite advantage in the conduct of life.

After the ſame, or ſome ſuch manner, I would preſume to offer my advice to thoſe who have the inſpection of the ladies, to acquaint them with what is fair and decent, and amiable, in every ſubject of elegance or beauty, in which they ought to be moſt converſant; particularly in what concerns manners and the decencies of life; and then their imaginations, by a natural kind of ſympathy, will cleave to what is comelieſt and beſt.—But I am afraid it would require too minute a detail to handle a ſubject ſo delicate in the manner it deſerves; beſides that, I am ſenſible I have, already, ingroſſed too large a ſhare of the converſation.

I think, ſaid Conſtant, it became Eugenio, a profeſt friend and patron of the ladies, who had ſhown at length by what fatal train of accidents they

are led into ſuch a labyrinth of folly and misfortunes, to have either guarded them againſt going into it, or lent them a clue to eſcape. This had been acting in character, and conformably to that complaiſance and devotion he profeſſes for the women. But inſtead of ſerving them in this ſubſtantial manner, he has deſcanted at large upon I know not what, and chalked out a courſe of diſcipline, which if put in practice, would, I fear, contribute, to lead them ſtill farther aſtray, at leaſt be effectual for that end propoſed; I mean, the ſound correction and diſcipline of imagination.

I rejoice, replied Eugenio, with an arch ſmile, to ſee Conſtant grown ſo warm an advocate for the ladies, and ſuch a preacher of complaiſance. I hope great things from this ſurpriſing reformation, and that ſince I have been ſo deficient in my duty, he will ſupply my defects, and teach his new pupils a ſafer way to attain an imagination equally correct and refined. I aſſure my good friend I will not fail to proclaim his merit, whenever a fair occaſion offers.

I am much obliged to Eugenio, replied Conſtant, for his kind intention; but really he may ſave himſelf that trouble. As I have no particular ſervices to preſent to the ladies, ſo neither do I want to have my merit blazoned to them. Let my friend obſerve the punctilio's of duty and decorum with them, and exalt the merit of every the leaſt ſervice; I am willing to paſs with the character of a homely philoſopher, and ſhall leave them out of the queſtion, as I did not myſelf bring them into it. But to go on to the point before us, namely, the diſcipline of fancy, I ſaid I thought Eugenio's method inſufficient for the end propoſed. He would, he ſays, exhibit

to his pupil the various ſpecies of beauty, harmony and the like; and teach him to diſtinguiſh and admire the moſt beautiful and excellent of each kind. For this is the ſum total of his large explanation of this matter, if I underſtood him right. Now from the little experience I have of the world, (and indeed it is but little I pretend to) I find men but too prone to admire and be captivated with different kinds of beauty, and that this high admiration of the beautiful and ſublime, in particular objects, is a capital ſource of many miſtakes, and great miſconduct in life. There is not a more wild or wanton thing than fancy, eſpecially when it is let looſe upon the viſionary forms and images of things. It is particularly warm and luxuriant in youth, prone to admire and to imitate, eaſily detained by the florid; and exorbitant in all its operations. Beauty, like a magical ſpell, no ſooner ſtrikes the ſenſes of youth, than it fires their imagination, and ſo entirely engroſſes their mind, that it is in a manner loſt in the object from whence the firſt impreſſions came. Every other affection but that of admiration, is ſuſpended. It is in vain to talk of cool reaſoning, deliberation or choice, while the ſting of beauty is riveted in the breaſt, and the ſame agreeable images which accompanied it, continue to play before the fancy. I believe Eugenio has oft felt this ſting, and wiſhed for his own eaſe, that he had been leſs ſenſible to elegant forms and faces, and a cooler admirer of the ſublime in air and ſentiments. I have ſeen a virtuoſo, a connoiſſeur in painting, in ſuch raptures with a piece of Raphael's or Correggio's, ſo ſeized with the boldneſs of deſign, the ordonance, the infinite grace, and what not, of the whole compoſition, that I proteſt, I thought he had the appearance of a mad-

man. A man of taſte for muſic, while he liſtens to a fine compoſition, appears bereft of almoſt every other ſenſe, and is diſſolved in an extaſy of admiration. What makes your cockle-ſhell virtuoſo's, your minute philoſophers, your hunters of curioſities, and antiquities, but a fond rapturous conceit of ſome particular ſpecies of beauty? And (to mention no more) is not the gay and fluttering, nay the ambitious and plodding tribe, are not all your enthuſiaſts in religion, government, and philoſophy, held captive with an exceſſive admiration of ſome peculiar *venus* or other, in which they include every other excellence?

What I would conclude from this ſhort detail is; "That the way to diſcipline the imagination aright, "is not to feed and nouriſh our admiration of beau- "ty, by thoſe amuſing exhibitions of it which Eu- "genio talked of, but rather to wean, and in a "manner ſtarve our conceits and high opinions "of things." This is the ſtoical diſcipline, ſo often recommended by the ableſt maſters in philoſophy. If we would, in good earneſt, correct the fancy of youth, we muſt take off the falſe glare and colouring of things, and analyze every ſpecies of beauty and good into their conſtituent principles and ingredients; that the imagination may not be deluded with foreign mixtures, nor eſteem any thing above its real worth. Thus I would ſhow from whence beauty derives its force, wherein the true value of life conſiſts, what gives luſtre to gold, dignity to expence, of what ingredients true pleaſure is compoſed, and whence the lower kinds borrow their chief ſeaſoning and poignancy. How much fame is worth, what makes power deſirable. This is to undreſs beauty (if I may ſay ſo) and preſent it naked,

without any artificial daubing, to the fancy. When it ſees it thus in its real form, then that confuſed group of images, which raiſed a blind admiration, will vaniſh, and the paſſion, founded on that opinion, will naturally ſubſide. Agreeable to this way of reaſoning, the fundamental maxim of the ancient philoſophy was to FORBEAR, to SUSPEND or REMOVE *the firſt ſtarts of opinion, to be ſlow in, and even to ceaſe admiring.* For that was thought the root of the evil, δεινὸς σοφιστὴς, the *mighty ſophiſter*, who firſt beguiles us into high conceptions of the ſeveral phantoms of beauty and good, and then works up our paſſions to the ſame extravagant pitch. By a counter-regimen, therefor, they endeavoured to lower and reduce the phantom, and conſequently our opinion of it, to its juſt dimenſions; and by doing ſo, to ſubdue the admiring habit. Thus they repreſented fame as the murmur of tongues, or the breath of the unthinking and conſtant vulgar;—Beauty, as the tincture of a ſkin, or the regular texture of features. Mere life was only a repetition of the ſame dull animal ſcene; and death at worſt, nothing but a privation of the ſenſe of a brute, or cloſing the drama a little ſooner or later. Perhaps their philoſophy, in ſome inſtances, ſhot beyond nature; but I think the practice was ſo far wholeſome, to begin the diſcipline of youth, rather by the weaning and reſtraining, than the prone and admiring habit.

This is the firſt leſſon of *temperance*, that ſober virtue, or rather the mother and nurſe of the virtues, which Hiero recommended to us in his plan. If this leading virtue be carefully cultivated in youth, it will pave the way for the introduction of the reſt. But I conſider it here as of a larger extent than is

commonly imagined, as relating not merely to the government of ſenſe and appetite, but of the mind and its paſſions. Perhaps the laſt have as much need of its wholeſome controul as the firſt. For only beaſtly wretches are prone to exceſſes. Gluttony and drunkenneſs have ſomething too groſs and ſhocking in them, to men of any taſte or refinement in pleaſure. But the moſt ingenuous and high-ſpirited natures are the apteſt to exceed, when any glaring ſpecies ſtrikes their imaginations from the ſide of honour, friendſhip, religion, or any of the ſocial and kind affections. When any of thoſe finer paſſions are, by means of wrong aſſociations, directed to improper objects, or employed on right ones, to the excluſion of all others, and in a greater proportion than the balance of affection will admit of, they become, of all others, the moſt ungovernable and pernicious in their effects. And therefor it muſt be the office of temperance to preſide over the whole band of affections, to adjuſt their mutual forces, and prevent the partial indulgence of any of them, to the excluſion or weakening of others, equally or more generous and extenſive. Conſequently it muſt be a part, and a very important part of its work, to ſtop thoſe images of beauty and partial good in the very office where they are coined, the imagination; till they are ſtrictly examined, confronted with their objects, and their ſeparate value weighed. Wherefor, in the train of youth, I would watch over their fancies with great care, accuſtom them to an early habit of examining the value of every object, enjoyment, or ſpecies of good, that ſolicits their choice—of comparing the different kinds—and never truſting to the moſt ſpecious appearances. They ſhould never hear thoſe objects commended, and

highly rated, which have no neceſſary connection with real merit; as wealth, birth, beauty, rank, and the like. When I ſaw them annexing ideas of worth, greatneſs, or honour, to the mere poſſeſſion of theſe, I would immediately correct the falſe aſſociations, and undeceive them, by appealing to their own ſenſe and experience of things——But I have ſaid enough, perhaps too much, eſpecially conſidering that I ſpeak to philoſophers. I deſire we may hear Simplicius's opinion of the matter.

If I muſt give my opinion, ſaid he, on a ſubject that has been ſo fully debated already, I muſt frankly confeſs that, for all Conſtant has ſaid to refute Eugenio, he does not appear to me to have done it. Nor indeed do I ſee that he differs much from him. When Eugenio recommended the beſt models of beauty to be preſented to the imagination of youth, I do not remember that he recommended alſo an exceſſive admiration of them, or gave any ſpecies of them more, than its juſt weight in the ſcale. The exceſſive admiration may be vicious, but I hope the juſt eſteem is not. We muſt all purſue ſome beauty or other: the only queſtion is about the kind. If it be truly laudable and no-wiſe inconſiſtent with the purſuit of a nobler ſpecies, I ſee no harm in paying it all the regard it deſerves. We begin to err when we blend the different ſpecies unnaturally, and are capitally wrong, when we ſacrifice the higher to the inferiour kinds. Does not Conſtant's diſcipline amount to this, That we are not to allow ourſelves to be carried away with a fantaſtic and extravagant admiration of the lower kinds of beauty, nor join images of it to objects to which it does not belong? Is this in any reſpect inconſiſtent with exhibiting to us the different ſpecies, and pointing out the beſt mo-

dels in order to regulate our choice? Nay, is not this the ſureſt way to open and enlarge our views, and furniſh us with a ſtandard by which we may correct our taſte, and make the neceſſary diſtinctions ſo warmly, and, I think, juſtly recommended by Conſtant? How ſhall we ſtrip wealth, pomp, pleaſure, and all the gay or ſolemn pageantry of life of their glare, but by appealing to our original impreſſions of beauty, and confronting them with what is moſt excellent and ſublime of the kind? But this will beſt appear by a more particular detail. I entirely agree with Conſtant, that *temperance* is the nurſe of the other virtues, and that it is not the leaſt part of its buſineſs to watch over and chaſtiſe the imagination, even in the affair of beauty. But this controuling habit, as it muſt be learned betimes, ſo it muſt be tried in leſſer inſtances, and with the groſſer appetites and paſſions, before we attempt the higher and more refined.

Though the appetites of children are very keen, we often ſee that they can eaſily forego their diet, and almoſt forget the cravings of hunger, when they are hotly engaged in play, or in contriving or executing a deſign, or working with any new inſtrument or machine. Nay, they will not only ſuſpend their diet, but their diverſions to ſee any curious ſight; or hear any amuſing tale. It will not be difficult therefor to fill up their vacant hours with ſuch agreeable exerciſes, or to entertain them with ſuch amuſements, as will make them eaſily forget the hours of diet. By frequently repeating ſuch trials, they will eaſily be brought to think it manly, to exert ſome voluntary acts of temperance and ſelf-denial. This will teach them that prime leſſon of virtue, not to depend on their taſte or appetite, without which,

there never was a great man. When they have once got a fair maſtery over theſe, it were eaſy, methinks, to make them deſpiſe feaſting, finery, and other inſtruments of luxury. Of how ſmall an account does money appear, even to the moſt cloſe-fiſted perſons, when miſery ſolicits them in ſome diſmal ſhape? when a friend, or miſtreſs, the entertainment of company, or the execution of a project call for their generoſity? Yet I doubt much, whether they connect higher ideas of honour and merit with ſuch genteel and generous expence, than they would with a large addition to their fortune, or with the mere poſſeſſion of what they have. By making the pupils frequently attend to proper examples, the blind admiration of wealth will gradually ceaſe. For what dignity is there in that which it is greatneſs to deſpiſe? Thus they will learn to disjoin thoſe confuſed images of grandeur and worth, which they annexed to fortune and its attendants. The ſame experiment will hold with regard to pleaſure. What hardſhips, toils, and dangers, will not the moſt voluptuous endure, at times, to approve their zeal to a friend, or female, to gain the reputation of fidelity, conſtancy, intrepidity, and diſintereſtedneſs? May not ſome inſtances ſerve to convince them of ſomething more refined and heroic, than is to be found in mere ſenſual pleaſure; that even abſtinence, ſelf-command, and ſuffering, are the means of high enjoyment? And may not a habit of ſelf-controul be acquired by frequently attending to ſuch wholeſome diſtinctions? When thoſe confuſed ideas of beauty or good, which accompany wealth and voluptuouſneſs, are thus ſubdued, it will not be difficult to carry the ſame habit of temperance to the

ambitious views of power, *viz.* titles, coronets, garters, and all the trappings of grandeur; which muſt appear contemptible, when placed in competition with internal freedom, uncorrupted honour, and ſelf-applauſe.

I think it muſt appear from this ſhort detail, that the moſt effectual way to baffle the impreſſions of any inferiour beauty, or partial good, is to introduce a nobler ſpecies, a more generous and comprehenſive good. A powerful aſſociation is beſt conquered by ſome ſuperior counter-aſſociation founded in truth and nature. Nor is this method different from Eugenio's gradation of beauties, or his recommending to us the moſt excellent and perfect of each kind, and leading us up to the top of the ſcale. Did not Conſtant, in effect, conduct us to the ſame point, though by a different route, when he preſented us to his rough nurſe of the virtues, which, deſpiſing inferiour beauties, and fainter images of good, is converſant with that which is far ſuperiour, the order of the mind, rectitude of heart, and harmonious affections. Whether I have done my friends juſtice or not, I ſubmit, gentlemen, to your judgment; and, if the company will join me, I now propoſe that Hiero fill up the lines of that plan he favoured us with the other night.

I am ſurprized, replied Hiero, half bluſhing, that Simplicius ſhould lay ſuch a burden on me, who am ſo ill qualified to bear it. If the rude ſketch I happened to draw, do indeed deſerve any encomiums, I hope that will be accounted merit ſufficient, to entitle me to an exemption from any farther ſervice; and therefor I move, gentlemen, to puniſh Simplicius, for impoſing burdens on the weak, and making choice of one ſo unable to ſerve the company, that

he be obliged to do the work himſelf, which he would aſſign me.

The company ſaid, they preſumed none underſtood his plan ſo well as himſelf, and that therefor he was the fitteſt of any to execute it: on which account they would not accept of his excuſe, but deſired he would proceed.

When Hiero ſaw they were all bent upon hearing him, he went on, modeſtly, after this manner: Well, gentlemen, ſince the projectors of ſchemes muſt alſo carry them into execution, or elſe be eſteemed mere projectors, I ſhall be very cautious, for the future, how I lay out any more plans. I am glad however, that Conſtant and Simplicius have eaſed me of one part of my taſk, by handling ſo diſtinctly the duty of temperance even in its largeſt ſenſe. To enforce other moral impreſſions more ſtrongly, and indeed to pave the way for them more effectually, I would endeavour to give the pupil a juſt ſenſe of the dignity of human nature, as the work, and in ſome degree the image of his Maker, that he may have a high reverence for it, and do nothing unworthy of it. Children ſhew a very early ſenſe of what is decent, and becoming their nature, in thoſe exulting gleams of joy that ſparkle in their looks, upon their having acted up to it, and in thoſe conſcious bluſhes which tincture their honeſt cheeks, when they have been caught doing any thing mean or little. This ſenſe was certainly not given in vain, but intended to be cultivated. Indeed when it is applied wrong, I mean to qualities indifferent in themſelves, or really blameable, or makes its eſtimates beyond the juſt meaſures of things, it becomes a ſource of wrong conduct or exceſſive vanity and

pride; but when it has thoſe objects pointed out to it, which are deſerving of eſteem and truly graceful, it enforces the authority of reaſon, and is a ſpur to virtue no leſs than a barrier againſt vice.—I would therefor improve thoſe natural anticipations of the ſenſe of human dignity, by leading them, in the way recommended by Philander, to juſt conceptions, wherein it conſiſts. After examining who they are, what rank they hold amidſt the creation, and for what purpoſes of life they are deſtined, it will ſoon appear to them, that there is a ſuperiour dignity in the human form—that they are endowed with nobler powers, and conſequently formed for a more exalted and extenſive oeconomy than the other animals— that by theſe powers they are allied to the intellectual world, and entitled to higher honours, and a more refined happineſs than all the other creatures put together. After this, let them be taught by proper examples, that the peculiar excellency of their frame lies in the calm and undiſturbed exerciſe of reaſon, a ſteady ſelf-government, juſt affection to all the proper objects of moral approbation, and an active extenſive benevolence. By this ſtandard, let them learn to correct their falſe notions of honour, grandeur, pleaſure, and popular applauſe. Let the leaſt deviations from this be marked with infamy, and ſpoken of with aſtoniſhment. And let all vice be repreſented to them as the violation of their nature, a real meanneſs, a degradation and fall from their true dignity. Whereas virtue ſhould be ſhown to be the voice of reaſon, the ſupreme law of their nature, and its higheſt ornament and perfection. Let the pupil be put upon reflecting on the grateful emotions he feels in conſequence of a decent, manly, generous conduct,—the reſpect and

veneration it draws,—the confidence and elevation of mind that attends it,—with the ſecurity and credit it produces in the way of buſineſs. When youth are animated with ſuch principles, they will dare to take a higher aim in life, reverence their nature, and be aſhamed of what ſtains or degrades it: whereas they who think meanly of that nature, which bears the ſtamp of Deity, will be ever ſuſpicious of others, and diſtruſtful of themſelves. Their conduct will creep after their groveling notions, and magnanimity and a laudable ambition can never flouriſh where their genuine ſeeds are ſuppreſſed.

A ſenſe then of the human dignity, being ſtrongly imprinted on the mind, it will prepare the way for another virtue, which I thought it neceſſary to cultivate in children, *viz.* a ſtrict regard for truth. I the rather recommend this, as the contrary practice is ſo often obſervable in them; which, if not checked in time, ſeldom fails to introduce a falſe and crooked diſpoſition of mind, a diſpoſition which is the very bane of all virtue, and one of the greateſt peſts of ſociety. Wherefor, to encourage children always to ſpeak the truth, a fault ſhould be eaſily forgiven, upon their confeſſion of it; but when a lye is made to cover it, that ſhould be deemed a heinous crime. The utmoſt horror ſhould be expreſſed at all manner of falſhood, and every degree of diſingenuity repreſented as the ſureſt mark of an abject mind, which robs one of the very dignity of a man; and therefor ſhould be treated with the higheſt contempt. Whereas truth and ſincerity ought to be admired and applauded, as the proofs of a ſoul truly great, too conſcious of its own dignity, to uſe any of the little tricks of craft and falſehood. And let thoſe whom

your pupil ſees and converſes with, treat him with reſpect or contempt, according to his honeſty or diſingenuity. This will teach him always to aſſociate honour and nobleneſs of mind with openneſs and veracity; and infamy and littleneſs of ſoul, with diſſimulation and falſehood. If by mildneſs, and entering artfully into your pupil's intereſts and deſigns, you can bring him to make you his confident, it will not only give you the advantage of knowing him thoroughly, but procure you a very great aſcendant over him, to rectify whatever is amiſs.

The ſecond principle I mentioned, namely, *obedience to parents*, ought to be inculcated with great care, and no leſs delicacy. The ignorance and weakneſs of the infant-ſtate required that the influence of parents and ſuperiours ſhould be very powerful, in order to lay the mind more open to inſtruction and culture. Therefor nature hath planted deep in the tender frame the principles of ſubmiſſion to parents, a proneneſs to imitation, and willingneſs to liſten to the opinion and judgment of thoſe whom we eſteem wiſer or better than ourſelves. Parental authority then is one of the beſt handles for getting ſure hold of the mind, which, while that is in force, may be moulded into any ſhape, or tinctured with any kind of diſcipline. But when it is diſſolved, ſcarce any tye will bind, or check controul it. Perſuaſions and promiſes, terrors and bribes, will be equally inſufficient; inſtruction will not be liſtened to, nor example regarded. Parents therefor ought to be ſcrupulouſly tender of their authority, as of that which is to give weight to all their inſtructions and advices.

But while they are cautious of weakening it by too great indulgence, they ſhould equally guard a-

gainſt the oppoſite extreme of rigour and ſeverity; which has as great a tendency to diſpirit the child, by too much curbing his paſſions, as the other has to ſpoil him, by gving them too looſe a rein. Therefor, it is neceſſary that he be inſpired with a juſt mixture of reverence and love; which will be beſt done, by tempering neceſſary ſeverity with a diſcreet kindneſs, allowing great familiarity, yet checking the leaſt ſymptom of irreverence and indecency. Whenever the authority of the parent is diſputed or deſpiſed, it ſhould be maintained with inflexible ſeverity; and no condeſcenſions made on the ſide of the parent, till it is fully acknowleged and fairly ſubmitted to. But whatever reſpect to the authority of the parents is inculcated in all matters of duty, children ſhould be taught as little deference as poſſible to their, or any authority that is merely human, in what reſpects pure ſpeculation, truth or ſcience. I acknowlege it is hard to ſeparate them—But I believe it may be compoſed in ſome ſuch way as this.

They may and ought to be taught modeſty, by which I underſtand a willingneſs to liſten to the opinions of others, and candour in examining them; by example as well as precept, by ſhewing the decency and dignity of ſuch a diſpoſition, and commending the leaſt ſymptom of it in them or others. But a reſpect to authority, or implicit reliance on the judgment of others, ſhould be, by all means, diſcouraged, as a moſt ſervile principle, which cramps our views, and makes us an eaſy prey to endleſs ſuperſtition. A mind endowed with the ſtrongeſt faculties, may, by this means, have all its vigour maimed, and become only a more tenacious nurſery of abſurdity and errour. Therefor the young enquirer ſhould never be obliged to take any thing u-

pon truſt, not even from his parents: perſuaſion, and not authority only, is here to be employed; and the boy ſhould be told, that regard is not due barely to ſuperiour rank, in matters of mere opinion—That he is to deſire a reaſon for every thing, and never abſolutely to yield his aſſent, unleſs he be convinced.

Yea, ſaid Conſtant, begging pardon for the interruption, I am not for teaching him implicit obedience to authority even in matters of duty. This were to govern him like a ſlave or brute, rather than like a reaſonable creature. Let him be firſt convinced that it is fit and right to be done, if he appear to be in any doubt about it; and then he will obey from principle, not from a mere ſervile dread.

But, replied Hiero, what if he cannot underſtand the reaſonableneſs of his duty, or ſhould happen not to be convinced, or through a perverſe obſtinacy ſhould be inclined to diſpute every inch of his parent's authority; would you ceaſe to enforce your commands, or indulge him in diſobedience, for fear of making him too tame? Children are wonderfully ingenious in finding out reaſons againſt what they are averſe to, and exceeding hard to be convinced of their obligation to croſs their appetites.

If the thing injoined him, replied Conſtant, be above his comprehenſion, I would not deſire him to go about it. For there can be no virtue in his doing that, which he can ſee no reaſon for doing, and conſequently no inducement but mere caprice in a parent to command it. And this will tend to weaken rather than add weight to the parent's authority. As to the other caſe, I imagine a parent of any tolerable ſagacity will be able to diſtinguiſh when a child de-

ſires a reaſon why he is to act in this or that manner, from mere ſcrupoloſity, and when from ſtubbornneſs and pure averſion to his duty. The laſt is to be oppoſed by a proper mixture of reaſon and authority. In the former caſe, I would employ perſuaſion ſupported by reaſon. When the boy finds himſelf treated in this rational and manly way, his ſpirit and obedience will be liberal and ingenuous, and he will account his parent his beſt friend and counſellor.

Admitting, then, ſubjoined Hiero, my friend's correction under thoſe limitations, I proceed to conſider humanity as another principle, which ought to be particularly cheriſhed in children. This is ſo amiable a virtue, that I would extend it even to brutes, and make their innocent ſports a diſcipline of humanity. For this purpoſe I would ſeverely diſcourage every inſtance of petulance and cruelty they ſhew them. Though the wanton pleaſure children take ſometimes, in ſporting with the miſeries of animals, ſeems to be an effect only of the activity and love of diverſion that is ſo natural to them; yet if it be indulged without check, it may degenerate into an inſenſibility to human pains, or ſullen delight in beholding miſerable objects. When they diſcover any care and anxiety in tending, and feeding any favourite bird, or dog, or any pity to them in diſtreſs, I would applaud their tenderneſs; but if they ſhew any cruelty in their uſage of them, they ſhould be ſeverely chid, or have the poor creatures taken from them. I would not allow them to ſee them killed, much leſs to be witneſſes of thoſe dreadful ſpectacles, of innocent creatures mangled in a moſt inhuman manner, and expiring in agonies, for fear it ſhould prove the means to accuſtom them to behold bloo

and ſlaughter with unpitying eyes. I would teach them to look upon themſelves as the guardians and benefactors of the friendleſs race, deſigned by nature to protect and cheriſh them; and would give them the charge of the birds and beaſts about the houſe, as if they were, in ſome meaſure, a part of their own family, whoſe wants they ought to ſupply, and whoſe diſtreſſes they are bound to relieve. By thoſe little exerciſes of humanity to their fellow-creatures below them, I would prepare them for the higher acts of it to mankind. There is a certain affectionate temper in children, a ſenſibility with reſpect to the condition of others, which, by due care, may be improved into the moſt friendly and generous affections. They not only love to do good-natured things, but are greatly delighted with the ſimple recital of kind actions. Nothing is a finer entertainment to them, than a moral tale, wherein goodneſs forms the principal characters, and appears in a variety of beautiful incidents. Upon this innate ſtock of benevolence, the nobleſt and moſt uſeful virtues in life may be grafted. In order to cultivate it, high notions of humanity ought to be inculcated, thoſe characters and actions in which it prevails, commended above all others; and the ſuperior excellence and uſefulneſs of it ſtrongly repreſented. Their doing good to others ſhould be made the chief inſtrument or ſtep towards promoting their own pleaſure. I believe it would be an excellent method, in imitation of our weekly diſtributions, to entruſt children with a little money now and then, to be diſpenſed in the way of charity, to indigent or miſerable objects; in beſtowing which, they ſhould be left to their own choice, both as to the objects themſelves, and the meaſure of their charity to them.

I would not call them to a rigid account how they have laid it out, but only aſk them in general about the management of their little ſtock; to know whether their temper be liberal or narrow, and to have an opportunity of applauding their diſcretion and generoſity, or directing their future diſtributions. When they ſee themſelves ſo much uſed like men, it will inſpire them with a generous emulation, to act worthy of the truſt repoſed in them, by a diſcreet liberality. Every thing that looks like ſelfiſhneſs, or betrays a ſordid gripping turn, ought carefully to be checked; which, in my opinion, cannot be better done than by the reſtraint of thoſe ſupplies which are given them for their own uſe. Theſe ſhould bear ſome proportion to the generoſity or wiſdom they ſhow in the diſtribution of their charitable fund. By theſe and the like means they will contract an early habit of goodneſs, and learn to feel the wants and miſeries of their fellow-creatures, than which I ſcarce know a more important leſſon.

Let me add one caution to what Hiero has mentioned, ſaid Eugenio. As children have a natural openneſs of heart, and (if I may uſe the expreſſion) a looſeneſs of hands, I apprehend there is not any great danger of their failing in inſtances of generoſity. They are full as forward to throw away their money, as to receive or hoard it up. They are ſeldom ſo fond even of their ſweetmeats, but, if they are not of a very unfriendly and ſelfiſh caſt, they will frankly give their companions a ſhare with them. Therefor, while parents are ſolicitous to guard them againſt ſtingineſs and narrowneſs of ſoul, I reckon it not amiſs to moderate the openneſs of their temper, and check a ſpirit of prodigality. If they could be inſtructed in the true value and uſe of money,

without admiring or prizing it, it would be a great advantage to them, and reſtrain the prodigal, without encouraging the griping or hoarding humour. They ſhould be taught to huſband their ſtock, that it may go as far as poſſible,—to ſave in ſome inſtances of leſs neceſſity, that they may afford to be liberal in others more preſſing,—to compare caſes and objects as to merit, indigence and other circumſtances,—to retrench all ſuperfluous, and eſpecially hurtful expence; that they may be as impartially and extenſively uſeful as poſſible. In ſhort, they ſhould be taught to be liberal without being profuſe; and frugal, but not ſordid.

Eugenio's remark, ſaid Sophron, puts me in mind of another extreme, which I imagine ought to be guarded againſt on the ſide of good-nature; I mean that ſoftneſs and puſillanimity, into which it is apt to degenerate, unleſs diſcreetly tempered For though I was wonderfully pleaſed with thoſe overflowings of humanity, which appear in Hiero's diſcourſe, yet I cannot help obſerving that there may be an exceſs of goodneſs, or rather I believe, I ſhould ſay good nature, when there wants a juſt degree of indignation at folly and vice; a diſpoſition highly miſchievous to public ſociety and private perſons. Some children would carry their good nature to ſuch an exceſs, that without proper diſcipline, they would grow perfect dolts, mere poſitive drones; ſo ſimple, that they would have no will of their own, ſuch pure figures of wax, that you might mould their inclinations juſt as you would. They cannot contradict their company, nor know how to reſiſt their importunities. Such are apt, through a vicious complaiſance, to run into any exceſſes, to which they are invited by company, or example. To

ſhun this extreme, they ſhould be taught the importance of their character, and be inſpired with a juſt regard for themſelves. The dangerous conſequences of a falſe modeſty, and weak complaiſance, may be ſhewn them by living, and therefor intereſting, examples of ſuch, as by giving into theſe, have ſpoiled their conſtitutions and ruined their fortunes. But great care and caution muſt here be uſed, that the young pupils may, as much as is poſſible, ſeparate and diſtinguiſh the perſons from their foibles and vices; that while they conſider the latter with averſion and horrour, they may look upon the former with pity and humanity The meanneſs too of being quite led away by others, may be ſtrongly painted, to reſiſt the ſolicitations of others, without being peeviſh or rude; and to dare to adhere to what is right, in ſpite of ridicule for ſingularity.

To guard them the more effectually againſt a paſſive and mean-ſpirited tameneſs, I think it of no ſmall conſequence to impreſs them, as Hiero adviſed, with ſtrong notions of right and wrong, and make them as ſenſible of the regard they owe to themſelves, as of that which is due from them to others. If they received an affront, or blow from a ſchool fellow, I would wink at them though they did not take it very tamely; and even allow them to be angry, but without indulging a ſpirit of revenge, and where redreſs is not at hand, upon great occaſions, to uſe the lawful means of ſelf-defence. For ſuch a generous indignation is the natural ſeed of true bravery and fortitude of mind, which can never come to maturity, where it is entirely wanting. I am very far from adviſing any indulgence to a quarrelſome humour; but, I think it deſerves no extra-

ordinary degree of diſcernment to diſtinguiſh between the workings of ill-nature, a malicious or revengeful ſpirit; and what ariſes from a true ſenſe of honour, and a juſt value for a man's own character. The former ought, at all adventures, to be diſcountenanced; but the latter, when exerted upon proper occaſions, and in juſt meaſures, ſhould be cultivated and improved. A ſpirit that bears every injury tamely, can never riſe to any thing great or conſpicuous in life, but muſt neceſſarily ſink into ſervility and contempt. At the ſame time that children are kept ſenſible and awake to their own rights and intereſts, in which, I confeſs, they but rarely fail; they cannot be inſpired with too exquiſite a ſenſibility to thoſe of mankind, eſpecially ſuch as are of the moſt important and ſacred nature. For this purpoſe I would endeavour to perſuade them, that mankind are all originally on a level—That the differences of rank, fortune, and other external circumſtances, do not diſſolve any of their natural rights. —And that whatever peculiar advantages they enjoy above others, they call for higher degrees of humanity and condeſcenſion, to grace and ſupport them. If they ſhow any marks of inſolence, contempt, or even ſullenneſs to their inferiours, it ought immediately to be checked; and they ſhould be ſhown, by the example of others, and the confeſſion of all, what a wide difference there is between true dignity, and that ſullen pride which only apes it. Therefor I would never humour them in their encroachments on others, nor allow them to break in upon the property of any of their ſchool-fellows. And I would to the utmoſt diſcourage their ſtriking ſervants, or calling names in a fit of paſſion. Such actions na-

turally make children fancy that thoſe whom they ſtrike, or injure in any other way, are either of an inferiour ſpecies, or at the beſt are made to be only their ſlaves, and conſequently that they have a right to play the tyrants over them. Such notions muſt naturally produce that inſolence and inhumanity, which are the common attendants of uncivilized grandeur.

I remember I once made a viſit in an opulent family, where I was ſtruck with ſeveral inſtances of miſmanagement, that would have ſpoiled the moſt virtuous and beſt-tempered children in the world. They were allowed to treat the ſervants with the utmoſt contempt and arrogance, nor muſt they debaſe their dignity by being ſeen diſcourſing with them. If ſtrangers of a rank inferiour to themſelves preſumed to accoſt them, and aſk them any queſtions, they were taught to keep a diſdainful ſilence; or, if they deſigned to open their mouth, it was with a ſullen coldneſs, and an apparent conſciouſneſs of their ſuperiour quality. Frequently they took place of ſtrangers, and were ſet above them at table, had a greater attention paid to their little fancies and wants; and by many broad hints were put in mind of their dignity, as much as the others were of their diſtance. Though I heartily diſapprove too great familiarity with ſervants and people of a very low rank; yet humanity and affability to them cannot be too much inculcated. Were a perſon never to converſe or have any intercourſe with his inferiours, he would be precluded from all opportunity of exerciſing ſeveral of the moſt amiable virtues that can adorn the human mind. And hoſpitality towards ſtrangers ought always to be repreſented and ap-

plauded, as one of the moſt generous and elevated virtues of humanity, the want of which betrays an untaught aud ſavage mind. Complaiſance and affability ſhould be ſet forth as its inſeparable companions. And this leſſon ſhould be conſtantly ſounded in their ears, that their rank and condition will be better ſupported by an unaſſuming carriage, and an eaſy humanity, than by the moſt peeviſh and imperious ſtatelineſs. High marks of diſpleaſure ought to be expreſſed againſt children, for any rudeneſs they ſhow to ſtrangers, though far beneath them in rank or fortune. They ſhould be encouraged in talking freely with them, and making themſelves agreeable. But I am afraid, gentlemen, theſe are leſſons which the opulent part of the world, and many of thoſe diſtinguiſhed by titles, will not be very forward to teach their children; and therefor I deſpair to ſee a reformation of taſte in theſe articles.

In the education of youth, ſaid Conſtant, nothing ſeems to me to deſerve more care and pains, than to poſſeſs them ſtrongly with a ſenſe of the connection they have with the public, and the meanneſs of all ſelfiſh and narrow views. I conſider man in three great views, as a rational being; then, as a ſocial one; and laſt of all, as a child of the ſupreme parent, a creature of the author and governor of the univerſe, who knows all his actions, and to whom he is accountable for them. Philander has conſidered him in the firſt view, and Hiero in the laſt. In the ſecond I think he ſuſtains an important character, and the part he has to act deſerves an eſpecial regard. Now the moſt eſſential ingredient in this, is public ſpirit and love of one's country. And the moſt oppoſite principle to the public character, with which

nature hath inveſted us, is that little wretched thing we call—ſelfiſhneſs. This is the quality which, above all things, debaſes human nature, as man is a ſocial creature, and is accompanied with the moſt pernicious effects, with regard to the community of which he is a member. Therefor were a ſenſe of the connection they have with the public, and their obligations to promote its intereſt, ſtrongly imprinted upon the minds of youth, it would lead them, in the future buſy ſcenes of public life, to act in a more wide and exalted ſphere. We ſhould then ſee them keep the good of their country more ſteadily in view, and never dare to proſtitute or even poſtpone it to ſelf-intereſt, upon any occaſion whatever; nay, they could not do it without a ſecret check from within, nor without the ſharp ſtings of remorſe, for acting againſt the plain relations and honourable engagements of ſocial life. Here it may be ſaid, that by making them good men, they will, of courſe, become good patriots. It is true, in ſome reſpect, that juſt private affection is the foundation of that which is public—But yet there are many ſenſible of the private relations of life, who have little ſenſe of what they owe the public. It was formerly obſerved by Philander, that this is one of the laſt connections we take in. A conſequence of which is, that it cannot be expected that ſo large an affection as is the love of our country, ſhould appear very early, or before its object is, in ſome meaſure, apprehended. As our views are enlarged, our affections grow wider of courſe, and are referred to more objects. The progreſs of nature is from a narrow point, even from ſenſe, and the appetites which accompany it. By degrees *ſelf* enlarges its circle, and takes in an-

pler gratifications, as it's powers unfold themſelves. A family comes next, towards which new affections are formed. Friendſhips and affinities open a wider connection, and give birth to more enlarged attachments. At length the circle dilates to a neighbourhood, of which ſome idea muſt be formed, ere the mind can be affected towards it, or intereſted in its fate. In like manner a town, a province, a country, muſt be comprehended, or at leaſt, ſome faint image or idea of them, to excite affections correſpondent to them. Sophron has already given one good reaſon, why people now are not ſo apt to perceive their connection with the public as formerly; when not only the political inſtitutions, but the genius of every thing in the community breathed a public ſpirit, and pointed to a common intereſt. Perhaps another reaſon may likewiſe be aſſigned, that it is not ſo eaſy for us moderns to take in our connection with the public, becauſe it is a larger whole; and the generality do not ſo much feel their influence in the ſtate, as the ancients, whoſe forms of government were more popular, or confined to a particular city or province; where all could diſcern their immediate intereſt in public concerns; and the greateſt part had ſome ſhare in the management. There are, however, ſtill among us ſeveral public images to ſuggeſt ideas of a public, and conſequently to excite public affections; our public buildings, courts, halls, gardens, national aſſemblies, councils, fleets, and the like ſymbols which direct our view to a common good, in which all ſhare in ſome degree Let the pupil therefor be accuſtomed to attend frequently to theſe, and obſerve their reference to a public weal; that ſuch ideas may grow familiar to his mind—that

every thing he ſees and is converſant with, may ſtrike him with his relation to the public, and put him in mind of the duties he owes his country. Whatever ſcience, art, or profeſſion he applies to, let him be taught to obſerve the connection it has with public utility; that his ſtudies, and daily occupations, may run in a public channel,—and that his private intereſt may appear not only connected with that of the public, but likewiſe ſubbordinate to it.

Was our public education upon a footing, in every reſpect ſuch as is to be wiſhed, I ſhould reckon it an admirable way to form the youth to public virtue, and love of their country. The being educated in a public manner, or in companies, is, undoubtedly a very proper method to inſpire men with public views, feelings and affections. There the youth form friendſhips, ſee their connections with others, and their ſubordination and reference to a whole. They learn to know their rank, and ſubſide into their proper ſtation. They grow more active, ſocial and high-ſpirited. Their companions and ſchool-fellows come to be conſidered under the relation of their country-men; and their private affections do, by degrees, ſtretch to a zeal for their common country, or even to a more extenſive *philanthropy*.

But as nothing is apt to affect the human mind in a ſtronger manner than what regards itſelf, I would endeavour to convince youth, by a proper detail of facts, how much their own private intereſt is connected with, and comprehended in that of the public;—the privileges of citizens, with the good of the community, or city, to which they belong;—that again with the welfare of the metropolis, or of

the whole nation. We love whatever is like ourſelves, or in any ſort related to us,—whatever gives us back the image of ourſelves, and falls in with our private prejudices or paſſions, or conduces, in any reſpect, to our intereſt. Children are fond of the ſpot where they were nurſed, and educated, the places which they uſed to frequent, where they lived, played and converſed with their companions. Therefor a ſudden and almoſt involuntary preference is given to an acquaintance, a relation, a neighbour, a fellow-citizen, a countryman, in caſes where a competition ariſes between them and ſtrangers. And no doubt nature intended it ſhould be ſo; that our minds might not be diſtracted amidſt the numerous objects of affection; and that the tie might be drawn cloſeſt, where we have generally the greateſt power and means of doing good.—Therefor to intereſt the youth in their city, province or country, let them be convinced that it is their's,—that their intereſts are inſeparable—that they gain when it flouriſhes, and ſuffer when it decays—and that the good or ill of every individual reflects upon them by ſympathy or communication. But, that they may not be miſled by miſtaken views of intereſt, they muſt be convinced, they muſt feel that their happineſs is of a wider extent than mere perſonal pleaſures or gains—that they muſt be more or leſs happy or miſerable, as others are ſo—that their beſt enjoyments ariſe from participation—that in ſhort, we find the moſt exquiſite pleaſure in the moſt extenſive happineſs, not only of our country, but of mankind—that therefor the higheſt ſelf-intereſt is to promote the greateſt public good. One, thoroughly poſſeſſed of ſuch principles as theſe, will not barter a ſingle

grain of honour for the moſt ſplendid titles, nor betray his country, or even meanly ſhrink from its ſervice, though a world were to be the bribe. Let the youth be early inſpired with ſuch public-ſpirited ſentiments, and they will be patriots, not ſuch as we have but too often ſeen, but ſuch as we always wiſh for. But I doubt we have encroached too much on Hiero's province. For my part I beg his pardon, and hope he will now proceed.

Conſtant finiſhed his diſcourſe with a good deal of warmth, and a certain pathos of voice and manner that is peculiar to him, when he opens upon the ſubject of the public.

I much approve, ſaid Hiero, of our friend's zeal for the public, and entirely agree with him, that no method ſhould be omitted, which may be thought of real efficacy to impreſs a ſtrong ſenſe of what they owe to it, upon the minds of youth. But from the little I have ſeen of the world, I am convinced it is a true ſenſe of religion, a full perſuaſion of an inviſible power, who ſees and knows every thing, and, as we behave well or ill in this life, will accordingly reward or puniſh us in another, that only can reſtrain our giddy paſſions, controul our headſtrong appetites, and ſtop us in the full career of our narrow purſuit after ſelf-intereſt, and the enjoyments of pleaſure and power. I call it narrow, becauſe, in my apprehenſion, nothing betrays a greater narrowneſs, and meanneſs of ſpirit, than to imagine we came into the world for no other reaſon, than to ſerve ourſelves of the pleaſures, the honours and profits that are to be had in it, without a regard to the particular community we ſtand connected with, a more enlarged view to the intereſts of mankind in general, and the relation we bear to our ſu-

preme and all-bounteous parent and benefactor. I mention this laſt relation to the univerſal parent, becauſe I do not ſee how we can form a juſt and perfect idea of ſociety, without having a direct view to the great and almighty Head of it. He who inveſted us in our ſocial character, is the ſupreme judge of our conduct, and to him we are accountable for the ſeveral parts we have acted. His law is binding, where human laws, through ignorance or wickedneſs, are defective; and it's ſanctions reach where thoſe of civil authority and power cannot. So that he is the head and ſupreme governor of the ſocial ſyſtem, who unites its parts, inſpires its connections, and animates the whole body with life and vigour. Therefor I do not conceive how any member of ſociety can act a conſiſtent part, and fulfil his obligations to the community to which he belongs, without a ſenſe of his connection to his almighty Head, and without recognizing his authority which is ſupreme. To be thoroughly ſocial then, one muſt be truly religious.

Theſe are principles that may ſecure the ſteadineſs of a man's conduct in life; and wherever theſe are wanting, we ſee men of the brighteſt parts, and the moſt enlarged capacities, faulter and vary in their behaviour; and however they may pride themſelves in the wantonneſs of power, the ſplendour of titles, or the poſſeſſion of riches, yet through the indirect ways they purſue and obtain them, falling into contempt, and ſinking ſo low as to be the objects not of public hatred only, but of the loweſt ridicule. Would I change characters, and the refined pleaſures of internal freedom and ſelf approbation with ſuch a man? No! I can look down upon him —I conſider him in the view of an abject wretch, a

nuiſance to the public, one that ought to be baniſhed to live among ſuch brutes, as fawn upon the hand that feeds them, and which, by over-feeding, makes them fat and ſleek indeed, but unfit for ſervice, and over-ſtocked with malignant humours and a baſe blood, ready to grow putrid upon every little diſorder. How little the ordinary principles of philoſophy, without religion, are able to ſupport the mind againſt the temptations of power, and brilliancy of riches, we have a notorious inſtance in Seneca, and even in the inflectible Cato. And how much modern experience confirms the ſame truth, I appeal, gentlemen, to the ſlighteſt obſervation. For this reaſon, as well as others, I thought the imprinting an early and deep ſenſe of religion on the pupil's mind, an eſſential part in a complete plan of education. For ſurely of all connections and relations, that in which he ſtands to his Maker is the higheſt, and of firſt dignity. To ſettle this important point on a rational footing, and conſequently to rivet religious impreſſions more ſtrongly and durably on the mind, I thought that courſe, or ſeries of religious inſtructions, which I formerly ventured to recommend, a neceſſary preparative.

Man, by his original conſtitution, was, I think, deſigned to be a rational, and conſequently a religious creature. Many of his powers and affections would have been uſeleſs, without ſuch a religious or divine deſtination. One thing is certain, that no object ſhort of Deity, is commenſurate either to his intellectual or moral faculties and diſpoſitions. The perfection of reaſon, and divinity of virtue, find here alone an object adequate to their energy and vital operation. To each relation therefor, in which the creature man ſtands to the Deity, there correſ-

ſponds a peculiar courſe of actions. How then are the former to be educed, and the latter followed, but by exhibiting thoſe relations in ſo full and commanding a light, as ſhall direct the energies of the ſoul to their proper object and end. Whatever therefor tends to impreſs a ſenſe of the relations, muſt, in proportion to the force of the impreſſion, be efficacious towards producing the affections and conduct correſpondent to them. The Deity alone has an intimate communication with the human mind, and conſequently he only can, by an immediate influence, penetrate its inmoſt ſprings, and direct or controul it's powers. The extent of one mortal's energy or action, on the mind of another, is of a different kind, more narrow and infinitely leſs efficacious. To this over-ruling Mind, then, we muſt leave the adequate direction of all inferiour minds and the full adjuſtment of their motions. From him alone we expect that mighty enlivening energy, which is to recompenſe every jarring motion, and call forth the perfect exerciſe of the ſeveral powers.

Therefor, with an entire reſignation to his invariable orders, and an humble dependence on his ſuperiour influence, let us feeble and ignorant mortals attempt only what is within our own province, and proportioned to our powers;—uſe the means which are moſt effectual, and beſt adapted to the genius of the creature, we are to form and regulate; and if we fail not through indolence, or wicked intention, the all-governing Mind will do the reſt.

It is our buſineſs to proceed in the way of argument and rational conviction; and therefor I would endeavour to point out to the pupil, and make him take notice of the connection between thoſe relations in which the Deity ſtands to him, and the duties or

obligations reſulting from thence; for inſtance, between the relation of a Creator; and the duty of reverence and dependence in a creature—between that of a Benefactor and the correſponding obligation to gratitude, truſt, and love—that of a Lawgiver and Judge; and the duties of regard to his authority, and ſubmiſſion to his will—that of a perfect Pattern; and humble imitation;—of the Fountain of all wiſdom, and power, and happineſs; and a conſtant application to his goodneſs—and ſo of the reſt. By making him often attend to the divine providence, particularly to thoſe diſpenſations of it which I formerly mentioned, and to the perfections of God diſplayed therein, as well as in his works, I would accuſtom him, if poſſible, to an habitual veneration of his Maker, and an affecting ſenſe of his preſence and conſtant ſuper-intendency over human affairs;—eſpecially that all his thoughts, paſſions, and purſuits lie open to his all-ſeeing eye;—that this preſence is ever ready to befriend him if he do well, and chaſtiſe him if he do ill;—that therefor he ought ever to act under an impreſſion of infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs—and be animated by theſe, to excel in every virtue, and guard againſt the firſt and minuteſt acceſs to corruption and vice. Thoſe ſtriking exhibitions of Deity which I formerly mentioned, as expreſſed in ſenſible and aſtoniſhing events, will make the moſt powerful impreſſions on the pupil's mind, and by conſequence will bid faireſt for calling forth ſuch ſentiments and affections as they are fitted to produce. Therefor frequently revolving the hiſtory of thoſe events, muſt be of great ſervice towards the attainment of the end propoſed.

If there are any diſpoſitions in human nature

friendly and connatural to ſuch impreſſions; if, for inſtance, there be any perception of beauty and deſign in the order of nature—any admiration of grandeur,—any ſympathy with the happineſs of others,—any ſenſe of honour and applauſe,—any complacence in virtue,—or any ſentiments of gratitude to one's benefactor;—if there be any ſenſe of a governing mind and providence, or of his perfections,—any tendency to truſt and reſignation to ſuperiour power, wiſdom, or goodneſs;—or, in ſhort, any aſpiring of mind towards heaven in caſes of diſtreſs;—I would improve all theſe natural principles: I call them natural, becauſe we ſcarce find a man without ſome degree of them: I ſay, I would improve them to inforce the religious impreſſions we want to make on the pupil's mind, and thus exalt what is natural to religion, to divinity, and the ſublimeſt virtue.

To theſe impreſſions of natural religion, I would join the more powerful inforcements of that which is revealed. To prepare his mind for the readier reception of it, I would endeavour to ſhew him his ignorance, even in things of the greateſt importance, and conſequently the need he has of inſtruction; I would deſire him often to attend to the force of his paſſions and affections, which being continually expoſed to dangers from all quarters, may eaſily lead him into all manner of vice and corruption. This will diſpoſe him to welcome any aid which the gracious Parent of mankind ſhall deign to beſtow, and to ſet a high value on the ſeveral revelations he has been pleaſed to grant to ignorant and corrupt mortals. And indeed, what an ignorant creature is man without ſome kind of revelation, or inſtruction,

(if you will chuſe rather to give it that more faſhionable name) whether that inſtruction is communicated to us immediately from the fountain of all truth and wiſdom, or from him by the intervention of our fellow-mortals! How unformed and ſavage, nay how headſtrong in all his paſſions, and how unapt for the purpoſes of ſocial life, till he is moulded, and in a manner re-created, by a happy and divine culture!

By a fair exhibition of chriſtianity, I would endeavour to inſpire him with the love of ſo amiable and benevolent an inſtitution—and by a juſt delineation of the character of its exalted Author in the hiſtory of his life, call forth thoſe ſentiments of veneration, ſubmiſſion, gratitude, and love, which ſo heroic and meritorious, ſo ſacred and divine a character claims.

I would not puzzle his tender and ductile mind with thoſe abſtruſe ſpeculations and barren controverſies, which have been made the badges of parties, and often converted the beſt-natured religion in the world, into an engine of mortal hatred and mutual hoſtilities between its profeſſors. As the religion of Chriſt was deſigned as a plain conſiſtent rule of life, and not a ſyſtem of abſtracted reaſonings and ſpeculations;—to influence the heart more than to fill the head; I would endeavour above all things, to awaken that high ſpirit of diſintereſted and extenſive virtue, which it recommends and breathes throughout—that ardent and undiſſembled love of God and mankind—that thorough ſelf-government and purity of heart—that inflexible integrity and reſignation to providence—that elevation above the world, and contempt of wealth and worldly gran-

deur (the greateſt enemies to chriſtian perfection) which were as glorioufly eminent in its firſt profeſſors, as they are now by many thought to be remarkably defective in its preſent ones.

That he may attain this noble ſpirit and general aptitude for the various duties of life (the true fource of all inward freedom and pleaſure) I would endeavour to convince him of the neceſſity and advantage of frequent application to the Fountain of all being and perfection, and of maintaining a daily intercourſe with him; then I would deſire him to lay his mind open to thoſe ſecret irradiations of divine wiſdom and love, which the benevolent Father of all never fails to communicate to all ſuch as aſpire after his influence.

Let the pupil's heart be once kindled and inſpirited after this manner, by a fire lighted from above; I am confident he will not be a ſtranger to any ſocial or chriſtian virtue; he will breathe the very ſpirit and genius of his maſter, be a good ſon, parent, neighbour, friend, a friend to mankind, a patriot in reality and ſubſtance, not by profeſſion or in ſhow only; equally unſeduced by pleaſure and power; great amidſt afflictions, and, in proſperity, ever attentive to the wants, and watchful of the intereſts of his fellow-creatures;——at all times conſiſtent with himſelf, and ſteadily virtuous to the end of life. The principles of religion, therefor, will be the beſt counter-charm to the allurements of pleaſure, and the ſureſt preſervative againſt the corruption of the world. And, without the help of theſe, I do not ſee, how mankind can, in this mixed and dangerous ſcene of things, maintain an uniform and uncorrupted virtue.

And now, gentlemen, continued Hiero, you have

my thanks for having ſo well ſupplied my defects, and filled up, by your ingenious obſervations, what remained of the plan. For I apprehend there is no occaſion now for my ſaying any thing concerning diligence and induſtry, the laſt things I propoſed to accuſtom youth to, in as much as theſe are beſt learned by daily exerciſe, or by finding proper employment or diverſion for all their hours, and making theſe mutually relieve each other; ſo that they ſhall long as much for the return of their taſk, as of the amuſement that ſucceeds it, or rather ſhall think their leſſon a relief from the fatigue of play.

There is only one thing, gentlemen, ſaid Philander, which I beg leave to obſerve; that, without deſign, you ſeem to have made the two grand ſprings of government, rewards and puniſhments, in our embryo-inſtitution, to lie in *praiſe* and *blame*: I believe very juſtly;——and cannot help thinking, that it requires a good deal of diſcretion to manage thoſe right. Boys love praiſe exceedingly, and, under proper regulations, it may be made the prime inſtrument of education, a noble ſpur to diligence and every other virtue. But it ought never to be given unleſs the thing commended be really laudable. And children ſhould never be allowed to compare themſelves with others, in order to prevent that overweaning conceit of themſelves, which they are apt to fall into. It is true, the virtues of others may be ſet before them as goads to ſtimulate them to induſtry and a generous emulation: but the characters of others are not to be proſtituted as foils, either to palliate their defects or heighten their virtues. Therefor I would never praiſe them by way of compariſon, or tell them that they are more knowing,

more virtuous or induſtrious than this or the other acquaintance. For this often tends to make them vain conceited creatures, and to nouriſh that moſt deteſtable of all paſſions, *envy*, which ought, by every method, to be quaſhed In order indeed to guard a youth againſt the exceſs of ſome paſſions, it may be neceſſary to ſhew their pernicious effects, in the examples of ſome of his acquaintance; that he may ſurvey, in cool blood, the deformity and danger of immoderate paſſion. Thus I would ſhew him how ſome of his ſchool-fellows have loſt their reputation, and are treated with contempt for having cheated their comrades, or done any other dirty trick. To expoſe the deformity of drunkenneſs in all its horror, he need only be ſhewn, as the Spartan boys were, what a pitiful contemptible creature a man in liquor is, how far he debaſes his nature, and ſinks his credit in the eyes of every ſober ſenſible man. I would convince him of the crime of injuſtice, by pointing out to him in ſome inſtances the indignation expreſſed, and the ſevere proſecutions carried on by the injured againſt the injurious. In order to teach him the miſchief of exceſſive anger, I would let him ſee how furious and frantic it often makes the enraged creatures, and how ſoundly they are ſometimes beaten by their fellow townſmen, for the effects of their paſſion. Thus I would inſtruct him in the way of example; but at the ſame time to prevent odious compariſons of himſelf with others, I would breed him up to a modeſt and ingenuous ſenſe of his own merit, and teach him to take more pleaſure in contemplating the beauties than the blemiſhes of another's character, by diſcovering a regret in obſerving the failings, but a peculiar ſa isfaction in pointing out, and dwelling upon, the excel-

lencies of others. A youth thus educated will be modeſt in judging of his own merit, candid in eſtimating that of others, more forward to commend than to condemn; and he will cenſure with mildneſs where he cannot praiſe.

Were our youth educated upon ſome ſuch plan, as you gentlemen have now recommended, I am convinced a great many of thoſe miſcarriages would be prevented, of which we ſo juſtly complain. We ſhould then ſee (and who could ſee it without high ſatisfaction?) a ſober, manly, virtuous youth growing up, inſtead of that lazy, effeminate diſſolute race, who do ſuch diſhonour to their country, and bear too evident marks of an idle enervated education.

From the induſtrious mechanic to the accompliſhed magiſtrate, from the humbleſt ſcrivener to the firſt-rate ſtateſman, we ſhould ſee every poſt filled up with men of probity and parts.

And were the ladies educated upon the ſame plan, with proper allowances for the diſtinctions of character, we ſhould find the Britiſh fair as much diſtinguiſhed by their diſcretion, as natural modeſty, and ſurpaſſing the reſt of the world not only in beauty, but in elegance of manners, amiable converſation, and every female accompliſhment.

DIALOGUE XI.

EUGENIO told us the other night, that he had been reading a ſchool-book, from which he thought he had learned more uſeful knowlege, than could be acquired by turning over great volumes of philoſophy. For, added he, I was wonderfully amuſed, at the ſame time that I was inſtructed in the deepeſt maxims of wiſdom and good conduct.

We were all curious to know what inſtructive book Eugenio had been reading; when Conſtant aſked him, if Homer or Virgil had been his moral teachers?

No truly, Conſtant, replied Eugenio, I was content to take up with a humbler teacher than any of thoſe poetic heroes. It was a plain ſtory-teller of antiquity, who not daring to riſe ſo high as the wars of gods and men, tells us ſtrange tales of the adventures of birds and beaſts, and delivers oracles from the oaks and trees. You may perceive I mean Æſop, that renowned liar and fable-wright of ancient times; who, they ſay, earned a livelihood, and got into the favour of the great, by making and retailing his fables. This, Conſtant, was my moral inſtructor, and I was peruſing him in his mother-tongue, in plain Greek; in which I think he tells his tales with more ſprightlineſs and ingenious turns, than any of his tranſlators and commentators have done for him in their new-faſhioned compoſitions.

Was then the polite Eugenio, ſaid Conſtant, content to be entertained with ſuch a homely teller of tales? I thought ſome faſhionable modern romance,

the Travels of Cyrus, or a Marianne, or ſome other celebrated novel would have better ſuited one of ſo refined a taſte. But I perceive—

You may perceive, Sir, if you will, ſaid Eugenio, interrupting him, that you judge a little haſtily—that the polite Eugenio has not quite ſo modern a taſte as you fancied, nor is ſo over-run with the love of French tinſel, but he can likewiſe admire ſome of the rough ore of antiquity. Know then, my grave friend, that the ſame polite Eugenio, whoſe taſte you ſo highly value, can not only reliſh what is Greek and Roman, but prefers an ancient ſtory-teller, or mythologiſt, to all your modern novelliſts; and thinks that they convey better ſenſe and profounder inſtruction than even the moſt elaborate ſyſtems; and, I am ſure, in a much more engaging and agreeable manner.

Here Philander perceiving that the diſcourſe was like to grow perſonal, interpoſed between the two antagoniſts, and ſaid; without enquiring, gentlemen, into your reſpective taſtes, I have often wondered, "How, or by what ſtrange difference of genius and "taſte, or by what different diſpoſition of things it "has happened that the ancients and moderns have "uſed ſuch different ways of inſtruction; that the "one delighted ſo much in fable, allegory and mi-"micry: and the others have ſo much employed "the way of ſyſtem, precept and methodical in-"ſtruction." Did the ancients underſtand human nature better than the moderns? Or were their ſcholars more ignorant and ſtupid, that they found it neceſſary to uſe thoſe baits of tales and fables to catch as well as to inſtruct the rude multitudes? Or were there better poets then, and more artful liars than now? Or is our genius ſo improved in theſe latter

times, that we love truth, pure truth, and admit it more eaſily in its naked ſimplicity, than the ancients did, when it was cloathed with all the ornaments and graces of fiction? I have ſcarce yet been able thoroughly to ſatisfy myſelf to which of theſe, or to what other cauſes, we are to aſcribe this difference of taſte and practice.

I think, ſaid Conſtant, we ſhould firſt be ſure of the truth of the fact. If the ancients abounded in fable and fiction, methinks we ſuperabound. Every age brings forth ſome new ſpecies of it. Books of chivalry were once in the higheſt vogue, and wonderful feats of martial proweſs, as giant-killing and monſter-taming were formerly the way of making love. To them ſucceeded Arcadian ſcenes, and repreſentations of a more indolent and ſighing kind of love. Theſe have, at length, improved into all the warmth and wildneſs of modern gallantry: polite romance and novel are now the darling entertainments of the age. Nothing will go down, if it be not ſeaſoned with a tale: ſo that I believe, for one fiction among the ancients, we have a thouſand among us moderns. Our polite neighbours have led us the way; and if Britiſh brains are not ſo prolific of romances, we ſwarm with tranſlations, which are no ſooner caſt off than ſwallowed, without any diſguſt at our manner of dreſſing them.

I ſhall readily confeſs, replied Philander, that modern times have not been barren of romantic fiction; but then it is generally pure fiction, without either truth or reſemblance to it. If the ancients told lies, they were probable lies, founded on nature, and copied from it. I do not remember to have read of any romances n the ancient times of Greece or Rome, or of any of thoſe tender and gallant ſcenes

which are the main hinges upon which our romantic viſions turn. Theſe illuſtrious productions ſoar beyond nature, or they give us nature inverted, or elſe ſo over-charged, that we cannot diſtinguiſh her. Nor can I have the charity to believe that they are calculated to inſtruct, or make us better; they rather ſerve to inflame a wanton fancy, and enervate the mind. Whereas ancient fable and allegory are evidently framed to teach us wiſdom, to ſet human life to view, to paint the paſſions and their effects, to recommend virtue, and make vice horrible. Every thing, both in verſe and proſe, was informed and full of life. Their dialogues were pictures of ordinary converſation, and reflected images of men and manners. Now, muſt we not often pore upon commentaries, dig in ſyſtems, and ſweat through many a dull eſſay or formal treatiſe, without life and ſpirit, before we can pick up any knowlege at all?

I ſuppoſe, ſaid Hiero, this muſt be owing to the different taſte and manners of the times. We do not love the enigmatic way of being inſtructed by fable and allegory, where you dive for a meaning yourſelf, and after all your pains cannot be ſure of the true one. We cannot bear to labour through a long converſation, where the arguments are ſifted on both ſides, and hang in a kind of equilibrium between the contending parties, and where you muſt lean ſometimes to one ſide, and then to another, without knowing perhaps where to fix. Truth muſt be caſt out like a heap of pearls before us, where we may chuſe and gather at pleaſure. We love to come immediately to the point, and cannot bear to fluctuate with reſpect to our opinions. Beſides, as has often been obſerved, we cannot think of ſeeing our own faces and manners truly repre-

ſented, and therefor either recourſe muſt be had to falſe perſonages and feigned manners, as in our romances and novels; or elſe we muſt be taught in the former didactic way. Our ordinary converſations would perhaps furniſh out but ſorry entertainment for a ſtudious hour, if copied out in black and white. The tranſcripts muſt either be ſtuffed with unmeaning compliment, or as unmeaning gallantry, or party politics, or low ribaldry and ſcandal; or if they are not, they muſt appear unnatural. All imitation therefor, of this kind, is cut off. And as to fable and allegory, I fancy we think it is uſing us too much like children, to teach us in that way. We love to be inſtructed in the more manly method of propoſitions, axioms, proofs and demonſtration. A heap of arguments or corollaries pleaſes our ſcientific taſte better than a well-woven tale, or an high-wrought allegory. Different ages have different taſtes. It ſeems the Grecian taſte was ſet to fiction and ſtories; their poets and inſtructors complied with the prevailing gout, and therefor abounded in fiction. Hence they are over-run with it; their prieſts ſpoke in dark ſayings; their poets were mythologiſts, or tellers of tales; and their philoſophers wrapped up their profoundeſt dogma's in allegory: and this I imagine is a true account of Philander's phenomenon.

Perhaps, ſaid Sophron, Hiero may have accounted for it, how it comes that we moderns have ſo little diſpoſition towards the imitating way of writing; but I much queſtion whether he has hit upon the true cauſe of the prevalence of the fabulous and fictitious way among the ancients. Men do now-a-days delight in fiction as formerly; the love of fable and romance we ſee ſtill prevails, though it has taken a-

nother turn. I ſhould therefor rather aſcribe it to ſome difference in the circumſtances of ancient times, that fiction was then ſuch a reigning mode of inſtruction. I am apt to believe, that it ſprang from neceſſity, which has been the mother of many uſeful inventions. When men were ſcattered upon the face of the earth, and lived in a wild uncultivated ſtate, Orpheus, Linus, Theſeus, and the other mantamers, found it abſolutely neceſſary to uſe every ſtratagem to ſoften and civilize thoſe rude ſavages. When they could make themſelves to be underſtood, inſtruction was among the firſt things requiſite to diſtinguiſh them from their fellow-animals, their companions in the woods and caves. And how was this to be done? Not ſure by dry leſſons about the origin of things, the birth of men, the nature of ſociety, the neceſſity of union, and the various forms of polity. Their yet untaught minds were incapable of ſuch ſublime ideas; therefor the founders of cities employed the powers of muſic to gain the attention of the gaping crouds, and then told them ſome marvellous tale of the reign of Saturn, the golden age, the battles of the gods, the terrors of Tartarus, the joys of Elyſium, the ſtory of Prometheus and Pandora's box, the chaſtiſements of the furies: by theſe and the like tales they ſtole into the hearts of the honeſt gazing ſavages, impreſſed them with a reverence of inviſible powers, ſhewed the happy effects of juſtice and laws, and awed them with the dread of puniſhment; ſo that thoſe well-contrived (Μυθοι) *fables*, were not only vehicles of knowlege and moral inſtruction, but admirable engines to break and govern the fierce paſſions of a ſavage and tumultuous populace. Truth unadorn-

ed, would ſcarce have had charms to engage the attention, or win the hearts of ignorant and uncivilized men; and therefor it was neceſſary to clothe it with fiction, and many ſenſible or ſurpriſing circumſtances, to procure attention, and leave a deep impreſſion in their minds. The favourable reception thoſe tales met with, encouraged other lawgivers and politicians to follow the example, and make farther improvements in the way of fable. What was at firſt an affair of neceſſity, became afterwards matter of refined policy on the one hand, and curious entertainment on the other. It was found the moſt agreeable as well as uſeful method of conveying truth into the mind. Hence the poets adopted fiction, and employed the whole machinery of fable, at once to inſtruct and entertain Heſiod ſpun out his beautiful Theogony, or the birth of the gods, and clothed his Pandora, who repreſented poliſhed life, with every grace of heaven and earth. Homer ſung the wrath of Peleus's ſon, and the wandering of the ſage Ulyſſes. Philoſophers likewiſe ſeized the poetic phantoms, gave a body to their abſtracted notions, and perſonated the paſſions and ſentiments of the ſoul. Beſides, they found fiction uſeful in many other reſpects. For either they feared it would be dangerous to vent ſome of their ſpeculations, eſpecially of the theological kind, among a ſuperſtitious people, who would have been forward enough to arraign the authors as impious: or they wanted to give an auguſt and venerable air to their profounder diſcoveries, and therefor covered them with the vail of allegory; which, while it hid them from vulgar eyes, gave employment to the more ingenious part of mankind to find out the concealed meaning. The practice was originally Egyptian; but being refined

by Grecian wits, was admirably adapted to conceal and convey the ſublimeſt philoſophy. But thoſe only who had diſcerning eyes could ſee and underſtand. For theſe or ſome ſuch reaſons, I fancy, were fable and allegory ſo much uſed among the ancients. Now-a-days things ſtand upon a different footing. Men live in ſocieties which have been long ſince formed, poliſhed by laws, and inſtructed in arts; nor is there ſo much neceſſity, at preſent, to uſe thoſe ſoothing engines, that were applied to mankind in the infancy of communities, and while they were yet in their rude primeval ſtate.

The deepeſt diſcoveries in philoſophy are now no longer confined within the walls of a ſacred college, or preſerved as arcana by wary philoſophers, only to be revealed to their ſcholars the initiates, or the wiſer few; they are open to every body, being expoſed in broad day-light. Nor do men, in our days, run ſuch risques in retailing a favourite notion. They may defend, refute, comment, dictate, or ſcepticize on any thing with all the raſh dexterity of wit. The people are a harmleſs race, and the divines, diſdaining the uſe of carnal weapons, have recourſe only to their pen, and to rational and perſuaſive argument. So that the ancient diſguiſed manner of fable and allegory is now neither neceſſary nor much in vogue. The direct and formal method of inſtruction has taken place of the other; and we can purchaſe, at an eaſy rate, large bodies of divinity, philoſophy or politics.

I would, ſubjoined Philander, add a few words to what Sophron has ingeniouſly ſuggeſted on this curious ſubject. I think the hiſtory of learning will clear up any remaining difficulty. You know,

gentlemen, that even among the ancients, this method prevailed chiefly in the earlier ages; before the ſciences were ſeparated, or men had narrowly inſpected the procedure of the human underſtanding, and the means of inveſtigating truth. In thoſe days, if I may ſay ſo, men rather felt than thought. Paſſion and the ſeveral internal ſenſes were the great ſprings of action. Rude as at that time they were, unaccuſtomed to regulate their conduct by maxims reſulting from deep reflection, and unacquainted with the various analogies of natural and moral things, they were ſtruck with a fond enthuſiaſm, a mixture of wonder and ſelf-applauſe, on the perception of ſuch analogies, and carried head-long by all the powers of the ſoul, to fulfil the precepts which they pointed out. But ſince ſocieties became numerous and knowing, as Sophron obſerved, life took a cooler turn, private men depended more on their own dexterity for the acquiſition of riches and honours; the paſſions were covered; the mind grew acute by conſtant exerciſe; the ſearch of truth, both in action and ſpeculation, aſſumed a ſober appearance, and philoſophers looked on the colourings and heat of fancy, in the ſame light as a grave man of buſineſs regards the beauty of a blooming young girl. The long night of Gothic and Monkiſh barbariſm not only laid waſte the monuments, but ſpoiled the very taſte of ancient imagery and fiction. The ſubtle, diſtinguiſhing, diſputatious genius of the ſchool-philoſophy ſucceeded, and involved every thing in myſterious unmeaning terms of art, or in ſuch metaphyſical ſubtleties, as were too ſlender for the hold of vulgar underſtandings. Next came pouring in the learned and loquacious controverſies among philologiſts and grammarians, about the writings of the ancients;

controverſies concerning words rather than things, and the *letter* more than the *ſpirit* of theſe noble writers. Theſe uſhered in the polemical divinity which aroſe at the reformation, and which, being blended with political intereſts, ſet the one half of the world againſt the other, and gave birth to infinite volumes, which ſeldom convinced any but the writers and their own party, and were ſcarce read by any body elſe. Add to all, the formal ſyſtematic way of teaching all ſciences and arts, even thoſe which have moſt of rapture and enthuſiaſm, which prevailed at that time in ſchools and univerſities; and I imagine the death of fable, and of thoſe other ways of writing, that depend moſtly on feeling and imagination, will appear a very natural one. For diſtinction, ſyſtem and cool enquiry, are mortal enemies to mythology, and poetic tranſport. And ſince the former have ſo much prevailed in modern times, that we have been almoſt entirely habituated to them, there is perhaps leſs neceſſity now to open the old vein, and addreſs to our underſtandings in that fanciful and diſguiſed manner.

I doubt much, ſaid Simplicius, the method of fiction is as neceſſary now, as in ancient times. Men are ſtill men, and though formed into regular well-improved ſocieties, the generality of them are ſtill ſo ignorant and uncultivated, as to ſtand in need of every device to render inſtruction palatable to them. Syſtem indeed, and regular methodical treatiſes, like Aaron's rod which ſwallowed the magicians', and fairly baffled their magical ſpells and myſtic incantations, may ſeem to have an effect equally fatal to the ancient way of inſtruction But that we are ſtill not a little averſe to the grave and formal me-

thod of inſtruction, I think the eaſy purchaſe of thoſe bulky bodies Sophron mentioned, is a palpable proof. And what confirms me in this opinion, is, ſeeing how the generality run after every thing that wears the face of ſtory, or fabulous entertainment. Men uſually take more pains to feed their imaginations than to inform their judgments. In this reſpect, I believe they are only older children. They love to be ſurprized and held in ſuſpenſe. Nothing is more agreeable to them than to follow the poet, or moral painter, through a long ſeries of events, which open ever and anon ſome new and aſtoniſhing ſcene to their view. Whereas they are very apt to ſleep over a long or dry diſcourſe or ſpeculation. Either we are diſpleaſed with thoſe airs of wiſdom and ſuperiority which the teacher aſſumes, or we think ourſelves too wiſe to be dictated to. Therefor it has been obſerved that the moſt artful maſters of advice have always proceeded with great caution in this affair. Knowing how delicate and ſqueamiſh their ſcholars were, they took care to appear themſelves as little as poſſible; they made no immediate or direct application to their minds, and in all appearance ſeemed only to amuſe them with a tale; while, at bottom, they meant moſt ſeriouſly to inſtruct and adviſe. They rather hinted their failings than upbraided them with them, and their greateſt art was employed to conceal art. Beſides, we love to be our own maſters, and make the purchaſe for ourſelves. What coſts us nothing we are apt to undervalue, and it is as ſoon forgot as known; but what we diſcover ourſelves, we are pleaſed with, as the fruit of our own induſtry. We are fond to apply circumſtances and characters, and trace compariſons between the fancied object and the imagery, to

find out the meaning and moral of the tale, and then applaud ourſelves for the diſcovery. I might add, that abſtract thinking, or dry ſpeculation, oppreſſes and tires the mind, and is t, likewiſe, ſometimes to lead it into viſionary ſcenes remote from human life; whereas gay images and pleaſant pictures of paſſions and the various incidents of life, ſuch as fables and allegories exhibit, relax and nouriſh the mind, and bring it down from its ſublime flights to life and action. Therefor I cannot help thinking, that fable of every kind, whether of the purely allegorical, hiſtorical or moral, may be very uſefully employed, not only to convey truth into the mind, but to moderate and humanize the paſſions. And as no kind of writing bids fairer to be read, ſo none will produce nobler or more laſting effects, if it be well executed.

I am afraid, ſubjoined Conſtant, that it ſounds ſomething like a paradox, to affirm, as Simplicius has done, that truth and fiction are ſo nearly allied, that the one may be made a vehicle to the other. Fiction is a repreſentation of ſomething that does not exiſt. It raiſes ſpecters and mere viſions of fancy; and then, by a ſtrange kind of deception, perſuades us that they are realities, and intereſts us in them as if they were ſo. Now though grown men may be diverted with ſuch chimaera's without danger, becauſe they are ſenſible of the train that is laid for them, yet may not the practice of entertaining children with tales and fables, operate too ſtrongly upon their imaginations, which are very warm and luxuriant? May it not give them a habit of telling lies themſelves, or elſe ſo confound their judgments, that they ſhall ſcarce be able to diſtinguiſh between reality and fiction? Will not this diminiſh the hor-

ror of a lie, where they fancy a good end may be anſwered by it, as deceiving others for their profit, or procuring an immediate advantage to themſelves? But this is not all. I doubt there is a tendency in thoſe fictions which are put in children's hands, to vitiate their taſte, and corrupt the heart. The family-tales or traditional fables of witches, apparitions, fairies and hobgoblins, which often are imprudently told by nurſes, and ſometimes even by parents, to frighten or entertain children, can have no other effect than to fill their minds with the wildeſt frenzies, with hurtful fears, and frequently with low ſuperſtition. What notions of life, what taſte for nature, can ſuch monſtrous fictions, as the adventures of Valentine and Orſan, the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendom, or ſome of the eaſtern reveries or tales: I ſay, what taſte can they produce but what is falſe and prodigiouſly abſurd? The mind, which delights in ſuch unnatural and extravagant tales, will hardly be brought to reliſh ſober truth and plain hiſtory. The ſickly and lame compoſitions of your French and Spaniſh novel-writers, have ſtill, if poſſible, a worſe effect. They inſpire quite falſe notions of honour and courage, diſſolve the mind, eſpecially of one of an amorous turn, into a ſilly whining ſort of love; and in the room of the nobleſt paſſions, and an uſeful activity for the public, they ſubſtitute a fantaſtic and effeminate thing, which they miſname *gallantry*. Every ſocial and manly affection is ſtarved to feed this; the hero is daily dying at the feet of his miſtreſs, and is conſiderable, not by his virtue, or uſeful ſervices to his country, but according to the figure he makes in her eyes, or the risques he runs in fighting for her, againſt all real and imaginary rivals. Therefor I ſhould think it more ſafe to keep

all ſorts of fictions out of the hands of youth, than by expoſing them ſuch books, to endanger their taſte of life and morals, and give them a viſionary romantic turn.

I admit, ſaid Philander, that the bulk of modern fictions is of a wretched taſte, and very extravagant. But is it therefor reaſonable to condemn them by the lump? Yes, ſays Conſtant; fiction is dangerous, and may lead youth into a love of error and diſguiſe.—A rare diſcovery indeed! Children will, without queſtion, be perſuaded that Æſop's beaſts and trees ſpeak, and hold real conferences together. The prophets, to be ſure, were great impoſtors, when they contrived tales to reclaim ſtraying ſaints, and correct a ſtubborn people; and if we follow their example, without a heavenly commiſſion authorizing us, who knows into what labyrinths of error we may lead others? Nay even our Saviour's parables are very dangerous things, no doubt, and may lead good chriſtians into terrible miſtakes. As for Homer, he muſt have been an arch-thorough-pac'd liar, who told ſuch monſtrous ſtories of Circe's cup, and the woful changes that followed her fell incantations. And his ſweet-tongued imitator, in modern times, who narrated in ſuch a maſterly ſtyle, the wanderings of Ulyſſes's ſon, is, paſt all doubt, an arrant heretical ſtory-teller. If children are once taught to liſten to ſuch mere fictions, or parabolic ſtories, they muſt, with ſuch a ſtock of credulity as they have naturally, improve wonderfully in their taſte of the marvellous, and in a habit of lying. But was Conſtant really ſerious when he deſcribed the dangers of fiction, and uttered his avaunts againſt the fatal charms of deception? Did he forget that fiction, general unadulterated fiction, is the voice and image of

nature, that it hath truth for it's archetype, and is indeed only ſo far valuable, as it repreſents it truly? It borrows indeed imaginary perſons and things, and often combines them at pleaſure; but they are ſuch as are either poſſible, and generally probable, or which, being once ſuppoſed, have certain qualities or natures peculiar to them. And all theſe imaginary beings or ſpecters, as Conſtant was pleaſed to call them, talk and act in perfect conformity to their real or ſuppoſititious natures. The paſſions are painted ſo as to expreſs the very dictates of the heart, or the whole fable, parable and ſtory, is wove into that texture, which the particular combination of circumſtances would have framed in the given inſtance. The gods of Homer are allowed by us to be fictitious beings; yet Jove acts with that awful ſtate and ſuperior majeſty, which we would aſcribe to the father of them, were he really exiſting, upon Homer's plan. Juno behaves with that imperial dignity which becomes the queen of the gods. Pallas ſuſtains her character of conſummate wiſdom with a propriety which delights us. And Venus diſplays her charms and amiable caprice with a gracefulneſs becoming the goddeſs of love. The caſe is the ſame with the heroes. Achilles boils with all the rage and raſhneſs which we expect from the boiſterous and impetuous youth. In Agamemnon we find that ſullen majeſty and ſtatelineſs, which is natural to the king and generaliſſimo of a numerous army. The allys are all finely marked, and the perſons diſcover thoſe exact features of paſſion, of pride, reſentment and bravery, which befit their reſpective characters: I mean, that the paſſions ſpeak and act, not as they appear in this or the other particular characters, which we know, but as they

ought to do, and as their nature would prompt them in the caſe ſuppoſed. Therefor the maſters of fiction never leave us at a loſs how to diſtinguiſh between truth and falſhood. Their draughts aſcertain preciſely the boundaries of nature; and when they lie, they do it with ſuch art and diſcretion, that we run no riſque of taking appearances for realities. Such juſt delineations of nature are the beſt preſervatives againſt deceit and impoſition; and thus fable by a ſurprizing aptitude to hold out men and manners to view, becomes the beſt inſtructor to guide us to truth. Therefor I ſee no reaſon why Conſtant ſhould expreſs ſo great a dread of employing fiction in the education of youth, ſince juſt fable will be one of the beſt guards to arm us againſt wild romance.

That fables, ſaid Hiero, have been of uncontroverted uſe, from the earlieſt ages, is, I think, pretty evident; that the parabolical or allegorical way of inſtructing mankind is vindicated by good authority, Philander has fairly ſhown. What elſe were our Saviour's parables, but ſhort and ſignificant ſtories, taken from ſome common familiar accident or circumſtance in life, or any obvious appearance in nature, by which he ſhadowed forth to the people a faint yet ſenſible idea of his heavenly doctrines and precepts? This divine teacher was well aware, that even the favourite nation were, like others, ſlow of underſtanding, unattentive, groſs and earthly in their conceptions; therefor he did not ſpin out a threed of cloſe-connected reaſoning, nor entertain his hearers with ſublime and curious ſpeculations drawn from the depths of divinity or morals; he did not object, confute and wrangle, like the diſputants of the age, but talked to them of things they daily ſaw

and heard, and were converſant about. By thoſe ſimple, but moving ſtories of the prodigal ſon, the publican and phariſee, the marriage-feaſt, the ſower, the houſeholder, and the like, which were all natural pictures of common and generally low life, he taught the ſerious and well diſpoſed, the doctrines of his kingdom, caught the attention of the liſtleſs multitudes, and at the ſame time, eluded the malicious deſigns of his enemies.

The effect was proportioned to the contrivance. Immenſe crouds flocked after him, to hear him preach. They hung with wonder and attention upon his lips, while they felt their various paſſions of joy, ſorrow, pity, and the moſt tender ſentiments of humanity, moved by his intereſting parables. How, for inſtance, would they be melted with the affectionate tenderneſs of the indulgent father, when he went out to meet his prodigal ſon,—with his kind welcome—his fond embraces—his generous forgiveneſs! What a delightful ſcene muſt it raiſe, in the minds of his hearers, of the clemency and overflowing ſympathy of the Father of the world, which it was intended to raiſe! What indignation muſt they feel towards the unjuſt ſervant, who, being forgiven by his maſter the immenſe debt he owed him, proved ſo cruel an exactor of the ſmall debt due to him by his fellow-ſervant! What fine leſſons might they not learn from that beautiful contraſt of pride and humility in the ſtory of the publican and phariſee! Well might his hearers ſay, "Never man "ſpake like this man." Nor are we ſurprized to hear that they wondered who this ſtrange ſpeaker was, whoſe words ſtole ſo ſweetly into their hearts, and ſoothed or alarmed them at pleaſure.

I hope, gentlemen, I need make no apology for

having inſiſted on that divine art by which the Saviour of the world enlightened the underſtandings, and won the hearts of a rude and ignorant people. In this, as in many other reſpects, I think him not only comparable but exceedingly ſuperior to thoſe lawgivers, who went before him, and were the founders of cities and kingdoms, whoſe ſagacity and addreſs Sophron has ſo juſtly celebrated. Their laws only reached to the outward carriage, and reſtraining open acts of fraud and injuſtice, or forming men quiet and peaceable members of decaying ſtates and kingdoms; the laws of our heavenly lawgiver are directed to the hearts and conſciences of men, introduce not only a peaceable, but a god-like temper, and make men not merely good members of ſociety on earth, but of an eternal kingdom of righteouſneſs, in a more ſublime and perfect life. The whole of his inſtitution was admirably adapted to promote this end, and the ſame reaſons which induced him to uſe the way of parable, ſimiles and allegory to convey inſtructions into the minds of his hearers, will be always ſtanding arguments to all ſucceeding inſtructors and profeſt teachers of wiſdom, as near as they can, to copy after ſo bright an example. For this method was invented to ſuit the weakneſs of human nature. Truth is an amiable and delightful object to the eye of the mind, but is not eaſily apprehended by the bulk of mankind; eſpecially if it be remote from common obſervation, or abſtracted from ſenſible experience. It requires ſtrict attention as well as an acute perception to take it up in its pure and intellectual appearance, and the memory muſt be tenacious to retain it long in that ſimple form. The difficulty is greatly encreaſed to

thoſe who are chiefly converſant in ſenſible things, and whoſe buſineſs draws their minds abroad into the hurry and noiſe of life, which, inſtead of recollecting, continually diſſipates their thoughts. It is a hard matter to recover ſuch minds from the ſenſible circle, in which they are accuſtomed to go round, to turn their mental powers in upon themſelves, and give them a juſt idea of objects purely intellectual. To aid their conceptions therefor, as well as to fix their attention, truths they are unacquainted with muſt be explained to them, and pictured as it were to their fancies, by thoſe they know; and what is *ſenſible* muſt, by ſome ſimilitude or analogy, repreſent what is *intellectual*. The idea muſt be clothed in a bodily form, to make it viſible and palpable to the groſs underſtanding. Hence the whole train of metaphor, alluſion, compariſon and imagery, is employed to embody our conceptions, and ſerve as a medium of conveyance, or a peculiar kind of language, to make others acquainted with our meaning. To how many things, for inſtance, does our Saviour compare the kingdom of heaven, that kingdom of righteouſneſs and love which he came to eſtabliſh in the world, to give a ſenſible image of it to his hearers? Sometimes he likens it to a grain of muſtard-ſeed, to denote its growth and propagation from ſmall beginnings; at other times to lightning, to point out the quickneſs and rapidity of it's progreſs; now to ten virgins, to ſhew the different characters and qualities of its ſubjects; anon to a feaſt, to repreſent the communion and harmony of it's members. How many alluſions does he uſe to the common affairs of life, to plowing, ſowing, planting, reaping, ſtoring, building; in order to paint to their apprehenſions thoſe ſublime doctrines he

wanted to teach, and thoſe holy precepts he came to enforce? I chuſe theſe inſtances, gentlemen, to explain my meaning, and to ſhew the neceſſity of material ornament and colouring, to envelop truth, and make it ſtart out as it were, and ſwell to the ſight.

I have but one ſtep more to advance, and with it I ſhall finiſh the trial of your patience. As one metaphor or alluſion is uſeful to expreſs a ſingle truth, ſo a continued train of them is equally neceſſary to repreſent a continued train or chain of truths. And this is what we call an *allegory* or a *parable*, which is ſo much the more neceſſary, as it is more difficult to retain a knot of truths, (if I may uſe ſuch a word) than a ſingle one. By means of this, the powers of nature, the operations, paſſions and affections of our minds, are converted into perſons, or living forms, have voice and action aſſigned them, and are in a manner materialized. This method may therefor be juſtly termed a particular language, or vocal painting, by which things are delineated to us not in ſhow or fiction merely, but according to their realities and ſpecific natures. I term this a kind of language, but I may add withal, that it has the advantage of what we ſtrictly call language. For, whereas there is only an arbitrary connection between that and the ideas it is brought to expreſs, there is an obvious, a natural connection and relation, between this kind of language and the ideas conveyed by it; nay, the language is evidently built upon that connection or ſimilitude. For it is in the aptitude of the allegory, or the whole train of the imagery, when put together, to expreſs or delineate the objects of our conception, that the beauty and

propriety of it conſiſts. Thus in the beautiful allegory, or fable of the intercourſe of Hercules with *virtue* and *pleaſure*, theſe diſpoſitions or moral powers are cloathed with an external ſhape, features, mein and dreſs, exactly correſponding to their real qualities, and accoſt the young hero with thoſe airs, and in that ſtyle which ſuit their reſpective characters. The amiableneſs and beauty of virtue become as it were viſible, in the exact proportion and comelineſs of the perſon who repreſents her. Her open, ſublime and ſteady looks beſpeak the grandeur and ſedate firmneſs of virtuous intentions, and the confidence which accompanies them. The health and vigorous freſhneſs of her complexion are emblems of temperance and activity, which are the genuine companions of virtue. Her majeſtic gait, and graceful deportment, repreſent the ſerenity and elevation of mind and conduct, which flow from integrity, and the veneration which it impreſſes on every beholder. Shall I add, that the candour and purity of virtue, in all its ſentiments and profeſſions, are admirably ſhadowed out to us in the cleanlineſs and artleſs ſimplicity of her dreſs. Her whole ſpeech is a picture of her character, and of the happy conſequences of following her conduct in life. The oppoſite qualities, the luxury, the effeminacy, the cowardice, the indolence, the artifice and falſehood of vice, are exhibited in the qualities of perſon, air, dreſs and manners, contrary to thoſe of virtue. Now, gentlemen, give me leave to aſk, whether virtue thus enrobed with all thoſe charms and graces, does not appear more amiable and conſpicuous, than if it had been ſaid of her in plain terms, that "She is fair, "decent, ſedate, bold, active, upright, full of ſe- "renity and contentment?" In the ſame expreſſive

and ſublime eaſtern manner, does the royal Preacher introduce *Wiſdom*, as a perſon of an auguſt and majeſtic appearance,—fairer than rubies;—adorned with becoming badges; having length of days in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honours;—and attended by an illuſtrious train, pleaſure, ſecurity, fortitude and peace;—her path ſtrowed with light, and leading to reputation and ſucceſs. May I not now appeal to you, whether this kind of imagery is not at once a more expreſſive, and withal a more ſtriking and agreeable kind of language, than that which is merely verbal or unmetaphorical; and conſequently, whether this method of inſtructing by fable and allegory, be not the beſt for inſinuating knowlege into the mind, eſpecially of one that is rude and untaught, and adding force to it's impreſſions; or whether it be founded on falſehood and deluſion, as Conſtant would have it, and will only ſerve to miſlead, and put us out of conceit with truth and nature? But I aſk pardon, gentlemen, for engroſſing more of the converſation than fell to my ſhare.

I believe, Hiero, ſaid Philander, the company will eaſily forgive you for your having entertained them ſo agreeably; nor ſhall I take upon me to diſpute the principles you have laid down, or the illuſtrations of them which you have given. Only I do not think it neceſſary to aſſert, that the method of inſtruction, which you have delineated at large, is founded on the weakneſs of our nature. I would chuſe to ſay, that it is founded on the analogy of nature itſelf, and is grafted on ſuch principles of our conſtitution, as if not ſtrictly virtuous, are yet admirably adapted to ſerve the purpoſes of virtue. There is

an analogy, which runs through the whole of nature, in conſequence of thoſe general laws, which the all-wiſe Author of it has ſettled for the production of its numerous and complicated effects. As in works of art, or the compoſitions of any maſter, we can perceive a certain ſimilarity of genius and manner, which ſhows that they all proceed from the ſame hand, how much ſoever they may differ in kind: ſo, amidſt the infinite diverſity of the works of God, a certain uniformity or analogy is obſervable, which diſcovers the genius if I may ſay ſo, and ſpirit of the ſovereign Artiſt. The ſame ſignatures of wiſdom and goodneſs appear throughout, and point out to us the ſame divine original. This ſentiment the Eaſterns uſed to expreſs by this image—That the Deity had ſtamped the face of nature with a great *ſeal*, from whoſe impreſſion reſulted all thoſe analogies and relations we find diffuſed through the univerſe. There is, eſpecially, a general analogy between natural and moral things, by which they reſemble, and reflect a mutual light upon each other. They are tallies which anſwer, if not exactly and in every point, yet in many reſpects; ſo that the one may be uſed indifferently for the other, and the powers or properties of the one may ſerve to expreſs thoſe of the other. Thus, there is a kind of analogy between the principle of attraction or gravitation in the natural world, and that of benevolence or ſocial affection in the moral. Their powers, or methods of operation, reſemble in ſeveral inſtances. Both contribute to the preſervation and proſperity of their reſpective ſyſtems. The univerſal attraction of bodies decreaſes at an immenſe rate, as the diſtances increaſe, and is incredibly ſtrong at the point of contact. In like manner, the attraction of minds

is ſtrongeſt in the neareſt relations, and becomes proportionably ſmall, as theſe relations are far removed, till it almoſt dwindles to nothing in the remoteſt bodies, which attract one another moſt ſtrongly, have a certain limit of attraction, beyond which they repel each other. The caſe is the ſame with minds; for the greateſt friendſhips, when diſſolved, are converted into the moſt violent enmities. After the ſame manner, as the centripetal and projectile forces balance each other, and retain the planets in their orbits, is the mind retained within it's proper ſphere, by the joint energy of benevolence and ſelf-love, one of which reſpects the individual, the other the whole ſociety or ſyſtem. The effects of each power, I mean attraction and benevolence, are variouſly mixed and combined, according to the different directions, mutual aſpects, and bearings of thoſe ſubjects to which they belong. Accordingly there is nothing more common, than to expreſs in that language, which is proper to the one, the powers or effects peculiar to the other. Thus we ſay, that benevolence unites, binds, connects men and ſocieties together, juſt as attraction or coheſion keeps bodies or their parts together. Therefor it is called the link or tie of friends, families, cities, kingdoms. We are ſaid to incline towards or be attracted by particular perſons or things, and thoſe motives which draw or idcline us, are called attractions, ties, bonds of union. When benevolence is changed into an oppoſite principle, we ſay the bond is diſſolved, there is a breach, the parties are diſunited, they reſiſt and repel each other. I might produce many other examples, and ſhow an analogy between the organization and growth of natural bodies and plants, and that of minds. To give only a few inſtances:

the ſooner plants ripen and fructify, the ſooner they decay and wither. Human bodies, that ſhut up too haſtily, ſeldom come to a great ſtrength, and decline as ſwiftly. In like manner perſons of a premature over-forward genius ſeldom bear much fruit, or attain to great ſtrength, but are ſoon in their declenſion and wear off apace. Decay is warded off by reducing things to their firſt principles This appears in natural things, which recover their vigour by removing whatever obſtructs thoſe principles and their free operation; and in minds alſo, which, when corrupted, are beſt reſtored by fortifying the languid and reſtraining the exceſſive affections. The ſame thing holds in governments; they have their infancy, their vigour, and decline as well as plants or men; and the health of a ſtate is to be procured by laying aſide ſuch meaſures and conduct as occaſioned its ſickneſs, and by application of remedies of a nature different from or contrary to thoſe which have been inſignificantly or hurtfully applied; at the ſame time thoroughly weighing and adjuſting every thing to the nature and genius of the people, the peculiar conſtitution of the government itſelf, and its particular ſituation in regard to the neighbouring powers. We perceive likewiſe an analogy between the bringing up of animals and the education of men. Thus in training both, if we follow the propenſities of nature, we may carry them to great improvements, but not otherwiſe. If we haſten their progreſs too faſt, we diminiſh their ſtrength. While they are tender, they may be faſhioned almoſt in any manner as we pleaſe; but if they have taken their ply, it is almoſt impoſſible to new-model them. This holds too in tranſplanting and training plants. In conſequence of theſe analogies, we uſe indiſcrimi-

nately the phraſes ſtrictly applicable only to one term of the analogy, for the other which it reſembles; thus we talk of the growth of the mind, of reaſon, and affection; of the ſtructure, proportion, health, vigour, ſickneſs and decay of theſe; we ſpeak of forming, training, wounding, and healing minds, and their powers and affections. This analogy I take to be the foundation and ſource of all language, without which it muſt be very barren and defective. Here I would obſerve, in conſequence of the analogy in nature I juſt now mentioned, that there is a wonderful diſpoſition in our minds to analogize, if I may ſay ſo. We are ſtrangely delighted in applying moral powers and affections to natural objects; and on the contrary, in applying natural qualities to intellectual or moral principles and actions. Thus we talk of the affection of the ivy for the elm, the ſympathy between iron and the loadſtone, the friendlineſs of a ſoil or climate. We call certain natural ſcenes gay, others melancholy; ſome gloomy, others awful and majeſtic, becauſe they tend to inſpire us with ſuch kinds of ideas and paſſions. We aſcribe mildneſs to taſtes, paſſion to ſounds, and gentleneſs to touch. On the other hand, we ſay of a temper that it is ſweet or ſour, hard or tender, that the thoughts are dark or clear, a paſſion ſtrong or weak; the faculty of diſcerning we call taſte; we ſay the mind is in a ſtorm or calm; we weigh, balance, ſuſpend, or impel its operations, which have no affinity to matter, and ſpeak of quenching, purging and tempering our affections. Becauſe of ſuch analogies we admire the ſublime theogony of Heſiod, in which we find the powers of the natural world animated with infinite graces, and many of our moral feelings and affections, repreſented as diſtinct

perſons, whoſe various relations, dependencies, and mutual combinations form an harmonious ſyſtem.

The fable of Prodicus, and picture of Cebes, are examples likewiſe, in which the ſeveral paſſions, virtues and vices, are repreſented under material ſhapes, and human life is formed, as it were, into a beautiful natural landſcape.

Whether this propenſity in our nature to form or trace analogies, and the pleaſure we feel in ſo doing, was given us to put us upon extending our knowlege of the nature, qualities and relations of things, or to facilitate the communication of our ideas to each other, or to give more exerciſe, and conſequently more pleaſure to the imaginative powers, or for what other cauſe it was beſtowed, I ſhall not pretend to determine; but it is certainly a great enricher of language, and an obvious ſource of the elegant pleaſure we receive from the deſcriptions of poetry, and the embelliſhments of fine writing. We are delighted to ſee inanimate nature breathe, live and move with paſſion; to behold thought coloured, illuminated, ſhadowed; affections perſonated, embodied, and cloathed with the choiceſt drapery of nature. Upon this foundation of analogy then, is the whole ſuperſtructure of metaphor, allegory, and no ſmall part of fable raiſed.

Fable, I take to be a fictitious account, or a connected tale of the actions of perſons, whether real or imaginary. It is properly of two kinds; either hiſtorical or allegorical. The former employs men, who have or might have exiſted as its ſubject, and weaves their actions, and the events which have befallen them, into one continued intereſting ſtory. The latter perſonates the powers of nature, or human paſſions, virtues and vices, by cloathing them

with fictitious perſonages, and works them up into a fable, or a ſeries of intereſting actions and events. Of the firſt kind is moſt of Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey; of the laſt, the picture of Cebes, Plato's Allegories, Spencer's Fairy Tales, Milton's Allegory of Death and Sin. But theſe different kinds may be all blended in the ſame work, as we ſee in Homer and Milton.

Hiero has conſidered the allegorical kind; I ſhall juſt touch a little upon the hiſtorical. And here let me obſerve, that though the ground work of the fable may be true, the perſons and characters real, and the principal action ſuch as has happened in fact, the compoſition is nevertheleſs called a fable; becauſe the poet ſtill contrives many things himſelf, and aſcribes many ſentiments and actions to his perſonages, which they never expreſſed nor performed, but which are moſt natural to their ſeveral known or ſuppoſed characters. Thus, the war of the Greeks and Trojans was a real war, and the ſiege of Troy, a real ſiege; the perſons of the heroes were men who had exiſted, and a faint tradition of whoſe characters ſtill remained; but Homer, that ſovereign mimic, from the ſimple action of the wrath of Achilles, which for ought we know, was a pure contrivance of the poet, ſpins out that marvellous ſeries of adventures and battles, which is wove into a tale the moſt intereſting and inſtructive that remains on record in the profane hiſtory of the world. In this wonderful piece of fiction or mimicry, we have the juſteſt draught of human affections and actions, the ſhades of characters marked, together with the various play and exorbitancies of paſſion. Every thing ſaid and done, is the very genius and voice of nature, and convinces us how much better a teacher juſt poetry is

than hiſtory, which repreſents nature only by halves, as it is in this or the other man, with all his little peculiarities about him. Whereas poetry takes nature in the groſs, and, from many particular characters, forms a whole, coherent and well-proportioned in all it's parts, that ſhall be an adequate image of nature, and fully expreſſive of each diſtinct ſpecies of character or paſſion. Such kind of fiction therefor is the very perfection of truth and nature; and thoſe general draughts of men and manners, which the creative genius of a Homer or a Shakeſpear exhibit in their inimitable fables, are not faint copies of imperfect copies, but genuine and finiſhed originals. Fables are alſo taken in a more limited ſenſe, as containing views of particular actions and incidents in life, adapted to particular occaſions; ſuch as the fables of Æſop and Phaedrus, under which a certain moral is touched, or ſome narrow precepts are conveyed, ſuited to thoſe circumſtances. But an allegory takes an ampler range, and gives a whole ſketch of life at once, in which it's various fortunes are wrought into a regular ſeries riſing out of one another, and all terminating in one grand and important view. In it we ſee the origin and lineage of the paſſions traced; their connections, bearings and effects minutely delineated under fictitious perſonages and appearances. A fable directs our view to a particular object like the ſingle proſpect of a grove, or mountain, or river. But an allegory opens to us a whole landſcape, ſhews the true perſpective and projections of nature, according to the variations of light and ſhade, and the different terminations of the figures.

How adapted either method or fable is to the principles of our nature, and how ſubſervient to the

purpoſes of virtue and moral inſtruction, if you are not already tired, I ſhall now briefly enquire—One of the firſt and ſtrongeſt principles to which it ſeems to be adapted, is the ſenſe we have of the beauty and dignity, or the deformity and turpitude of actions and characters. Tell a child ever ſo ſimple a tale, wherein different actions and characters are painted; you ſhall immediately ſee his active mind buſy in making the ſecretions, diſtinguiſhing the fair from the baſe, the amiable from the odious. He takes part immediately with one or other of the actors, approves or cenſures their ſeveral characters; he is charmed with the generoſity, the truth, the bravery or friendſhip of ſome, and deteſts the treachery, baſeneſs, cowardice and cruelty of others. If things are laid fairly before him, no beauty of perſon, or glare of wealth, or ſplendor of fortune will bribe his judgment in favour of treachery or vice of any kind. He will ſtill hate the illuſtrious villain, be he ever ſo proſperous and triumphant; and love the generous friend, the firm patriot, the benefactor of mankind, though ſunk in poverty and circumſtances of the greateſt diſtreſs. The ſtory-teller, therefor, or poet, by exhibiting moral images, or pictures of ſentiments and manners, excites in the hearer or reader ſuch feelings and affections as are connatural to the mind; that is as much as to ſay, by ſuggeſting ſubjects of moral approbation or cenſure, he calls forth the correſpondent affections of complacency and love, or of diſlike and contempt. We eſteem and love the humane and warlike Hector, as much as we deſpiſe the ſoft and effeminate Paris. We condemn the boiſterous and paſſionate Hero, while we admire the ſage Ulyſſes, or good old Neſtor. It is not dry ſyſtems of philoſophy, nor reaſonings about the abſtract nature and

relations of things, which determine the mind in it's choice, and govern the conduct. It is the perceptions of beauty, pleasure or good, and whatever, in short, constitutes taste, and excites internal approbation.—These, I say, are the hinges upon which our motions turn, and the whole plan of life. Therefor, whatever calls forth our perceptions of moral beauty and good, by proper representations, does, in effect, improve our taste, and lead to a right conduct. For from approving and admiring, we are led on to copy what is graceful, gallant and worthy in life; and from disliking and condemning, to shun the odious and deformed part. By having these sentiments of veneration, complacency, and delight, frequently excited by their correspondent objects, we improve our sense of the fair and amiable in actions; and strengthen the moral affections. By this means an habit is contracted, and a strong party formed in our breast against vitious impressions, and such habits as are contrary to that improved sense of our mind.

There is another principle of our nature nearly allied to this, to which fable is finely adapted; I mean the sensibility we have for the happiness or misery of others. This is one of the tenderest and most powerful instincts of our natures. Our hearts, like musical strings, feel every vibration which is made on those of others; so that they beat to each other's pleasures and pains. So powerful is this instinct, that we love to indulge the social sympathy, even where it gives us pain, and are seldom better pleased with ourselves, than when we weep over and bewail the miseries of others. The more deserving the object is who suffers, the social anguish is the more bitter; and, which seems something strange,

is ſo much the more delightful, becauſe we then approve it moſt. The poet, by means of fable, touches this ſocial or ſympathetic ſenſe of our nature in various ways. He places his perſons before us in a great variety of attitudes and circumſtances. He intereſts us in the fortunes of his heroes, ſuſpends, alarms, ſoothes and diſquiets our minds on their account. Sometimes he repreſents virtue in diſtreſs, yet ſerene and unſubdued; we admire the heroic form, yet ſhed the friendly tear: anon it emerges from the cloud, and is happy: that happineſs immediately becomes our own. When enormous vice triumphs with the ſpoils of virtue, we feel an indignant ſcorn; if it is chaſtiſed, we rejoice in the juſtice of that diſtribution, and applaud the order of providence.

If feeble virtue, or even vice, if it be not too ſtrongly marked, attended with extraordinary circumſtances, fall into deep diſtreſs, we pity, we mourn; it is ſo like our own caſe. The great art of the poet appears in ſo mixing the ſhades of diſtreſs, as that they ſhall run up into thoſe lines of virtue and vice, which appear in the mixed characters of mankind, and ſhall exhibit to us a genuine picture of the misfortunes, to which we ourſelves are naturally ſubject. Wonderful is the force and energy of ſuch repreſentations. Joy and ſorrow, ſurprize and pity, hope and fear, take their turns in our breaſts, and intereſt every thing that is ſocial, humane, and ſympathizing in us. Now, as health is preſerved, and the body ſtrengthened by regular exerciſe and the briſk motion of the fluids and animal ſpirits; the paſſions, in like manner, by being duly exerciſed and ſtirred, are purified and exalted. Pity, and a thouſand other tender feelings which ariſe from

the happineſs or miſery of others, come in as aids and enforcements to reaſon and humanity. They ſubdue the fierce and ſullen paſſions, and wear out of our nature every thing mean, ſelfiſh and hard-hearted. As trees by being gently ſhaken with the wind take deeper root, ſo thoſe wholeſome concuſſions of the mind give ſtability and firmneſs to it, and fortify its reſolutions. For theſe and many other reaſons which might be mentioned, I cannot help thinking that *fable* is not only a proper vehicle for inſtruction, but is, beſides, an admirable way to cheriſh the nobleſt ſentiments, and form very early an habit of humanity and virtue. But as I have fallen into the ſame fault with which Hiero, (though I think without ground,) charged himſelf, it is not fit I ſhould ſpend more of your time by making an apology for it.

I am much of Philander's opinion, ſaid Sophron, that *fable*, whether it conſiſts of ſimple narration, or of imitation, as the dramatic kind, or of a mixture of both, is a method of inſtruction admirably adapted to the principles of our nature. But it is peculiarly calculated to mould and affect the minds of children, before they are capable of being moulded by principle and direct inſtruction: therefor Plato adviſes parents and nurſes to *faſhion* their *minds* by means of *tales*, as they would do their *bodies* with their hands. Their minds are the giddieſt and moſt roving things in nature. Talk to them gravely on any ſubject, or give them a formal leſſon, either they hear with reluctance, or caſt their eyes about for ſomething to amuſe them. If you rebuke them, and remonſtrate againſt their liſtleſſneſs, you but increaſe their reluctance, and ten to one but you give them a diſguſt, both at their teacher and his inſtruc-

tions. But offer to tell them a tale, immediately you arreſt their roving fancies, they are all attention. I would therefor ſtrongly recommend to their peruſal, not only the ancient tales of Æſop, Phaedrus, and Hyginus, but their beſt modern tranſlators and improvers, and thoſe likewiſe, who have added to them fables of their own invention, adapted to moral life and manners; a Fenelon, a Fontaine, a Gay, etc. Children are wonderful mimics themſelves, and therefor they are highly delighted with thoſe tales which are imitations of nature; nay, and with thoſe too which are beyond and out of nature. For they love to wonder and be ſurprized. Therefor they are pleaſed with the moſt aſtoniſhing fictions, becauſe in theſe there is room for their fancies to range at large; they love to lay out viſionary ſcenes, and to combine the moſt amazing images and fantaſtic natures. This is an effect of the immenſe activity of the human mind, which loves to exert a kind of creative power, and delights in creatures of its own production. The mind muſt have its gambols and flights as well as the body. It is the intention of nature, by thoſe innocent agitations, to exerciſe and ſtrengthen the conſtitution of both. As the one gives an elaſticity and vigour to the nerves and limbs, and prevents a ſtagnation in the blood, and languor of the ſpirits, the other gives play to the ſeveral powers of the mind, and, by ſo doing, preſerves it ſerene and unclouded by melancholy and moroſeneſs. Nor were theſe diſpoſitions given only to put the mind upon action, but likewiſe to enlarge its circle of knowlege and pleaſure, and make it the eaſier ſubject of culture. Therefor, though the fables you tell children ſhould always be founded

on nature, yet I ſee no harm in going beyond the preciſe bounds of nature, in emblazoning facts, and giving ſtrong *caricatures* of things, ſo as to ſtrike and aſtoniſh the mind, which is yet raw and unformed; provided ſtill the moral be good that is cou hed under them, and there be nothing in them to corrupt and vitiate the taſte. I do not think, notwithſtanding all that Conſtant has advanced againſt ſuch deluſions, that thoſe enormous draughts will miſlead the mind, or put us out of conceit with truth and nature. I imagine rather that they will ſerve the ſame ends as caricatura's in painting; that they will entertain and awaken a youthful luxuriant fancy, and ſerve as a counter-charm to heighten their taſte for the genuine ſimplicity of nature, as well as give them ſtronger conceptions of its beauty. Therefor I ſee no harm, if the Voyage to the Moon, the Perſian and Fairy Tales, the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and the like, are put into the hands of youth. It is certain that ſome of our greateſt poets have thought it a good exerciſe and diſcipline to their imagination, in their earlieſt age, to indulge themſelves in reading the moſt monſtrous romances, in order to give a kind of wildneſs and expanſive fire to their imaginations: nor did they imagine, that by ſo doing they ſhould loſe ſight of nature, or be leſs capable of giving juſt and expreſſive pictures of her, in their works.

But to return to children; though I ſaid that they are delighted with the prodigious and aſtoniſhing, yet I believe we ſhall find them better judges than is generally imagined, of what is natural and what is not ſo, of the propriety or impropriety of characters; and the decorum or ridicule of actions, if they are ſuch as lie within the ſphere of their ob-

ſervation. Such is their love of mimicry, that nothing pleaſes them more, than amuſing pictures of life and manners. They are fond to compare them with ſuch originals as they are acquainted with, and to trace wherein they agree or differ. The delight which ariſes here, is much like that we receive from painting. It is not merely the unity of the whole piece, the juſt ordonnance and ſubordination of the ſeveral figures, or the exact arrangement and harmony of the lights and colours, which charm us. Our mind is withal buſied, in obſerving the reſemblance to the pattern in nature, comparing feature with feature, and examining how the ſeveral parts, as well as the whole compoſition, are adapted to expreſs the correſpondent beauties of the original. It is becauſe of this reliſh for imitation, that we are delighted with juſt pictures of objects, even ſuch as are deformed, horrid, and offenſive to our ſight. Thus dreadful precipices, fiery *volcanoes*, ravenous or foul animals, would fill us with terror or diſguſt, if preſented to us in nature; but we can gaze at them with pleaſure, if caſt off upon the canvaſs only, let them look ever ſo terrible and hideous. By virtue of the ſame taſte for hiſtoric or moral imitation, villainous characters, diſmal events, and frightful tales, pleaſe and entertain us in true moral painting. What would give us immenſe pain, if beheld in real life, we can not only endure, but even love to hear or read in mere repreſentation. We can ſhiver or weep with pleaſure at a juſt deſcription, and gaze with a delightful amaſement and rapture at mimic ſcenes, when the real ones would have filled us only with horror. In conſequence of this diſpoſition, (which, like moſt others, is exceeding ſtrong in children, as their minds are of ſo tender and ſuſceptible a texture;)

a buſy and perplexed ſcene gives fine play to their imaginations; their attention is led on and kept awake by every new incident, the difficulties which perplex and entangle the plot, increaſe their ſuſpenſe; and while it is unravelling and drawing to the cataſtrope, every paſſion is worked up, and the mind is pleaſed, or alarmed and aſtoniſhed, according to the evolution of the drama.

The ancients appear to have been particularly impreſſed, with a ſenſe of this mimic diſpoſition in human nature; and the eaſy acceſs, which we may have into the minds of men, as well as of children, by practiſing upon this principle with the proper addreſs. Almoſt all the productions of ancient wit are in the way of imitation. Perſons real, or fictitious, are brought in view. The converſation of an evening banquet, an academic walk, or the mereſt chance encounter is either recited or acted before us. The dialogiſts ſpeak in character, according to the wideneſs or narrowneſs of their views, and the peculiar turn of their humour and temper. The ſtateſman or magiſtrate appears without guards or officers, lays aſide his robes of ſtate, and reclines on the verdant turf, under the ſhade, or by the purling ſtream, and there holds familiar converſe about what it concerns us as well as him to know. The philoſopher mixes with the gay and ſhining ring in the forum or porch, and without any of the muſtineſs or ſourneſs of the ſchool about him, talks of trade, politics, or whatever is the current ſubject of the times; by degrees he exalts and improves the converſation, and ſeldom drops his fellow-dialogiſts, till he has made them and us wiſer and better. At other times we are led into the ſhops of the artiſts, and over-hear ingenious dialogues on the principles of their reſpective arts;

there, the ignorance of pretenders is ingeniouſly expoſed, and virtuoſoſhip diſſected.

In fine, all the philoſophy of antiquity is of the eaſy, unforbidding, and imitative kind, and, at the ſame time that it inſtructs us even in the moſt abſtruſe ſpeculations, it preſents us with humorous pictures of ordinary life, and keeps our curioſity and attention awake, by a variety and oppoſition of ſentiments and characters. Leſſons of wiſdom and morals appear natural in the mouth of the experienced ſage; dialectics and rhetoric are the proper province of the ſophiſt and orator: the ſtateſman may talk gracefully on politics and buſineſs; and the profeſt ſcholar has a right to walk round the whole circle of arts and ſciences. And therefor, when they are made to paſs in viſion before us, we are delighted to compare the originals and copies, and are charmed to find nature fairly doubled by reflection.

Such was ancient inſtruction.—But *modern* wiſdom, it ſhould ſeem, has taken a different turn. Theſe modern mirrours are ſeldom employed to inſtruct and entertain us, or if at any time they are, they reflect the images ſo faintly, or elſe preſent ſuch aukward and unnatural figures, that one can ſcarce know the features to be like any thing in life and real being. Whether this be owing to the fault of the artiſts, who have loſt the ancient art of caſting and poliſhing thoſe mirrours; or whether it is to be aſcribed to any oddity of taſte, or ſingularity and defect in the preſent age, I ſhall not pretend to ſay. But be that as it will, I wiſh for the benefit of all, but eſpecially of my fellow ſtudents, that the art may come more into vogue, becauſe I reckon the practice highly improving and advantageous.

I believe, ſaid Eugenio, the practice of the art is more extenſive and univerſal, than Sophron is well aware of. We ſhall find all the ſpecies of fable, allegory, and mimicry, prevailing in modern times. The learned and ſkilful divine makes his ſmarteſt replies in the dialogue-way. The fiery darts of ſcepticiſm and infidelity are beſt repelled by the retorſions of quaint debate. And the champion of orthodoxy gives the moſt killing blows, when he fairly confronts his adverſary, and delivers his arguments out of his own mouth.

The maxims of political prudence, and the refined improvements of morality have been gilded over with the fineſt colours of imagination, to render them the more palateable; and another Ulyſſes and Neſtor have riſen, to inſtruct and charm mankind *. Nay, old philoſophers have condeſcended to teach us modern inventions, and prophets have wrapt up myſtic divinity, in the ſhadowy covers of tender romance †. And, who would think it? the deepeſt and moſt beautiful ſyſtems of government have been woven into the form of a political romance, to make them the more entertaining to unphiloſophic minds, and to recommend them more artfully to the reigning powers ‡. As to allegory, we may almoſt vie with antiquity; it ſprung moſt richly when the ſoil was rankeſt. Our viſionary poet, indeed, ſpun his web ſo thin and long, that the veil, in ſome places, ſeems to be too tranſparent, to cover the beautiful figures it was intended to adorn. Since his time, our Miltons, our Addiſons, our Parnels, to name no more, have taken ſelect portions

* See the Adventures of Telemachus. † Travels of Cyrus.
‡ Harrington's Oceana, and More's Utopia.

of nature, and wrought them up into the moſt finiſhed allegories that are any where extant. In theſe, truth is painted in all the riches of imagination, the paſſions are embodied, the virtues and vices perſonated, and the fineſt incidents of humanity repreſented in living and gay fable. You are no ſtrangers, gentlemen, to thoſe admirable compoſitions which I have in my eye, and therefor I have no occaſion to point them out to you. Nor need I mention many other exquiſite ſatires upon human foibles and folly, which have been diſguiſed under the ſame allegoric or fabulous veil. You ſee then, that we have no great reaſon to complain of the ſcarcity of this kind of wit in modern times. It is true, theſe are not the ordinary productions of our teeming age; but are like delicious ſpots, improved and beautified by the niceſt culture, amidſt an infinite profuſion of weeds and briers; and it is no doubt owing to their authors having laboured long in the well-cultivated garden of antiquity, that they have been able to raiſe ſuch mature and goodly fruits. Theſe genuine ſons of ancient wit being fully apprized, that fable is a much better vehicle of ſenſe, than dry reaſoning and didactic philoſophy, borrowed plumes from fancy to wing their conceptions, and with them flew directly at the human heart. The ſucceſs has been anſwerable. Their charming viſions, their dreams, their fables, the ſeemingly wild effuſions of fancy, are read and univerſally admired, while the laborious productions of your ſober waking plodders have been long ſince loſt and forgotten, or daily ſink in the wide gulph of human folly. So different are the fates of human inventions!

It appears then, that we are not quite ſo deſtitute of mirrour-artiſts, as Sophron thinks we are.

We have had ſome able workmen, who have exhibited noble ſpecimens of real art; and though the models are not many, yet they ſerve to ſhow, that we only want true genius's to bring the ancient *mimes* again into vogue. Hath Sophron forgot thoſe chaſte, ſimple, and withal ſublime dialogues, of that illuſtrious nobleman lord Shafteſbury, which revive with ſuch luſtre the old Platonic *mimes*, and preſent us with many things, elegant in converſation, profound in philoſophy, and amiable in life? Did he never catch the ſpirit of enthuſiaſm they breathe, and turn a downright lover of that nature which is ſo ſweetly painted there? I know his heart is too tender to have reſiſted ſuch enchantment. One ſo ſuſceptible of the finer paſſions, could not remain inſenſible to their fineſt efforts.

Whatever my ſenſibility may be, ſaid Sophron, I cannot help thinking, that nature wears a conſtrained kind of aſpect in thoſe dialogues Eugenio mentions. Perhaps I may have been deceived and raviſhed by thoſe gay deluſions. While they paſſed before my eyes and thought, I ſaw real forms; but when the viſion was gone, all appeared like a dream, or the force of magic. Nevertheleſs, I am glad to find, from Eugenio's account, that however defective we are in philoſophic mimes, there have not been wanting among us, ſeveral beautiful ſketches in the way of fable and allegory. If we do not converſe ſo rationally as the ancients, I rejoice to think that we can dream and feign as well. Perhaps in due time, our converſations may take in a larger compaſs, than buſineſs, politics, and pleaſures. We may come to conſider ourſelves as burghers of a large community, not a little corporation; ſpectators and citizens of nature, rather than retainers to this or the other

party. Were the bottom of what we call polite converſation thus enlarged, by taking in our wider connections and rights as men, and by making the various parts of nature the ſubjects of our ordinary diſcourſe, we might then expect to ſee proper and natural patterns for our mimographers to copy after; nor would thoſe well-meaning authors be put to ſuch pitiful and hard ſhifts, of contriving machinery to introduce even the beau-monde talking on philoſophical ſubjects. A genteel allegory might be then told, and naturally told, inſtead of a political harangue, and a philoſophical diſcuſſion might go forward with as good a grace, as a nice deſcant on faſhions or opera's.

In order then, ſaid Hiero, to recommend the ancient mode, and give once a fair beginning to this new philoſophic practice, will Sophron be ſo good as to tell us one of thoſe genteel tales or allegories, that were in faſhion among polite Athenian company, by which philoſophy was taught without conſtraint, or any air of ſuperiority. By a fair ſpecimen or two, we may judge how far the method is practicable, or worthy of imitation.

If Hiero has a mind, replied Sophron, to ſee any of thoſe allegoric tales anciently in vogue, copied out in plain Engliſh, I refer him to the Tatler, where he will find a couple of them; the ſtory of Prodicus, which he himſelf mentioned, and, in a manner, explained; and the parentage and birth of Love. Theſe may ſhow him the manner, and I hope, convince the company, if we want to be convinced of it, that the practice, though perhaps not quite modiſh, yet is not altogether ungenteel. But if he will not be ſatisfied with theſe inſtances, I will

give him another; provided he, in his turn, will entertain us with a modern tale.

Hiero, by his ſilence, ſeemed to conſent with the terms: upon which, Sophron proceeded thus. You know, gentlemen, that Prometheus was reckoned by the ancients, the miniſter of Jove, in the formation of man. Hear then a ſimple tale, as it is told by one, who was no ſtranger, either to the decorums, or the elegancies of polite life.

There was a time, as the ſtory runs, when neither men nor beaſts exiſted, but only the immortal gods. When the time of their generation came, the gods faſhioned them of earth and fire; but they aſſigned to the two brothers, Prometheus and Epimetheus, the buſineſs of diſtributing, to the different ſpecies of creatures, their reſpective endowments and powers. Epimetheus had the charge of the inferiour animals, whom he adorned with the neceſſary qualities, which befitted their various rank and ſituation; giving to ſome ſtrength, to others ſwiftneſs; to ſome defenſive, to others offenſive weapons; and to each of them different kinds of food, cloathing, and habitations. But having exhauſted all his ſkill in furniſhing the brutes, man, the principal creature, was left quite unprovided for, naked, unarmed, unſhod, and uncloathed. Prometheus, finding him thus deſtitute, caſts about how he ſhould ſupply man. In this ſearch, he creeps privately into the dwelling common to Minerva and Vulcan. From the laſt he ſteals the art of working by fire, preparing metals, and all the materials of building, ſowing, *etc.* and from Minerva, her various art of ſpinning, weaving, and the ſeveral powers of mechaniſm. Theſe he beſtows on man. But the art of politics he could not come at; for it was laid up in the ci-

tadel of Jove, and watched by a formidable guard. However, by means of the arts before mentioned, men ſoon provided themſelves with garments, and the other neceſſaries of life; and, being the only creatures who ſhared a divine lot, and had an affinity with the gods, they alone believed in them, and erected ſtatues and altars to their honour, and learned language and names for every thing. But as at firſt they lived ſcattered about in woods, caves, and huts, and had no cities, they were an eaſy prey to the wild beaſts, who were ſtronger than they. For they had not yet learned the political art, of which war was one branch. Therefor they began to aſſociate and build cities for their common ſafety and defence; but, having no right policy, they committed ſuch mutual hoſtilities, that they were ſoon diſperſed again and deſtroyed, as formerly. Jupiter, fearing leſt the whole race ſhould periſh, ſends down Mercury among them, and orders him to take *juſtice* and a *ſenſe* of *honour* along with him, to be the guards and ornaments of cities, and the common cement of friendſhip and fidelity. Mercury deſires to be informed, after what manner he ſhould diſtribute them. Whether, as the other arts were diſtributed; to one phyſic, to another poetry, and to others different manual arts: ſo he ſhould obſerve the ſame rule, in giving juſtice to one, and to another a ſenſe of honour. No, ſaid Jupiter, you are to diſtribute them to all alike; otherwiſe, added he, cities cannot ſubſiſt; and if any cannot or will not partake of them, let them be cut off immediately, as the peſts and nuſances of ſociety.—Mercury executed his orders punctually; and accordingly, theſe principles became common and characteriſtical of the ſpecies. Hence, all are judges in

matters of right and wrong, in what is honourable or ſhameful.

Thus ends my tale; perhaps, gentlemen, you will think ſomewhat abruptly: but for all that, I cannot help thinking, that ſome tolerable good inſtruction is to be picked up from it, ſimple and homely as it is. I am of opinion, how juſtly you muſt judge, that it gives a pretty eaſy and natural account of the riſe, progreſs, and gradual refinements of ſociety, and a juſt detail of the wiſdom of the diſtributions of providence, with reſpect to man and the other animals. The laſt are provided with every thing neceſſary to their ſubſiſtence, defence and ſecurity; and therefor mere inſtinct (repreſented I would ſuppoſe, by Epimetheus) ſerves their turn for life, for the pleaſures in life for which they were ordained, and for the preſervation of the ſpecies Man, a diviner creature, is weak, and withal unarmed, unclothed, and unprovided for, yet has plenty of unprepared materials. His food, clothes, armour ſecurity, quiet, every thing muſt be the purchaſe of his own induſtry and labour. Therefor he is left to his own ſagacity and foreſight, which is held forth by Prometheus. By his aſſiſtance, he invents firſt the neceſſary and uſeful, then the elegant arts of life, —forms civil polities.—and by means of juſtice and laws, which are the gifts of Mercury, that is, of wealth, and ſpeech or eloquence; renders his condition far ſuperior to that of his fellow animals. Is not ſuch a method of inſtruction, both more engaging, and likewiſe more palpable to the underſtanding, than if the author of the tale had entered into a dry and formal detail, of the reſpective qualities of brutes and men, and the origin of arts and human ſociety?

The ſame wondrous ſtory-teller explains the nature, and as it were the form of minds, particularly the human, by a ſublime and beautiful allegory, which it would require a deeper inſight into his philoſophy than I am maſter of to unfold, or indeed to relate coherently. I ſhall only tell you, that he repreſents the nature of the mind, by the united power of a winged pair of horſes and a charioteer. One of the horſes is of a generous breed, a mild, ſprightly, courageous, well-made creature, tame and obedient to the driver. The other is a wild, unſhapely, ill-favoured, impetuous beaſt, who diſobeys the charioteer, and renders the courſe troubleſome and difficult. By this emblem, the complicated nature of man is admirably painted out to us. Thoſe groſs appetites, and wild ſtubborn paſſions, by which we are allied to the brute, and which ſo frequently convulſe the frame of our mind, and diſturb the conduct of our life, are ſtrongly pictured by the furious beaſt. On the other hand, the mild and gentle, as well as the generous and heroic affections of our frame, by which we approach to more divine beings; in ſhort, all our ſentiments of what is great, lovely and ſublime in life, are finely ſhadowed out to us, by the nobler creature. Reaſon or intelligence, that ſuperiour faculty or man-excellence, is the preſiding power, who holds the reins, directs and controuls the motions of our ſeveral appetites and paſſions. Their ſwiftneſs and activity is well repreſented by their being winged. Thoſe wings are moulted by error, falſehood, intemperance, cowardice and vice. By theſe, our mind is darkened, our ingenuity and vigour maimed, and every liberal principle and effort damped. But the wings grow,

and are nouriſhed, by truth, wiſdom, temperance, and every virtue —But I doubt, gentlemen, I have tired you, by leading you into theſe regions of fancy, in which it is much eaſier to loſe one's ſelf, than to return ſafe and with a good grace. But I hope I have given my friend, a ſample of the ancient mode of converſing, ſufficient to convince him, that the practice, however unfaſhionable it may be thought now-a-days, is not quite ungenteel, at leaſt, I may venture to ſay, not unedifying; and were it adopted into modern converſation, by the approved maſters of wit and decency, it might, poſſibly, bring more of ſenſe and meaning into our ordinary diſcourſe.

We are obliged to Sophron, returned Eugenio, for his amuſing account of the ancient manner, and for the beautiful ſamples he has produced of it; but however it might ſuit our modern taſte, for the daſh of whim and entertainment, that appears to be in it, yet I am afraid it would too much torture the tender brains of our *fair*, and perhaps too of the ſmarts and pretty fellows, their embroidered apes, either to contrive ſuch tales, or to find out their meaning. It is much eaſier to faſten upon a reputation, and take it in pieces, than to unfold an allegory; and much more agreeable to talk of a play and ridotto, or ſhuffle a pack of cards, than roam in the unfrequented wilds of thought. The choice of an headdreſs, any new faſhion, or a ſtory of an intrigue, is a more fruitful ſubject of ſpeculation, and more level too, to the unambitious underſtandings of modern thinkers, I believe I ſhould have ſaid haranguers, than the world of ideas, the powers of nature, the qualities of the mind, and origin or order of ſociety. Therefor, I fancy Sophron muſt abate a little

of his ambitious views, of ſetting on foot ſuch a ſtrange revolution of things, in the gay world. He muſt be contented, if he can get a parcel of philoſophers, people like ourſelves, who live moſtly among books, rather than the ladies, to introduce this new faſhion of his, to clothe our thoughts in allegory. and talk in the odd ſtile and air of his philoſophic mimes of antiquity. It is well if we dare venture upon it, ſhut up as we are from the world, and remote from the views of modern critics, who, were they to over-hear us, would be much diverted with ſuch antiquated and unfaſhionable diſcourſe.

A little buſtle at the door, turned all our eyes thither, and made Eugenio ſtart up with ſome ſurprize and concern, and run to ſee, if there had actually been any body liſtening to our converſation. Upon opening it, he found it was only one of the domeſtics, who had been about ſome neceſſary family buſineſs The accident, trifling as it was, alarmed us all, but we could not help ſmiling, at the ſerious emotion and anxiety, which Eugenio diſcovered. He looked as if he had been caught, and ſeemed afraid, leſt his ſatire ſhould have reached the ears of ſome ſpy, who might have maliciouſly divulged it, and improved it into a handle againſt him among the ladies. When we were compoſed again, and the coaſt ſeemed quite clear, Conſtant took up the converſation.

The method, ſaid he, propoſed, and I may add exemplified, by Sophron, to improve converſation, or rather to convey truth and communicate our diſcoveries one to another, might, perhaps, do well enough to inſtruct children, whoſe minds muſt be amuſed at the ſame time that they are taught, and who muſt have intellectual qualities, and abſtract

ideas, explained to them by groſs and ſenſible images, not only to engage their attention, but to make their ſlippery and unapprehenſive underſtandings feel them. But I much doubt, gentlemen, whether this method be of great uſe, or a good precedent to men, whoſe apprehenſions are more ſtrong and full grown. I take it to be a round about way, and will you give me leave to add, a fallacious one too, notwithſtanding all I have yet heard to the contrary. For it ſuppoſes, that we trace our knowlege, according to the common rules of inveſtigation, even as other good folks do: but that when by much poring, we have found it, our labour is but juſt to begin. We muſt ſit down, and gravely plod, in contriving ſome dark myſterious covers to hide, or, if you pleaſe to embody and dreſs out our meaning. Then, after we have laid it over thick and three-fold, with metaphor, allegory, and myſtic alluſion, we are fond of imparting it as ſome wonderful profound diſcovery. And becauſe we affix new names, or give a new colouring to old ideas; we pretend to the honour of invention, or at leaſt look upon ourſelves as men of a plaſtic genius, who can create imaginary beings and forms at pleaſure. Well! allow thoſe ſublime geniuſes the honour of a new invention; or, if they chuſe rather, of a creation; how far are we advanced? Why truly, not one jot. We have a new courſe of labour to go through We muſt juſt unravel anew all this fine web, which coſt ſo much pains to weave. We muſt untwiſt every threed of it, lay them out one by one, and gradually trace the minute and frequently over-ſtrained likeneſs, which it carries to the pattern. It is well, if after all our trouble, we can find any likeneſs or meaning at all. So, we are at length juſt arrived where we ſet out, and have

made, or unveiled, the ſelf-ſame diſcovery, we were at ſuch pains to hide.—But I added, gentlemen, that the method was not only tedious, but fallacious withal. And I think it no hard matter, to make good my charge. Spiritual and material forms are ſo widely and ſo entirely different, that I do not ſee how the one can ſtand for the other, or be explained by it, without introducing a ſtrange confuſion and perplexity into our ideas. There is always ſome ſide, or part in which they diſagree; and therefor ſimiles are proverbially ſaid to halt, becauſe of the imperfection as well as faintneſs of the reſemblance: ſo that however they may paſs current among poets, and be neceſſary to put off their ſlight and tinſel wares, I hardly think that they ought to be received as good coin among philoſophers. Beſides, I do not conceive how one ſimple idea can ſtand for or expreſs another; nor how an abſtracted quality or notion can be repreſented by what has ſenſe or feeling. This method therefor, which I am ſorry to ſee recommended by you, gentlemen, and practiſed by too many good writers, appears to me to have a plain tendency to confound the differences of things, to perplex our ideas, and amuſe us with a ſhow of knowlege, while we only graſp ſhadows inſtead of ſubſtances.

Conſtant pronounced the laſt part of his diſcourſe with a great deal of warmth and pathos. He had continued ſilent for a conſiderable time, though not without frequently diſcovering ſeveral ſtrong ſymptoms of an impatience to ſpeak; but having now fairly diſburthened himſelf againſt fable and allegory, he ſeemed to enjoy more peace of mind. Theſe invectives of his, however, put the company upon re-

conſidering the argument. And after a ſhort ſilence, Philander ſpoke to this effect.

The zeal, which our friend has diſcovered in defence of truth and juſt thinking, is, no doubt, highly commendable. And if it was only an airy fanciful building, we have been all along endeavouring to erect, he had good reaſon to ſweep it away, in order to raiſe a fairer and goodlier ſtructure in its room. But I would fain hope, that our *fabulous* and *allegorical* fabric has a real foundation in nature, and may be of admirable uſe both to ſtore up and convey truth: nay that it is not unworthy of philoſophers to take ſome pains to raiſe up and ſupport the fabric. Conſtant ſeemed to allow that fables might be of uſe to inſtruct children. Shall I ſay, that the generality of us are children in knowlege, giddy, roving and narrow in our conceptions; and have need of much the ſame kind of aſſiſtances with them, to enlarge and facilitate them? Were we pure intelligences, I believe truth would be ſo familiar and congenial to us, that we could both contemplate it our ſelves, and communicate it to each other, in the moſt ſimple and undiſguiſed form; and we ſhould then perhaps be beſt pleaſed, when we ſaw it quite naked, or leaſt encumbered with material vehicles, or ſenſible ornaments. But as we are ſpirits, (and very ſhort-ſighted ones too) incloſed in groſs, though organized matter, we muſt be content to view it in the beſt light we can, and convey it to others in ſuch a ſhape and dreſs, as will render it moſt obvious and intelligible to the unthinking many. The ſucceſſion of ideas which conſtantly paſs within, is ſo great, and our feelings are ſo refined, ſo delicate and ſlippery, that we find it exceedingly difficult to range them in order, to bind them together in our minds,

and ſtill more ſo, to communicate them to others. Therefor we are forced to invent words, thoſe arbitrary links, to detain and fix them there; and muſt range every corner of the univerſe, to fetch lights and colours, ſufficient to make them viſible to thoſe with whom we converſe. This has given birth to the immenſe variety of languages and characters to expreſs our conceptions. And, becauſe of the penury of proper phraſes, we have been obliged to uſe an infinite number of borrowed and metaphorical ones. To theſe have been ſuperadded, images, ſimiles, compariſons, allegories, and the whole train of figures. And all are ſcarce ſufficient to expreſs either our moſt ſimple and abſtracted, or our moſt complex notions, and thoſe various feelings of which we are ſuſceptible. So that the method which Conſtant condemns, is founded on the unavoidable imperfection of human language, and of the way of communicating our ideas and ſentiments; which will, I doubt after all our improvements, ſtill continue an imperfect ſtore-houſe, to treaſure up the immenſe fund of our ideas in, or an inſufficient vehicle to diſtribute them to others. For how many ſenſible as well as moral ideas are there to expreſs, for which no words have been yet invented? By what has been ſaid already in the courſe of this debate, I think it appears, that metaphor and allegory conſtitute a ſtrict and proper language, and one very expreſſive and deſcriptive. To find fault then with it, is to blame language in general.

But, ſays he, this is the moſt dangerous and deluſive kind, becauſe it inſtitutes unjuſt compariſons, that is, compares things that are not exactly alike, and thus dazzles us by the ſpecioufneſs of appearances. Let our friend remember, that it is ſcarcely

poſſible to frame adequate ſigns of our ideas, by the moſt perfect language, or the moſt expreſſive characters; and therefor, if any will preſume that they are adequate ſigns when they are not, they ought not to lay the blame on language, but on their own raſhneſs and credulity. And where there is not an arbitrary, but a natural kind of connection, between the ſigns and the things ſignified by them, one would imagine we ſhould be ſenſible of the minuteſt differences between them; and conſequently be leſs apt to be impoſed upon, by taking the ſigns for adequate and fully expreſive marks of their archetypes.

But Conſtant ſtill urges that the method is tedious and a great way about, firſt to inveſtigate, then to hide or cover our ideas. But covers they muſt have, if we mean they ſhould go farther than our own minds; and I fear they are ſuch fleeting things, that to aſcertain them even there, we muſt find wrappers for them. For let the moſt refined philoſopher try, if he can long retain his ideas, without ſtamping them with proper marks or ſigns. Therefor, to keep thoſe airy beings from evaporating, but eſpecially to communicate them to others, I am of opinion we muſt incloſe them in ſome vehicle or other. Now whether metaphor, alluſion, and allegory, be not as proper and natural a vehicle as any, or whether we can ſubſtitute a better, is, I think, the only queſtion. Why, ſays Conſtant, after it is all wove, we muſt undreſs the idea of its metaphorical habit to come at it. What is this but ſaying in other words, that we muſt underſtand the language, before we can underſtand the ſentiments conveyed by it? And pray, is not that the caſe with all language? Now I appeal to univerſal experience, whether the kind of language here contended for, be not

the moſt agreeable; and whether the pleaſure we feel in undreſſing it, and comparing the ſign with the thing it repreſents, does not ſufficiently compenſate all the pains we are at. And where the toil itſelf is ſo grateful, the diſcovery we make muſt be doubly pleaſing. I hope therefor, it may appear from this, and what has been ſaid before, in the progreſs of our debate, that the method recommended by moſt of the company, is neither fallacious, nor unphiloſophical, nor improper for communicating truth.

I am afraid, ſaid Eugenio, that one of the great reaſons, why philoſophy is ſo little reliſhed by the faſhionable and politer part of the world, is, becauſe it is generally delivered in ſuch a dry and abſtracted manner. The fault is not, that ſhe is too gaudy and ornamented, but rather that ſhe is too naked of ornament. It ſeems as if ſhe was expected to ſtrike every beholder at firſt ſight, and by her native charms: nay, as if it was the intention of her profeſſed advocates, to gain her reverence by the horrour of her appearance; they dreſs her out as formidably as they can, like the prieſts of ſome Indian pagods, who, to encreaſe the homage of the humble votaries, load their images with the ghaſtlieſt and moſt diſproportioned features. So theſe chuſe the moſt crabbed phraſes to deſcribe the fair dame, and make her give out her oracles in barbarous unintelligible jargon, inſtead of the ſweet harmonious imagery of ancient wiſdom. If any are touched with curioſity to pry into her ſacred myſteries, what ſtrange unknown and frequently unmeaning characters muſt they learn, what a rigid diſcipline of words and forms muſt they go through, before they can be initiated? I ſhould

think therefor, that if the aim of philoſophers, be really, as I think it ought to be, to make philoſophy as clear, and well underſtood, and univerſal, as poſſible, they will find it their intereſt to give her an amiable countenance and mien; and to clothe her in a decent and alluring dreſs, in order to invite all to their ſearch, not merely your dry plodding heads, but even the gay, the eaſy, the faſhionable tribe. The method of fable, allegory, and familiar pleaſant dialogue, I take to be ſuch; and therefor poets have, by many, been reckoned better philoſophers, I mean juſter painters of truth and nature, than thoſe to whom we uſually appropriate that venerable name.

Whether, gentlemen, ſaid Simplicius, the ingenious method of inſtruction you have recommended, be ſo proper for able ſcholars, and men of full grown underſtandings, I ſhall not take upon me to determine; but I am entirely of Sophron's opinion, that it is the beſt and moſt ſucceſsful method we can uſe in the *education* of *children*: not only as it diverts their minds agreeable to the vivacity of its images, and works upon their paſſions with an ingenuous force; but as it puts them upon thinking, gives them materials upon which they may employ their thoughts, and teaches them how to connect and range their ideas, to judge of relations, deduce conſequences, and ſpeak with coherence and propriety. Theſe are no mean advantages in the affair of education, in which the grand art, with regard to inſtruction, ſeems to be, *To awaken the mind to attention, and the exerciſe of its own powers*, without which, all the principles of knowlege it is taught, will rather perplex and encumber, than truly profit it. I think therefor, it might be of conſiderable uſe in education, if the moſt beautiful and intereſting of

thoſe allegories, whether ancient or modern, which have or might have been mentioned, were collected into one volume, and exhibited to the youth, as ſo many philoſophical pictures or hiſtory-pieces of human life; which ſhould be explained to them, or preſcribed as exerciſes to explain and comment upon themſelves. To theſe might be prefixed prints of them, to make the medium of conveyance ſtill more ſenſible and amuſing to the pupil.

As fables have been all along conſidered by you as a moſt inſtructive and delightful language, by which truth is conveyed to the mind, and moral ſentiments moſt agreeably inforced, I would ſuggeſt one thing more to your conſideration; whether *painting* may not be conſidered likewiſe in the ſame light; I mean, as a noble vehicle of moral ſentiments, and an agreeable prompter to the finer paſſions. This is an univerſal, and therefor a moſt expreſſive and intelligible language. I the rather mention it, becauſe I think it belongs to the ſubject we are upon. For I look upon a good hiſtory-piece, as a ſilent, but a highly moral fable. A beautiful allegory may be ſpread out on the canvaſs, in as ſignificant language, as the richeſt colouring of words can exhibit it to the fancy. And I believe a painted fable or allegory may be as well underſtood, and has full as fair a chance to pleaſe children, as one that is told. For it ſpeaks to their eyes with all the advantage of colours, light and ſhade, as well as to their mind, with all the ſtrength of deſign, harmony and expreſſion. They conceive a group of figures they have ſeen, better, and retain them more eaſily, eſpecially if they are of the abſtracted moral kind, than if they had only read and heard of them in deſcription.

Whether the ſtill or the higher life is exhibited, we are pleaſed with a juſt imitation of nature. If any diſtinct part of it is formed into a true landſcape, we are inſtructed by it in the real proportions of nature, the laws of perſpective, of light and ſhade, and the proper union of conſenting parts. If the piece be truly moral and hiſtorical, human characters and actions riſe to view; we are touched by the beauty of ſentiments, and energy of paſſions, which flow from the creative pencil; we admire the amiable and heroic, or deteſt the foul and abandoned; are ſubdued by moving diſtreſs, and elated by the honours conferred on virtue. Therefor to fables I would join prints, pictures, fabulous or hiſtoric draughts, which convey a ſenſible inſtruction to the ingenious as well as ignorant and untaught; and awaken the fineſt and moſt generous ſentiments of humanity. They will mutually give and receive light from each other. A fine print may make the deepeſt fable or allegory, viſible to the moſt ſimple eye. And an ordinary maſter may fetch the moſt inſtructive and animated leſſons, from a hiſtory-piece well deſigned and executed.

The method propoſed by our friend, ſaid Sophron, for teaching the youth, and forming their manners, is ſufficiently juſtified by the practice of ancient times, Not only the temples of the gods, but the public halls, portico's, ſchools, and places of exerciſe, were hung round with moral pieces. The ſeveral arts were repreſented in ſuitable habits, with their proper badges and emblems. The different virtues, as well as vices, were expoſed to public view, to inſtruct the attentive ſpectator in their reſpective natures, and to raiſe the correſpondent paſſions. They were accompanied with their diſtinguiſhing ſymbols and

attendants, which afforded the teachers of youth noble opportunities, of diſplaying to their pupils, in a very ſenſible and inſinuating manner, the different concomitants and effects of virtue and vice. Peace, concord, friendſhip, attracted the eye and veneration of the beholder, by the moſt engaging airs and ſweeteſt attitudes; while diſcord, rage and treachery, filled with indignation and dread, by the horror of their appearance. The picture of Cebes, if ſuch a picture was ever hung up in the temple of Saturn, was an exquiſite hiſtory-piece of human life, pregnant with the moſt uſeful and intereſting leſſons relating to manners and happineſs.

Single men and ſingle actions were repreſented, not only to reward the conduct of the brave and good, but to engage others to imitate their example, by kindling in them the ſame generous ardour. Nay, the manners of a whole people were ſometimes drawn, in their mixed and various character, and different ſtates. Thus Parrhaſius drew the Athenian people, paſſionate, fickle, unjuſt and cruel; yet mild withal, compaſſionate, vain-glorious, humble and fierce. Another exhibited Theſeus founding the democracy at Athens, and Lycurgus bidding the Spartans adieu, when he left with them his well-ballanced frame of government and laws. Venus Urania was drawn encircled by the muſes and graces in harmonious dance. The falſe and enſnaring allurements of vicious pleaſure were pointed out by the rocks and deceitful charms of the Syrens. In ſhort the fineſt leſſons of philoſophy were ſhadowed forth in the admirable paintings of antiquity. And the gods and goddeſſes appeared little elſe, but human powers and paſſions cloathed in diviner forms, yet

ſpeaking a language deeply moral and human. So that ancient painting was really a philoſophic art, or moral ſchool, in which the youth were at once trained up, in elegance and juſtneſs of taſte, and in every virtue.

Nor have modern times leſt this method of inſtruction uneſſayed. The beſt maſters have given us the moſt inſtructive draughts of paſſions and manners. We ſee the beautiful fable of Prodicus, has been turned by a celebrated philoſopher of theſe after-ages, into one of the nobleſt hiſtoric pieces or tablatures, ancient or modern. Need I appeal to Raphael's ſchool of the arts, or to his Parnaſſus, and the aſſembly of the philoſophers; to Pouſſin's allegories of human life, or to his moralities? Or ſhall I mention Albano's groupe of the virtues, Rubens's education of Mary of Medicis, and many others which you are well acquainted with? In this laſt, Minerva, the goddeſs of wiſdom, teaches the princeſs to read. On one ſide, a young man touches a baſs-viol, to ſignify, that one ought to learn betimes to tune the paſſions, and regulate the meaſures of life, that nothing may be done without order and harmony. On the other hand, the three Graces appear, to intimate the ſoftneſs, and elegance, which ought to reign in female education, and manners. One of them holds a crown of laurel, a badge of renown. Above, Mercury, the god of eloquence, deſcends from heaven to inſtruct her in the ſweet arts of perſuaſion. A rock, from which water deſcends, repreſents the fruitfulneſs of ſcience, and a ſtream of light which enlightens the Graces, and ſheds the ſplendor of day upon the beauty of their carnations, is an emblem of it's luſtre. Several inſtruments proper to the liberal arts, are

diſpoſed up and down, to ſhow the extent of a liberal education. Theſe, and ſuch like deſigns, may, by the aſſiſtance of good maſters, be made admirable inſtructors to youth; and therefor I highly approve of Simplicius's propoſal, of joining them to fables and allegories in the affair of education. For they contribute to the ſame purpoſe of conveying truth in an agreeable and engaging manner to the mind, and have a moſt friendly aſpect on the intereſts of virtue, when they are not wretchedly abuſed and perverted from their original uſe. But, methinks, gentlemen, it is now full time to put Hiero in mind of his promiſe of entertaining us with a modern ſtory. He has now had ſufficient time to recollect himſelf, and I take him to be a man of ſuch honour, that he will pay to the full, or rather more than he ſtrictly owes.

I do not know, gentlemen, replied Hiero, that I came under any engagements, ſuch as our friend alleges, to tell you any ſtory ancient or modern. It is true I was curious to hear an ancient tale from our antiquarian Sophron, and ſo held my peace, when the thing was propoſed, and he talked, of I know not what terms. But if my ſilence then muſt be interpreted to as an aſſent to whatever terms he was pleaſed to impoſe, I aſſure him I will not rack my brain, to invent a ſtory to humour his fancy, or to weave a grave allegory, ſuch as he drew from ſome of his old authors; but I ſhall tell a piece of private hiſtory, within the compaſs of my own knowlege, from which you may draw what moral or humourous reflection you pleaſe.

A decent and diſcreet widow, in my father's neighbourhood, was left by her huſband, a gentleman of a ſmall eſtate but fine accompliſhments, in moderate

circumſtances, with the care of two ſons and an only daughter, all under age. To give them a good education was her chief buſineſs and delight. In all other reſpects ſhe was thrifty and even parcimonious, but in this, ſhe was what the generality would perhaps call profuſe. For ſhe eſteemed a good education the beſt and moſt laſting patrimony. Accordingly ſhe was at pains to introduce them into the beſt company, and to teach them all thoſe accompliſhments, which it would be unbecoming the character of a lady or a gentleman to be ignorant of. She taught both her ſons herſelf to read and write, and her daughter to uſe her needle. As ſhe had ſeen much of the world, ſhe inſtructed them from life and her own experience, drew characters, painted different ſcenes of life, thoſe ſhe had been engaged in herſelf, or had ſeen and heard from the relation of others; and this in ſo entertaining a manner, that the young creatures were all ear, and as Shakeſpear ſays, "their ſpirits would fly out into their ſtories". She made each of them in their turns, to read to the others, and all of them gave their ſentiments afterwards; opening their tender conceptions, by the familiar and eaſy queſtions ſhe put to them. At other times, ſhe ſet them to writing letters to one another, and after they had made a viſit, or other excurſion from home, ſhe drew out their little obſervations, on all they had ſeen or heard. But what was of moſt advantage to them, ſhe went before them in every virtue, and was a ſtrict pattern of that decency and prudent conduct which ſhe recommended. After this ſober education at home, ſhe ſent her daughter to one of the genteeleſt boarding-ſchools, and often went thither herſelf to inſpect her manners more nearly. Her eldeſt ſon, after he had

learned his Latin, and was maſter of figures and book-keeping, ſhe put out apprentice to a conſiderable merchant in the metropolis, ſufficiently guarded, as ſhe thought, againſt the dangers of the town, by his virtuous education in the country. He did very well for ſome time, and was much beloved by his maſter, both for his diligence and honeſty. But he was, ere long, decoyed into an intrigue, by an handſome maid of the family, who, with an artifice peculiar to ſome of thoſe town-bred girls, affected to be in love with him. She endeavoured to convince him of it, by giving a particular attention to all his wants, and expreſſing a tender concern to pleaſe him. She played her cajoling arts with ſuch ſucceſs upon his honeſt credulity and ſimplicity, that ſhe ſoon gained her point, and wrought him up to the real paſſion which ſhe only feigned. This made him neglect his buſineſs, and fall into gaming, to ſupply the real and pretended wants of his miſtreſs. The effects of their adventure, in a ſhort time, became viſible; and partly ſhame, partly her perſuaſions, obliged him to leave a family, where his credit was ruined, and his conduct liable to frequent cenſure. His miſtreſs followed him, and became the companion, as ſhe had been the cauſe of his miſery. He now ſet up for himſelf, and having drawn away the reſt of his patrimony, drove a little retailing trade. But, as the ſlow returns did not ſatisfy the growing demands of his miſtreſs, buſineſs ſoon became a drudgery to him; and he had recourſe to drinking, to drown all reflections on his circumſtances and conduct, and ſtifle thoſe ſentiments of honour and virtue, which, now and then, ſtung him with deep remorſe. In this courſe, he ſoon exhauſted the reſt of his ſtock, plunged himſelf in debt, was caſt into

goal, and muſt have lain there, if his diſconſolate mother, whoſe heart bled to hear of his misfortunes, had not ſtraitened her own, and her family's circumſtances to relieve him. After he got out of priſon, where he was abandoned by his mercenary miſtreſs; who, foreſeeing his fate, had run away with the remainder of his money and effects; he paſſed through a new variety of misfortunes. In ſhort, the reſult was, he went abroad, and liſted himſelf in the late Emperor's ſervice in Italy.

The other ſon, whom I ſhall call Eubulus, had fine natural parts, joined to an uncommon ſweetneſs of temper, and an affability that endeared him to every body. He went to the univerſity of ***, where, by his indefatigable application to his ſtudies, he made great proficiency in learning, and, by his converſation and polite manners, gained the favour of his ſuperiors, and the eſteem of all who knew him. His company was courted by thoſe of the beſt rank, but eſpecially by all true lovers of learning and virtue. Among others, he contracted a peculiar intimacy with a young gentleman of a large fortune, and a mind ſtill larger, who choſe him to be his companion rather than tutor in his travels. This propoſal, how advantageous ſoever, he would not accept, till he ſhould conſult with his mother and ſiſter, both whom he loved with an uncommon tenderneſs. Their conſent being obtained, he went to take his leave of them. The parting was tender on both ſides. "My dear Eubulus, ſaid the good wo-
"man, taking him by the hand, with her eyes full,
"you are going a long journey. I fear I ſhall ne-
"ver ſee you again. Your poor brother's misfor-
"tunes have ſhortened my days, and your abſence
"cannot lengthen them.—But ſince I hope it is for

" your advantage, I chearfully ſubmit. To Al-
" mighty God I commit you. Pray ſpare no pains
" to learn ſome news of your unfortunate brother;
" —if you find him out, give him my laſt bleſſing,
" and tell him, I ſhall die in peace, if I hear that he
" is reformed and happy."—She could not proceed; her ſighs and tears were the only farther expreſſions of her inward grief.—He then bid his ſiſter farewel. Her laſt words were: Oh, Eubulus! remember our poor dear brother,—find him out, if he be ſtill living, and tell him, (Oh, do not forget it) that our deareſt mother and I want nothing to complete our happineſs, but to hear, that he is, what he once was, the ſame virtuous—She could ſay no more. Her heart was oppreſſed with ſorrow at the tender parting, and that heightened by ſad reflections upon the ill courſes of her elder brother, and the melancholy forebodings ſhe had, that her mother would not long ſurvive.

Soon after, he and his friend, whom I ſhall call Agathias, went abroad, and did not, like moſt of our raw young travellers, only traverſe provinces, gape after wonders and curioſities, and throw away their time in gallantry. They ſtayed long enough in places of note to get acquainted with the men moſt eminent for capacity and learning, who are generally the moſt eaſy of acceſs to ingenious ſtrangers, and to learn whatever was moſt curious and worthy their notice. In their progreſs through Italy, their curioſity led them to Venice, in the time of the carnival. They were ſpectators rather than actors in the diverſion of it. One evening as Eubulus was returning home alone, he ſaw two fellows in maſks attacking a ſingle gentleman who made a ſtout reſiſtance, but was preſſed to the wall and ſeemed

reduced to the laſt extremity. Eubulus immediately drew in defence of the ſingle combatant, and obliged the villains to retire after they were deeply wounded. He led the gentleman to his own lodgings, and ſent immediately for a ſurgeon to dreſs his wounds. When the ſtranger's maſk was taken off, how was he ſurprized to ſee his friend Agathias, whom he had reſcued from ſuch eminent danger; and how overjoyed was Agathias to find the friend and deliverer united in the ſame perſon! When he was going to make his acknowlegements for his generous ſuccour, Eubulus begged him to ſpare them, till he ſhould be in a better condition to make them. The wounds were found not mortal, ſo that in a few weeks he recovered. While they continued there, they had a meſſage from an unknown lady, who deſired to communicate to them an affair of importance. Though they were both averſe to go, yet they knew ſo well the vindictive humour of the Italians, that they were afraid to give the lady a denial. Accordingly they waited on her, when ſhe told them, ſhe believed they were ſurprized at receiving a meſſage from one who was ſo much a ſtranger to them; but, as ſhe well knew the humanity of the Engliſh, eſpecially to their countrymen, and had heard that two gentlemen of that nation lived in her neighbourhood, ſhe thought ſhe could not do them a greater pleaſure, than by giving them an opportunity of doing a very important ſervice to one of their own country, a worthy gentleman, who had been clapt up in priſon by an order of the doge, for no other crime but his being of her acquaintance. If, continued ſhe, you have the honour, gentlemen, to know any of the foreign embaſſadors, you will find it no hard matter, by employing your intereſt with them, to obtain his

releaſe, and at the ſame time you will do me a ſingular pleaſure.

The gentlemen endeavoured to excuſe themſelves in the politeſt manner they could, alleging they were ſtrangers in the town. But in effect, they had no mind to meddle in an affair, which ſeemed, by the lady's intereſting herſelf ſo warmly in it, to wear the face of an intrigue. She continued to urge them with great eagerneſs, and aſked, if they had no acquaintance with the French embaſſador. Agathias was a man of too much honour to deny that he had ſome ſmall acquaintance with him, but ſaid, he did not know whether it could be of any uſe to her friend; he promiſed, however, to try how far it would go. They immediately waited on monſieur de * * * * the French embaſſador, and informed him of the whole affair, who ſmiled, and politely promiſed his friendſhip. Accordingly he applied to the doge, and all the favour he could obtain, was a promiſe of the gentleman's releaſe, upon paying a fine of a thouſand crowns, and giving ſecurity for his future good behaviour. Soon after, prompted by their curioſity, they aſked and obtained leave to viſit the priſoner under his confinement. They found him in a wretched condition. His looks pale and meagre, and his eyes hollow, the very image of death; his face was marked with the deepeſt dejection and anguiſh. Upon putting a few queſtions to him about the time of his leaving England, and his employment ſince as well as before, Eubulus faintly recollected ſome of his features; upon which, he aſked him if he was any relation of * * * who had been ſome time a widow. At the mention of her name, the ſtranger fetched a deep ſigh, and ſaid, he had

been once ſon to that dear woman, but alas! he had forfeited his title to that relation. Eubulus could hold no longer; he fell upon his neck, wept over him, and continued for ſome time ſpeechleſs. Agathias, deeply penetrated with this dumb but expreſſive ſcene, mixed his friendly tears with theirs. At length, words got vent. Oh! Pamphilus, have I at laſt found you out; you, whom your deareſt mother, ſiſter, and I, gave over for loſt!—But, ah! how changed! —And in what deplorable circumſtances!—Where have you been?—How came you hither? Heaven, I hope, ſent us to your relief.——

Pamphilus, with a mixture of dejection, aſtoniſhment, and joy, aſked how he had learned his misfortune, and what had induced him, and the gentleman with him, to viſit him in his preſent ſituation; adding, that his misfortunes would be too tedious to relate. His brother ſoon ſatisfied his queſtions, and told him, he might ſafely open his mind before the gentleman, whoſe goodneſs prompted him to pay him ſo kind a viſit. Being thus aſſured, he frankly confeſſed that the lady they mentioned, had entertained him ſince he came to Venice; whither he was allowed to come by his general officer, to ſee the diverſions of the Carnaval, having been for ſome time in the Emperor's ſervice—and that he had been put under arreſt at the requeſt of ſome noble relations of the lady's, who were diſpleaſed at his intimacy with her,—and now he was daily expecting ſome miſerable fate, as a puniſhment for his paſt imprudence. He then caſt down his eyes with a mournful air. Agathias, whoſe eyes and heart had been faſtened upon the two brothers, turning to the elder, in a generous kind of tranſport, ſaid,

I am glad, Sir, that in finding a brother you have

likewiſe found a deliverer. You are releaſed upon paying a thouſand crowns, which I will freely advance, for your brother's ſake. Pamphilus would have caſt himſelf at his feet, to expreſs the raptures he felt; but Agathias took him in his arms, and told him, he was glad to embrace the brother of his friend and deliverer. He gave him withal a ſhort account how he had ſaved his life. The fine was paid, and Pamphilus releaſed. He aſſured them upon his honour, that after paying his acknowlegements to his benefactreſs, he would break off all further correſpondence with her, and immediately return to the army.

While they continued at Venice, a letter came by way of Genoa to Eubulus, from his ſiſter Eliza, to this effect.

My dear brother,

WHAT ſhall I tell you? How will you be able to bear the fatal news of the death of our much honoured and deareſt mother! whoſe loſs is to me more bitter than death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepeſt ſorrow. But the other night ſhe called me to her bed-ſide, and taking me by the hand, ſaid, "My dear child, I am juſt going to leave you. "A few hours will bear me to the world of ſpirits. "I willingly reſign you, my charge, and your bro- "thers, if they are yet alive, to the care of a good "God, who will always befriend the *virtuous*. I "rejoice, you are of that number. If you con- "tinue as you have ſet out, you cannot fail of be- "ing happy. When you have an opportunity to "write to your brothers, or ſhall ſee them, tell "them, I died with *them* on my heart, left them a

the world; ſhe kept company with only a few ſelect friends. It was a ſweet retreat, where ſhe lived; there was a pretty garden, and a farm belonging to it, the ſmall remainder of the family-eſtate. At the foot of the garden runs a clear brook, clothed on each ſide with little tufts of wood, and buſhes growing mildly up and down. This ſtream, after watering the farm, loſes itſelf in a neighbouring wood. You will forgive me, gentlemen, my being ſo minute, for the ſake of the lovely inhabitant of this delicious ſpot. She dreſſed plain and clean, and was not diſtinguiſhed from the farmer's daughters in the neighbourhood, but by a ſuperior openneſs and dignity in her air and manner; which appeared under all the homelineſs of her dreſs. Her time was generally divided between the oeconomy of her family, and the management of the farm, reading, viſiting the ſick, and doing kind offices to all about her. Her knowlege of ſimples, qualified her to be uſeful to her neighbours, in moſt ordinary illneſſes: and a frugal, well-judged management of her ſmall revenue, put it in her power, frequently to reach out her friendly hand to the aſſiſtance of the indigent, whom ſhe uſed to employ in different kinds of manufacture; and at the ſame time that ſhe relieved their wants, ſhe encouraged their induſtry. So that her houſe was a little ſanctuary to the painful poor: it was always open to them, and the beneficent miſtreſs of it at all times acceſſible. Her ſervants almoſt adored her, and her amiable and wiſe deportment rendered her equally the delight and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. I might have mentioned too, that ſhe was fair and blooming, and of a ſhape exquiſitely proportioned. There was an uncommon gracefulneſs in her mien, and ſprightli-

that he hoped to be well with a night's reſt. Her perſon, converſation, and whole behaviour, charmed him beyond expreſſion; but that modeſty which appeared ſo unaffectedly graceful, and that kind concern ſhe ſhewed for his health, which ought to have extinguiſhed every ungenerous ſentiment, ſerved only to inflame a criminal paſſion. At firſt, he only expreſſed the warmeſt acknowlegements of her generoſity: he took advantage after, of the tenderneſs of her concern for his illneſs.—He grew bolder,—profeſſed love in the ſtrongeſt terms,—and began to uſe ſuch familiarities in his diſcourſe, as were too ſhocking for a modeſt ear. This rous'd Eliza's nobler paſſions, and with eyes flaſhing a generous diſdain and indignation, ſhe ſaid to Lothario, Preſumptuous man! though I cannot blame myſelf for doing an act of hoſpitality to a ſtranger, yet I am ſorry it has happened to be ſo ill placed, on an ungenerous man, who dares to abuſe it in ſo ungentleman-like a manner. I thought my own houſe would have been a ſufficient protection to me, againſt all indecency, eſpecially from you; but, ſince it is not, you are now at liberty to go where you pleaſe. She then quitted the room with an emotion ſhe could not conceal. Before he departed, he deſired to ſee, and take leave of his benefactreſs; but ſhe would not permit him: ſo, he rode off, unattended and unobſerved. He was not a little vexed at his diſappointment; and the repulſe he had met with, inſtead of diſcouraging, redoubled his paſſion. Lured therefor by ſo fair a prey, he thought of various ſtratagems to get her in his power, and reſolved to uſe force, if ſhe would not yield to perſuaſion. He lay in ambuſh for her one day, in the wood I formerly mentioned, adjoining to the houſe. Eliza happened to

wander farther off than uſual, and being intercepted by his ſervants, Lothario carried her off, in ſpite of all her cries and ſtruggles. He ſtop'd not, day or night, till he had brought her to a very private country ſeat of his, where he kept but few ſervants, to which he uſed ſometimes to retire, when he deſired to have little communication with his neighbours. It was a double affliction to poor Eliza, when ſhe knew that Lothario was the author of it. Finding however, that ſhe was entirely in his power, ſhe forbore thoſe bitter invectives, and uſeleſs exclamations, which many of her ſex would have indulged on ſo juſt an occaſion, and truſted, that heaven would ſend her ſome ſpeedy ſuccour. To alleviate her grief and reſentment, which he ſaw ſwell high, it was nothing but an exceſs of the moſt tender paſſion for her, that had forced him to this extremity, —that ſhe might expect ſuch uſage as was ſuited to her merit and character,—and might command his houſe, and all in it; for he was abſolutely at her devotion. She deigned no other reply, but what he might draw from looks, which darted the utmoſt averſion and contempt. He allowed her, indeed, all manner of liberty, in this priſon; permitted her to walk, or ride out as ſhe choſe, though never out of the reach of attendants. But ſhe made no attempts of that kind, in order to lull them in the deeper ſecurity; and after ſome time, affected an air of frankneſs and eaſineſs, to which ſhe was quite a ſtranger.

Lothario, mean while, left no arts of inſinuation and flattery untried, to win her conſent to his deſigns;—he made her an offer of a conſiderable ſettlement for life, and of a handſome proviſion for her brother. She ſtill kept him at bay; but he began

to conceive ſome better hopes from her more ſoftened appearance, and did not doubt to gain his point, when he had melted her by his ſuppliant importunities and proteſtations of love. It would be tedious to relate the methods he tried, during the courſe of ſome months. He did not, indeed, come to direct force, though he would ſometimes break into her apartment, and talk to her in a manner that highly provoked her; but ſhe endeavoured to conceal her reſentment. One morning, when Lothario was from home, ſhe got up much earlier than her uſual hour, and having ſtole a key of the garden, ſhe ſlipt out unperceived by any of the ſervants. After ſhe had croſſed the garden, ſhe leapt from the ſunk fence, and with difficulty ſcrambled up the oppoſite ſide of the ditch.—She paſſed over ſeveral fields, forcing her way through the hedges. Fear added wings to her ſpeed. She went on till ſhe thought herſelf out of danger, and then ſhe ſat down by the ſide of a hedge, quite tired with the fatigue and want of ſleep. She now began to think over the dangers ſhe had run, the trials and inſults ſhe had born,—the greater ones ſhe had feared; but eſpecially the dreadful ſuſpenſe ſhe was in about what might ſtill befal her. All theſe things came crouding into her thoughts, and filled her with a variety of ſtrong emotions. She looked up to heaven for relief, and committed herſelf, and the ſucceſs of her eſcape, to a good providence. Nature being at length overcharged, and quite ſpent, ſhe ſunk into ſleep on the green turf.

It happened, that a company of gentlemen were out that morning a fox-hunting. The chace had been long, and one of the party being thrown out, chanced to come to the place where Eliza lay. He ſtarted at the ſight of a lady faſt aſleep, and looſely

dreſſed, with her face and arms ſtrangely ſcratched, and the blood drawn in many places. But amidſt all the diſorder of her dreſs and looks, he was ſtruck with the amiableneſs of her appearance, and fineneſs of her ſhape, which ſpoke ſtrongly in her favour, and confuted, in ſome meaſure, the diſadvantageous circumſtances in which he ſaw her. He ſtood for ſome time gazing at her with pleaſure and aſtoniſhment, and was afraid to awake her. But how much more was Eliza alarmed, when ſhe opened her eyes upon a gentleman in a hunting dreſs, gazing at her with his horſe in his hand! Aſhamed to be ſurpriſed in ſuch diſorder, ſhe ſtarted up on her feet: her firſt thought was to have run off directly, without ſpeaking a word; but thinking it vain to fly from one, in whoſe power ſhe was, or to betray an inſignificant diſtruſt, ſhe choſe rather to try his generoſity. She ſaid, ſhe doubted not but he was a little ſurpriſed at finding a woman in that place, and in ſuch an odd condition, but begged he would ſuſpend his wonder, till ſhe had an opportunity of informing him more particularly of the occaſion;—that juſt then ſhe could only tell him, that an extraordinary accident had brought her into thoſe circumſtances; —and as he had the appearance of a gentleman, ſhe did not doubt but he had the honour of one.—She ſhould therefor put herſelf under his protection, and begged that he would conduct her to ſome place of ſafety. He told her, that he would moſt chearfully undertake ſo agreeable a charge,—that a lady of his acquaintance lived hard by, to whoſe houſe he would conduct her, where ſhe might be ſure of a hearty welcome, and to be treated with that honour ſhe appeared to deſerve, till ſhe was recovered of her fatigue, and in a condition to remove elſewhere. His

open countenance, and gentleman-like mien, gave her ſome degree of confidence in him, though unknown. And ſhould ſhe be deceived, ſhe did not ſee how ſhe could ſecure a civil uſage, by any means ſo effectual, as by expreſſing an entire truſt in her protector. She frankly accepted his offer, and returned him thanks in ſo graceful a manner, that made him think himſelf the debtor. By this time ſome of the ſervants came up. He ordered one of them to take the lady up behind him, and conducted her himſelf directly to his mother's, who lived at her jointure-houſe, but a few miles off. There, Eliza found herſelf among a very different ſort of people from thoſe ſhe had met with at Lothario's, and was entertained in quite another manner. The gentleman informed his mother of the diſtreſs he found the lady in, and deſired ſhe would lend her friendly aid, to recover her of the fright and fatigue ſhe had undergone. The ladies, like two kindred ſouls, ſoon diſtinguiſhed each other, and no ſooner ſaw, than they eſteemed; at leaſt, formed the moſt agreeable ideas the one of the other. Eliza being left in good hands, the young gentleman took his leave, and returned to his own houſe, full of the image of the lovely ſtranger, whoſe aſpect and whole behaviour raiſed in him high admiration and delight. He imagined to himſelf a thouſand excellencies concealed under ſo fair a form, and a demeanour ſo ſingularly graceful. He was no ſooner at home than ruſhing into a friend's apartment who lodged with him, he immediately told him his uncommon adventure; expatiated much on the charms and outward accompliſhments of the diſtreſt ſtranger, and added, that if her character and merit correſponded to ſuch appearances, he thought her a treaſure worth pur-

chaſing at any rate. He was not a little impatient, till he returned next day to ſee her, and enquire after her health. But how troubled and confounded was he, when he heard that Eliza was ſeized with a fever? It was, however, of the ſlighter kind, and when it went off, ſhe appeared to him with new charms: ſhe had now recovered her natural looks, and though paler than uſual, yet that paleneſs had ſomething ſo languiſhing and ſoft in it, and ſo different from that over-heated fluſh, which a conflict of various paſſions had given her, that the young gentleman was quite in raptures. Eliza renewed her acknowlegements to him for his generous deliverance and protection of her, freely confeſſed ſhe had at firſt ſome ſuſpicion and diſtruſt of him, as ſhe had had ſo late a proof of the falſehood and treachery of the ſex; but ſhe was now convinced, by this means, that men were not all alike. He thanked her for the complement ſhe made him, and told her, he was repaid for what he had done, by the ſatisfaction ſhe expreſſed with his conduct, and the pleaſure he felt in having contributed to the eaſe and ſafety of ſo deſerving a lady; and deſired ſhe would condeſcend to inform him of her misfortune. You have a right, Sir, anſwered Eliza, to know my ſtory, and it is fit I ſhould remove any ſuſpicions, which my being found in ſuch unfavourable circumſtances, may have raiſed. Upon hearing her ſtory, her ſolitary condition and way of life before ſhe was carried off, and particularly the account of her family and relations, how much was he ſurpriſed and delighted, to find the young lady the ſiſter of his friend and fellow-traveller, Eubulus, who had returned with him not above a month before! Joy flowed ſo full upon him, that Agathias was going to have taken Eliza in

his arms, and to have made a full diſcovery. But he checked himſelf, and only congratulated her upon her happy eſcape; and he made no doubt but that as heaven had already appeared very ſeaſonably for her relief, it would at laſt crown her virtue with an happineſs proportioned to it. Upon this he left her.

When Agathias and Eubulus returned from their travels, Eubulus was extremely troubled to find the manſion-houſe deſolate, and his dear ſiſter, his chief joy in life, gone, and no body could tell whither.

Agathias told that friend I mentioned before, who was Eubulus himſelf, (for he had been moſtly with him ſince his return, not being able to bear the ſolitude of his own houſe, where every apartment and field recalled ſome mournful image of his heavy loſs;) I ſay, he told Eubulus, that the lady's converſation and manners juſtified, and even encreaſed the high eſteem he had conceived for her. And, added he, with a kind of tranſport of joy, you yourſelf, Eubulus, ſhall judge to-morrow, whether I have been haſty in my opinion.

Next day, he took Eubulus with him, to ſee the unfortunate ſtranger. The mother of Agathias had concerted it with her ſon, not to reveal any thing to either of them; and had only prepared Eliza thus far, as to tell her, ſhe was to introduce to her a particular friend of her ſon.—As Eubulus had been ſeveral years abroad, both his and his ſiſter's looks were pretty much altered. He could not, however, help feeling ſome ſtrange ſympathies at his firſt ſeeing her, which he did not know, or indeed, endeavour to account for. Eliza's concern was reciprocal, and ſhe was obſerved to ſteal ſeveral attentive glances at

him, which drew ſome bluſhes from her, when ſhe perceived they were taken notice of. Agathias, mean while, and his mother were greatly delighted with thoſe kindlings of mutual ſympathy, and a growing tenderneſs which they ſaw flaſhing, like harmleſs lightning, from eye to eye. In the afternoon, they led them into the garden, where, in a retired arbour, Agathias's mother begged of Eliza to entertain them with an account of her ſtory, and the late accident; for perhaps, added ſhe, the ſtranger we have introduced to you, is more intereſted in your fortunes than you are aware of. Eliza would have gladly declined the taſk, but as ſhe could not refuſe her benefactreſs ſo ſmall a boon, ſhe, with modeſt, downcaſt eyes, began her ſtory from the time of her firſt acquaintance with Lothario, and told what had befallen her ſince, till her fortunate meeting with Agathias, her generous deliverer. She told her ſtory ſo gracefully, repreſented the villany of Lothario in ſuch ſoft terms, and paſſed over her own behaviour with ſuch a modeſt baſhfulneſs and humility, as wonderfully moved and charmed Agathias and his mother. Eubulus felt an uncommon tenderneſs, mixed with admiration; the tears ſtarted into his eyes. Madam, ſaid he, give me leave to aſk your name and family? Alas! Sir, ſhe replied, you deſire me to renew my grief. But that part of my ſtory is ſhort: My parents are both dead, my dear mother laſt. I had once two brothers, they went abroad ſeveral years ago, but whether they are dead or alive, I have not lately heard. One of them had been very unhappy; with the other, I had formed a tender and inviolable friendſhip: he is now upon his travels with a gentleman of fortune and great merit. I wiſh for nothing, to repair the loſs of the beſt of

mothers, and make me completely happy, but to ſee him again. If my dear Eubulus be ſtill alive, and it pleaſe heaven to reſtore him to my ſight, O how happy——She could proceed no farther; ſighs denied a paſſage to her words. Eubulus, whoſe mind had been all along ſhaken with a thouſand emotions of tenderneſs and paſſion, could contain no longer. He ſtarted from his ſeat, and ran to her in the tendereſt tranſports, and claſping her in his arms, burſt out, Then my deareſt ſiſter, be as happy as your virtue——Words failed him to ſay more; a flood of tears ſucceeded, the effect of inexpreſſible delight. This unexpected recovering of her brother, raiſed in Eliza's breaſt ſuch a conflict of agreeable paſſions, that ſhe continued ſometime ſpeechleſs. Nor were Agathias and his mother leſs melted with ſo tender a ſcene. Eliza, having at length given vent to the joy which overpowered her, in a liberal flood of tears, broke out: O, my deareſt Eubulus, my brother! Is it you? Am I indeed ſo happy as to ſee you again? Has Heaven reſtored you to me to part no more? Behold there, in the ſon of my benefactreſs, my deliverer and guardian, to whom I owe more than life, my honour, and my all! You muſt acknowlege the immenſe debt I owe him; I have an heart to feel, but want words to expreſs it. O, madam, replied Agathias, your brother and my fellow-traveller, has already repaid me more ſubſtantially than by words. To his bravery I owe my life, which Heaven has prolonged to give me an opportunity of preſerving what is infinitely dearer to me. I am more than ſufficiently rewarded, in the pleaſure of having contributed to the eaſe of one ſo deſerving in herſelf, and ſo dear to him. If you, madam, think there is any thing yet owing, it is

you only who can pay it. It is *yourſelf* I aſk, as the full reward. To poſſeſs ſuch a treaſure is all I want to crown my happineſs. My fortune is not equal to your merit, but it will be more than enough, if I can ſhare it with you.—The high generoſity of ſuch a propoſal, ſo ſurpriſed and confounded Eliza, that ſhe could make no reply, but her ſilent bluſhes ſignified her conſent, with a modeſt and expreſſive eloquence, tranſcending all the pomp of words. The match was concluded in a few days, with the entire approbation of all their friends. Agathias found that treaſure he wiſhed for and deſerved, in the poſſeſſion of one of the moſt virtuous and accompliſhed of her ſex; and Eliza's tranſient ſufferings, which ſhe bore ſo graceſully, were rewarded with a happineſs that ſtill continues undecaying, in conjunction with one of the beſt of men.

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THE END.

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